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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY C. F. PETERS

"From out the fatal loins of those two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life."

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THOSE who have read "The Man of Property," "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" (in the volume called "Five Tales"), "In Chancery," and "Awakening," will not need to glance at this note prefacing the novel "To Let," which carries to its end that long study of the possessive instinct "The Forsyte Saga."

In 1888, at the very height of Victorianism, when the possessive instinct was firmly in the saddle and you got almost three and a half per cent for your money, there had long been settled in London ten brothers and sisters of an "upper-middle-class" family, of Dorsetshire stock, called Forsyte. Their names in the order of their age were: Ann, Jolyon, James and Swithin (the twins), Julia (Aunt Juley), Roger, Hester, Nicholas, Timothy, and Susan (married to one Hayman).

Of these, the three unmarried sisters Ann, Juley, and Hester, lived with their youngest and unmarried brother Timothy in a house on the Bayswater Road, sometimes designated "Forsyte 'Change," a kind of depository and market-place for all the gossip and secrets of the clan. All the brothers had become, in the pursuit of their "upper-middle-class" avocations, men of considerable substance, "worth their plum" (one hundred thousand pounds and more).

Now, in 1888 it happened that a young and talented architect called Philip Bosinney had become engaged to June, the granddaughter of old Jolyon Forsyte, whose only son Jolyon (June's father) had become estranged from his family, because he had left his wife—June's mother—marrying at her death the lady for whom he left her and having in second marriage two other children known as Jolly and Holly. In 1888 it also happened that Soames Forsyte, the eldest son of James (they were in partnership as solicitors) was finding his matrimonial relations with his wife Irene (June's great friend) increasingly difficult—Irene had never loved him, and her reluctance to go on living with him was becoming more and more apparent. To remedy this Soames cherished the notion of removing with her to a country house and greater domesticity, and in pursuance of the design caused young Bosinney (the fiancé of his wife's great friend June) to build him a house at Robin Hill, some twelve miles from London. Now while this house was building at great expense, it came to pass that young Bosinney and Irene fell in love. Of all that matter, of the breaking off from June, of the feud which thereby arose between old Jolyon's family and James his brother's, of the nickname old Jolyon gave Soames—"The Man of Property," of Winifred, Soames' sister, and her man-of-the-world husband Montague Dartie, of young Jolyon, of Bosinney, of Soames' jealousy, of the reassertion of his rights

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over his wife's body, of Bosinney's maddened wandering in the London fog, his death beneath the wheels of a 'bus, and Irene's despair—is it not written in "The Man of Property"?

Now, at the end of 1889 the house at Robin Hill built for Soames by young Bosinney and left deserted at Bosinney's death, was bought by old Jolyon, who, reconciled with his son young Jolyon, and delighting in his grandchildren, went to live there, taking them all along with him. Of the pleasant years he lived there, of his strange encounter in the summer days of 1892 with Irene in the coppice at the bottom of the grounds, where she had come to be with the memory of her dead lover at the spot where she first knew of his love; of how he heard that she had lived alone ever since the evening when she knew of her lover's death; of all the strange weeks of Indian summer which the attraction of her beauty brought to old Jolyon—so soon to leave this world of beauty; and of how he left it—is it not written in "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," in the volume called "Five Tales?"

The chronicle reopens in October, 1899, at the beginning of the Transvaal War; and in the volume called "In Chancery" may be read how Soames Forsyte, at the age of forty-five, under pressure of the instinct to reproduce himself so that he might enjoy his possessions after he was dead, set his choice—if not quite his heart—on the French girl Annette Lamotte, who kept the accounts of her mother's restaurant in Soho. And how, in order that he might marry her, he was forced to take steps to divorce Irene—the wife who had left him eleven years before—no easy matter. And how in the course of those steps he became, instead, desirous of her again, and anxious to resume possession that he might acquire an heir without the scandal of divorce. And of how she would not, and of how her trustee young Jolyon aided and abetted, and fell in love with her. And of how Soames tried to force them apart by threat of a divorce, so that they came together instead; and of how he then did divorce her and married Annette. All this, together with the anxieties and death of that perfect Forsyte, his father James, and his sister Winifred's troubles and trials in the matter of her husband Montague Dartie—man of the world; and the love of Val Dartie their hopeful son for Holly the daughter of young Jolyon, and their marriage together; and the death of Holly's brother—Jolly—all this and more is recounted by "In Chancery"; the end whereof records the birth of the fifth Jolyon (little Jon), son to Jolyon and Irene, now married and living at Robin Hill; and of Fleur, daughter to Soames and Annette, now married and living at The Shelter, Mapledurham.

"Awakening" which precedes this final section of "The Forsyte Saga" is but an idyll showing how little Jon Forsyte awoke at the age of eight to his mother's love, and to the sense of Beauty.

And so "To Let" begins in May, 1920, to tell the rest.

PART I

I

ENCOUNTER

Soames Forsyte emerged from the Knightsbridge Hotel, where he was staying, in the afternoon of the 12th of May, 1920, with the intention of visiting a collection of pictures in a Gallery off Cork Street, and looking into the Future. He walked. Since the war he never took a cab if he could help it. Their drivers were, in his view, an uncivil lot, though now that the war was over and supply beginning to exceed demand again, getting more civil in accordance with the custom of human nature. Still, he had not forgiven them, deeply identifying them with gloomy memories and, like all members of their class, with revolution. The considerable anxiety he had passed through during the War, and the more considerable anxiety he had since undergone in the Peace, had produced psychological consequences in a tenacious nature. He had, in mind, so frequently experienced ruin, that he had ceased to believe in its material probability. When one paid away four thousand a year in income and super-tax, one could not very well be worse off. A fortune of a quarter of a

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million, encumbered only by a wife and one daughter, and very diversely invested, afforded substantial guarantee even against that "wildcat notion"—a levy on capital. And as to confiscation of war profits, he was entirely in favor of it, for he had none, and "serve the beggars right." The price of pictures, moreover, had, if anything, gone up, and he had done better with his collection since the war began than ever before. Air-raids, also, had acted beneficially on a spirit congenitally cautious, and hardened a character already dogged. To be in danger of being entirely dispersed inclined one to be less apprehensive of the more partial dispersions involved in levies and taxation, while the habit of condemning the impudence of the Germans had led naturally to condemning that of Labor, if not openly at least in the sanctuary of one's soul.

He walked. There was, moreover, time to spare, for Fleur was to meet him at the Gallery at four o'clock, and it was as yet but half past two. It was good for him to walk—his liver was a little constricted and his nerves rather on edge. His wife was always out when she was in Town, and his daughter *would* flibbertygibbet all over the place like all young women since the war. Still, he must be thankful that she had been too young to do anything in that war itself. Not, of course, that he had not supported the war from its inception, with all his soul, but between that and supporting it with the bodies of his wife and daughter, there had been a gap fixed by something old-fashioned in his soul which abhorred emotional extravagance. He had, for instance, strongly objected to Annette, so attractive, and in 1914 only thirty-five, going to her native France, her "*chère patrie*" as, under the stimulus of war, she had begun to call it, to nurse her "*braves poilus*," forsooth! Ruining her health and her looks! As if she were really a nurse! He had put a stopper on it. Let her do needlework at home, or knit! She had not gone, therefore, and had never been quite the same woman since. A bad tendency of hers to mock at him, not openly, but in continual little ways, had grown. As for Fleur, the war had resolved the vexed problem whether or not she should go to school. She was better away from her mother in her war mood, from the chance of air-raids, and the impetus to do extravagant things; so he had placed her in a seminary as far West as had seemed to him compatible with excellence, and had missed her horribly. Fleur! He had never regretted the somewhat outlandish name by which at her birth he had decided so suddenly to call her—marked concession though it had been to the French. Fleur! A pretty name—a pretty child! But restless—too restless; and wilful! Knowing her power too over her father! Soames often reflected on the mistake it was to dote on one's daughter. To get old and dote! Sixty-five! He was getting on; but he didn't feel it, for, fortunately perhaps, considering Annette's youth and good looks, his second marriage had turned out a cool affair. He had known but one real passion in his life—for that first wife of his—Irene. Yes, and that fellow, his Cousin Jolyon, who had gone off with her, was looking very shaky, they said. No wonder, at seventy-two, after twenty years of a third marriage!

Soames paused a moment in his march to lean over the railings of the Row. A suitable spot for reminiscence, half-way between that house in Park Lane which had seen his birth and his parents' deaths, and that little house in Montpelier Square where thirty-five years ago he had enjoyed his first edition of matrimony. Now, after twenty years of his second edition, that old tragedy seemed to him like a previous existence—which had ended when Fleur was born in place of the son he had hoped for. For many years he had ceased regretting, even vaguely, the son who had not been born; Fleur filled the bill in his heart. After all, she bore his name; and he was not looking forward at all to the time when she would change it. Indeed, if he ever thought of such a calamity, it was seasoned by the vague feeling that he could make her rich enough to purchase perhaps and extinguish the name of the fellow who married her—why not, since, as it seemed, women were equal to men nowadays? And Soames, secretly convinced that they were not, passed his curved hand over his face vigorously,

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till it reached the comfort of his chin. Thanks to abstemious habits, he had not grown fat and flabby; his nose was pale and thin, his gray moustache close-clipped, his eyesight unimpaired. A slight stoop closened and corrected the expansion given to his face by the heightening of his forehead in the recession of his gray hair. Little change had Time wrought in the "warmest" of the young Forsytes, as the last of the old Forsytes—Timothy—now in his hundredth and first year, would have phrased it.

The shade from the plane-trees fell on his neat Homburg hat; he had given up top hats—it was no use attracting attention to wealth in days like these. Plane-trees! His thoughts travelled sharply to Madrid—the Easter before the War, when, having to make up his mind about that Goya picture, he had taken a voyage of discovery to study the painter on his spot. The fellow had impressed him—great range, real genius! Highly as the chap ranked, he would rank even higher before they had finished with him. The second Goya craze would be greater even than the first; oh, yes! And he had bought. On that visit he had—as never before—commissioned a copy of a fresco painting called "La Vendimia," wherein was the figure of a girl with an arm akimbo, who had reminded him of his daughter. He had it now in the Gallery at Mapledurham, and rather poor it was—you couldn't copy Goya. He would still look at it, however, if his daughter were not there, for the sake of something irresistibly reminiscent in the light, erect balance of the figure, the width between the arching eyebrows, the eager dreaming of the dark eyes. Curious that Fleur should have dark eyes, when his own were gray—no pure Forsyte had brown eyes—and her mother's blue! But of course her grandmother Lamotte had eyes as dark as treacle!

He began to walk on again toward Hyde Park Corner. No greater change in all England than in the Row! Born almost within hail of it, he could remember it from 1860 on. Brought there as a child between the crinolines to stare at tight-trousered dandies in whiskers, riding with a cavalry seat; to watch the doffing of curly-brimmed and white top hats; the leisurely air of it all, and the little bow-legged man in a long red waistcoat who used to come among the fashion with dogs on several strings, and try to sell one to his mother: King Charles spaniels, Italian greyhounds, affectionate to her crinoline—you never saw them now. You saw no quality of any sort, indeed, just working people sitting in dull rows with nothing to stare at but a few young bouncing females in pot hats, riding astride, or desultory Colonials charging up and down on dismal-looking hacks; with, here and there, little girls on ponies, or old gentlemen jogging their livers, or an orderly trying a great galumphing cavalry horse; no thoroughbreds, no grooms, no bowing, no scraping, no gossip—nothing; only the trees the same—the trees indifferent to the generations and declensions of mankind. A democratic England—dishevelled, hurried, noisy, and seemingly without an apex. And that something fastidious in the soul of Soames turned over within him. Gone forever, the close borough of rank and polish! Wealth there was—oh, yes! wealth—he himself was a richer man than his father had ever been; but manners, flavor, quality, all gone, engulfed in one vast, ugly, shoulder-rubbing, petrol-smelling Cheerio. Little half-beaten pockets of gentility and caste lurking here and there, dispersed and *chétif*, as Annette would say; but nothing ever again firm and coherent to look up to. And into this new hurly-burly of bad manners and loose morals his daughter—flower of his life—was flung! And when those Labor chaps got power—if they ever did—the worst was yet to come!

He passed out under the archway, at last no longer—thank goodness!—disfigured by the gun-gray of its search-light. "They'd better put a search-light on to where they're all going," he thought, "and light up their precious democracy!" And he directed his steps along the Club fronts of Piccadilly. George Forsyte, of course, would be sitting in the bay window of the Iseeum. The chap was so big now that he was there nearly all his time, like some immovable, sardonic, humorous eye noting the decline of men and things. And Soames hurried, ever constitutionally uneasy be-

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neath his cousin's glance. George, who, as he had heard, had written a letter signed "Patriot" in the middle of the War, complaining of the Government's hysteria in docking the oats of race-horses. Yes, there he was, tall, ponderous, neat, clean-shaven, with his smooth hair, hardly thinned, smelling, no doubt, of the best hair-wash, and a pink paper in his hand. Well, *he* didn't change! And for perhaps the first time in his life Soames felt a kind of sympathy tapping in his waistcoat for that sardonic kinsman. With his weight, his perfectly parted hair, and bull-like gaze, he was a guarantee that the old order would take some shifting yet. He saw George move the pink paper as if inviting him to ascend—the chap must want to ask something about his property. It was still under Soames' control; for in the adoption of a sleeping partnership at that painful period twenty years back when he had divorced Irene, Soames had found himself almost insensibly retaining control of all purely Forsyte affairs.

Hesitating for just a moment, he nodded and went in. Since the death of his brother-in-law Montague Dartie, in Paris, which no one had quite known what to make of, except that it was certainly not suicide—the Iseeum Club had seemed more respectable to Soames. George, too, he knew, had sown the last of his wild oats, and was committed definitely to the joys of the table, eating only of the very best so as to keep his weight down, and owning, as he said, only "one or two old screws to give me an interest in life." He joined his cousin, therefore, in the bay window without the embarrassing sense of indiscretion he had been used to feel up there. George put out a well-kept hand.

"Haven't seen you since the War," he said. "How's your wife?"

"Thanks," said Soames coldly, "well enough."

Some hidden jest curved, for a moment, George's fleshy face, and gloated from his eye.

"That Belgian chap, Profond," he said, "is a member here now. He's a rum customer."

"Quite!" muttered Soames. "What did you want to see me about?"

"Old Timothy; he might go off the hooks at any moment. I suppose he's made his Will."

"Yes."

"Well, you or somebody ought to give him a look up—last of the old lot; he's a hundred, you know. They say he's like a mummy. Where are you goin' to put him? He ought to have a pyramid by rights."

Soames shook his head. "Highgate," he said; "the family vault."

"Well, I suppose you're right; the old girls would miss him, if there's anything in that. They say he still takes an interest in food. He might last on, you know. Don't we *get* anything for the old Forsytes? Ten of them—average age eighty-eight—I worked it out. That ought to be equal to triplets."

"Is that all?" said Soames. "I must be getting on."

"You unsociable devil," George's eyes seemed to say. "Yes, that's all: Look him up in his mausoleum—the old chap might want to prophesy." The grin died on the rich curves of his face, and he added: "I say, haven't you attorneys invented a way yet of dodging this damned income tax? It hits the fixed inherited income like the very deuce. I used to have two thousand five hundred a year; now I've got a beggarly fifteen hundred, and the price of living doubled."

"Ah!" murmured Soames, "the turf's in danger."

Over George's face moved a gleam of sardonic self-defence.

"Well," he said, "they brought me up to do nothing, and here I am in the sere and yellow, getting poorer every day. These Labor chaps mean to have the lot before they've done. What are you going to do for a living when it comes? I shall work a six-hour day teaching politicians how to see a joke. Take my tip, Soames; go into Parliament, make sure of your four hundred—and employ me."

And, as Soames retired, he resumed his seat in the bay window.

Soames moved along Piccadilly deep in reflections excited by his cousin's words. He himself had always been a worker and a saver, George always a drone and a spender; and yet, if confiscation once began, it was he—the worker and the

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saver—who would be looted! That was the negation of all virtue, the overturning of all Forsyte principles. Could civilization be built on any other? He did not think so. Well, they wouldn't confiscate his pictures, for they wouldn't know their worth. But what would they be worth, if these maniacs once began to milk capital? A drug on the market. "I don't care about myself," he thought; "I could live on five hundred a year, and never know the difference, at my age." But Fleur! This fortune, so wisely invested, these treasures so carefully chosen and amassed, were all for her. And if it should turn out that he couldn't give or leave them to her—well, life had no meaning, and what was the use of going in to look at this crazy, futuristic stuff with the view of seeing whether it had any future?

Arriving at the Gallery off Cork Street, however, he paid his shilling, picked up a catalogue, and entered. Some ten persons were prowling round. Soames took steps and came on what looked to him like a lamp-post bent by collision with a motor omnibus. It was advanced some three paces from the wall, and was described in his catalogue as "Jupiter." He examined it with curiosity, having recently turned some of his attention to sculpture. "If that's Jupiter," he thought, "I wonder what Juno's like." And suddenly he saw her, opposite. She appeared to him like nothing so much as a pump with two handles, lightly clad in snow. He was still gazing at her, when two of the prowlers halted on his left. "*Épatant!*" he heard one say, "there's future in that!"

"Jargon!" growled Soames to himself.

The other's boyish voice replied:

"Missed it, old bean; he's pulling your leg. When Jove and Juno created he them, he was saying: 'I'll see how much these fools will swallow.' And they've lapped up the lot."

"You young duffer! Vospovitch is an innovator. Don't you see that he's brought satire into sculpture? The future of plastic art, of music, painting, and even architecture, has set in satiric. It was bound to. People are tired—the bottom's tumbled out of sentiment."

"Well, I'm quite equal to taking a little interest in beauty. I was through the War. You've dropped your handkerchief, sir."

Soames saw a handkerchief held out in front of him. He took it with some natural suspicion, and approached it to his nose. It had the right scent—of distant Eau de Cologne—and his initials in a corner. Slightly reassured, he raised his eyes to the young man's face. It had rather fawn-like ears, a laughing mouth, with half a toothbrush growing out of it on each side, and small lively eyes, above a normally dressed appearance.

"Thank you," he said; and moved by a sort of irritation, added: "Glad to hear you like beauty; that's rare nowadays."

"I dote on it," said the young man; "but you and I are the last of the old guard, sir."

Soames smiled.

"If you really care for pictures," he said, "here's my card. I can show you some quite good ones any Sunday, if you're down the river and care to look in."

"Awfully nice of you, sir. I'll drop in like a bird. My name's Mont—Michael." And he took off his hat.

Soames, already regretting his impulse, raised his own slightly in response, with a downward look at the young man's companion, who had a purple tie, dreadful little slug-like whiskers, and a scornful look—as if he were a poet!

It was the first indiscretion he had committed for so long that he went and sat down in an alcove. What had possessed him to give his card to a rackety young fellow, who went about with a thing like that? And Fleur, always at the back of his thoughts, started out like a filagree figure from a clock when the hour strikes. On the screen opposite the alcove was a large canvas with a great many square tomato-colored blobs on it, and nothing else, so far as Soames could see from where he sat. He looked at his catalogue: "No. 32—'The Future Town' —Paul Post." "I suppose that's satiric too," he thought. "What a thing!" But his second impulse was more cautious. It did not do to condemn hurriedly. There had been those stripy, streaky things of Monet's, which had turned out such trumps; and then the stippled

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school; and Gauguin. Why, even since the Post-Impressionists there had been one or two painters not to be sneezed at. During the thirty-eight years of his connoisseur's life, indeed, he had marked so many "movements," seen the tides of taste and technique so ebb and flow, that there was really no telling anything except that there was money to be made out of every change of fashion. This too might quite well be a case where one must subdue primordial instinct, or lose money. He got up and stood before the picture, trying hard to see it with the eyes of other people. Above the tomato blobs was what he took to be a sunset, till some one passing said: "He's got the airplanes wonderfully, don't you think!" Below the tomato blobs was a band of white with vertical black stripes, to which he could assign no meaning whatever, till some one else came by, murmuring: "What expression he gets with his foreground!" Expression? Of what? Soames went back to his seat. The thing was "rich," as his father would have said, and he wouldn't give a damn for it. Expression! Ah! they were all Expressionists now, he had heard, on the Continent. So it was coming here too, was it? He remembered the first wave of influenza in 1887—or 8—hatched in China, so they said. He wondered where this—this Expressionism—had been hatched. The thing was a regular disease!

He had become conscious of a woman and a youth standing between him and the "Future Town." Their backs were turned; but very suddenly Soames put his catalogue before his face, and drawing his hat forward, gazed through the slit between. No mistaking that back, elegant as ever though the hair above had gone gray. Irene! His divorced wife—Irene! And this, no doubt, was her son—by that fellow Jolyon Forsyte—their boy, six months older than his own girl! And mumbling over in his mind the bitter days of his divorce, he rose to get out of sight, but quickly sat down again. She had turned her head to speak to her boy; her profile was still so youthful that it made her gray hair seem powdery, as if fancy-dressed; and her lips were smiling as Soames, first possessor of them, had never seen them smile. Grudgingly he admitted her still beautiful, and in figure almost as young as ever. And how that boy smiled back at her! Emotion squeezed Soames' heart. The sight infringed his sense of justice. He grudged her that boy's smile—it went beyond what Fleur gave him, and it was undeserved. Their son might have been his son; Fleur might have been her daughter, if she had kept straight! He lowered his catalogue. If she saw him, all the better! A reminder of her conduct in the presence of her son, who probably knew nothing of it, would be a salutary touch from the finger of that Nemesis which surely must soon or late visit her! Then, half-conscious that such a thought was extravagant for a Forsyte of his age, Soames took out his watch. Past four! Fleur was late. She had gone to his niece Imogen Cardigan's, and there they would keep her smoking cigarettes and gossiping, and that. He heard the boy laugh, and say eagerly: "I say, Mum, this isn't by one of Auntie June's lame ducks, is it?"

"Paul Post—I believe it is, darling."

The word produced a little shock in Soames; he had never heard her use it. And then she saw him. His eyes must have had in them something of George Forsyte's sardonic look; for her gloved hand crisped the folds of her frock, her eyebrows rose, her face went stony. She moved on.

"It *is* a caution," said the boy, catching her arm again.

Soames stared after them. That boy was good-looking, with a Forsyte chin, and eyes deep-gray, deep in; but with something sunny, like a glass of old sherry spilled over him; his smile perhaps, his hair. Better than they deserved—those two! They passed from his view into the next room, and Soames continued to regard the Future Town, but saw it not. A little smile snarled up his lips. He was despising the vehemence of his own feelings after all these years. Ghosts! And yet as one grew old—was there anything but what was ghost-like left? Yes, there was Fleur! He fixed his eyes on the entrance. She was due; but she would keep him waiting, of course! And suddenly he became aware of a sort of human breeze—a short, slight form clad in a sea-green djibbah

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with a metal belt and a fillet binding unruly red-gold hair all streaked with gray. She was talking to the Gallery attendants, and something familiar riveted his gaze—in her eyes, her chin, her hair, her spirit—something which suggested a thin Skye terrier just before its dinner. Surely June Forsyte! His cousin June—and coming straight to his recess! She sat down beside him, deep in thought, took out a tablet, and made a pencil note. Soames sat unmoving. A confounded thing was cousinship! "Disgusting!" he heard her murmur; then, as if resenting the presence of an overhearing stranger, she looked at him. The worst had happened.

"What—Soames!"

Soames turned his head a very little.

"How are *you?*" he said. "Haven't seen you for twenty years."

"No. Whatever made *you* come here?"

"My sins," said Soames. "What stuff!"

"Stuff? Oh, yes—of course; it hasn't *arrived* yet."

"It never will," said Soames; "it must be making a dead loss."

"Of course it is."

"How d'you know?"

"It's my Gallery."

Soames sniffed from sheer surprise.

"Yours? What on earth made you run a show like this?"

"*I* don't treat Art as if it were grocery."

Soames pointed to the Future Town. "Look at that! Who's going to live in a town like that, or with it on his walls?"

June contemplated the picture for a moment. "It's a vision," she said.

"The deuce!" said Soames.

There was silence, then June rose. "Crazy-looking creature!" he thought.

"Well," he said, "you'll find your young stepbrother here with a woman I used to know. If you take my advice, you'll close this exhibition."

June looked back at him. "Oh! You Forsyte!" she said, and moved on. About her light, fly-away figure, passing so suddenly away, was a look of dangerous decisions. Forsyte! Of course, he was a Forsyte! And so was she! But from the time when, as a mere girl, she brought Bosinney into his life to wreck it, he had never hit it off with June—and never would! And here she was, unmarried to this day, owning a Gallery! . . . And suddenly it came to Soames how little he knew now of his own family. The old aunts at Timothy's had been dead so many years; there was no clearing-house for news. What had they all done in the War? Young Roger's boy had been wounded, St. John Hayman's second son killed; young Nicholas' eldest had got an O. B. E., or whatever they gave them. They had all joined up somehow, he believed. That boy of Jolyon's and Irene's, he supposed, had been too young; his own generation, of course, too old, though Giles Hayman had driven a car for the Red Cross—and Jesse Hayman been a special constable—those "Dromios" had always been of a sporting type! As for himself, he had given a motor ambulance, read the papers till he was sick of them, passed through much anxiety, bought no clothes, lost seven pounds in weight; he didn't know what more he could have done at his age. Indeed, thinking it over, it struck him that he and his family had taken this war very differently to that affair with the Boers, which had been supposed to tax all the resources of the Empire. In that old war, of course, his nephew Val Dartie had been wounded, that fellow Jolyon's first son had died of enteric, "the Dromios" had gone out on horses, and June had been a nurse; but all that had seemed in the nature of a portent, while in *this* war everybody had done "their bit," so far as he could make out, as a matter of course. It seemed to show the growth of something or other—or perhaps the decline of something else. Had the Forsytes become less individual, or more Imperial, or less provincial? Or was it simply that one hated Germans? . . . Why didn't Fleur come, so that he could get away? He saw those three return together from the other room and pass back along the far side of the screen. The boy was standing before the Juno now. And, suddenly, on the other side of her, Soames saw—his daughter, with eyebrows raised, as well they might be. He could see her eyes glint sideways at the boy, and the boy look back at her. Then Irene slipped her hand through his

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arm, and drew him on. Soames saw him glancing round, and Fleur looking after them as the three went out.

A voice said cheerfully: "A bit thick, isn't it, sir?"

The young man who had handed him his handkerchief was again passing. Soames nodded.

"I don't know what we're coming to."

"Oh! That's all right, sir," answered the young man cheerfully; "they don't either."

Fleur's voice said:

"Hallo, father! There you are!"

The young man, snatching off his hat, passed on.

"Well," said Soames, looking her up and down, "you're a punctual sort of young woman!"

This treasured possession of his life was of medium height and color, with short, dark-chestnut hair; her wide-apart brown eyes were set in whites so clear that they glinted when they moved, and yet in repose were almost dreamy under very white, black-lashed lids, held over them in a sort of suspense. She had a charming profile, and nothing of her father in her face save a decided chin. Aware that his expression was softening as he looked at her, Soames frowned to preserve the unemotionalism proper to a Forsyte. He knew she was only too inclined to take advantage of his weakness.

Slipping her hand under his arm, she said:

"Who was that?"

"He picked up my handkerchief. We talked about the pictures."

"You're not going to buy *that*, father?"

"No," said Soames grimly; "nor that Juno you've been looking at."

Fleur dragged at his arm. "Oh! Let's go! It's a ghastly show."

In the doorway they passed the young man called Mont and his partner. Soames had hung out a board with "Trespassers will be prosecuted" thereon, and he barely acknowledged the young fellow's salute.

"Well," he said in the street, "whom did you meet at Imogen's?"

"Aunt Winifred, and that Monsieur Profond."

"Oh!" muttered Soames; "that chap! What does your aunt see in him?"

"I don't know. He looks pretty deep —mother says she likes him."

Soames grunted.

"Cousin Val and his wife were there."

"What!" said Soames. "I thought they were back in South Africa."

"Oh, no! They've sold their farm. Cousin Val is going to train race-horses on the Sussex Downs. They've got a jolly old manor-house; they asked me down there."

Soames coughed: the news was distasteful to him. "What's his wife like now?"

"Very quiet, but nice, I think."

Soames coughed again. "He's a rackety chap, your Cousin Val."

"Oh! no, Father; they're awfully devoted. I promised to go—Saturday to Wednesday next."

"Training race-horses!" said Soames. It was bad enough, but not the reason for his distaste. Why the deuce couldn't those two have stayed out in South Africa? His own divorce had been bad enough, without his nephew's marriage to the daughter of the co-respondent; a half-sister too of June, and of that boy whom Fleur had just been looking at from under the pump-handle. If he didn't look out, she would come to know all about that old disgrace! Unpleasant things! H'm! They were round him this afternoon like a swarm of bees!

"I don't like it!" he said.

"I want to see the race-horses," murmured Fleur; "and they've promised I shall ride. Cousin Val can't walk much, you know; but he can ride perfectly. He's going to show me their gallops."

"Racing!" said Soames. "It's a pity the war didn't knock that on the head. He's taking after his father, I'm afraid."

"I don't know anything about his father."

"No," said Soames, grimly. "He took an interest in horses and broke his neck in Paris, walking down-stairs. Good riddance for your aunt." He frowned, recollecting the inquiry into those stairs which he had attended in Paris six years ago, because Montague Dartie could not attend it himself—perfectly normal stairs in a house where they played baccarat. Either his winnings or the way he had celebrated them had gone to his brother-in-law's head. The French procedure

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had been very loose; he had had a lot of trouble with it.

A sound from Fleur distracted his attention. "Look! The people who were in the Gallery with us."

"What people?" muttered Soames, who knew perfectly well.

"I think that woman's beautiful."

"Come into this pastry-cook's," said Soames abruptly, tightening his grip on her arm, and turning into a confectioner's. It was—for him—a surprising thing to do, and he said rather anxiously: "What will you have?"

"Oh! I don't want anything. I had a cocktail and a tremendous lunch."

"We *must* have something now we're here," muttered Soames, keeping hold of her arm.

"Two teas," he said; "and two of those nougat things."

But no sooner were they seated than his soul sprang up. Those three—those three were coming in! He heard Irene say something to her boy, and his answer: "Oh! no, Mum; this place is all right. My stunt." And the three sat down.

At that moment, most awkward of his existence, crowded with ghosts and shadows from his past, in presence of the only two women he had ever loved—his divorced wife and his daughter by her successor—Soames was not so much afraid of *them* as of his cousin June. She might make a scene—she might introduce those two children—she was capable of anything. He bit too hastily at the nougat, and it stuck to his plate. Working at it with his finger, he glanced at Fleur. She was masticating dreamily, but her eyes were on the boy. The Forsyte in him said: "Think, feel, and you're done for!" And he wiggled his finger desperately. Plate! Did Jolyon wear a plate? Did that woman wear a plate? Time had been when he had seen her wearing nothing! That was something, anyway, which had never been stolen from him. And she knew it, though she might sit there calm and self-possessed, as if she had never been his wife. An acid humor stirred in his Forsyte blood; a subtle pain divided by hair's-breadth from pleasure. If only June did not suddenly bring her hornets about his ears! The boy was talking.

"Of course, Auntie June,"—so he called his half-sister "Auntie," did he?—well, she must be fifty, if she was a day!—"it's jolly good of you to encourage them. Only—hang it all!" Soames stole a glance. Irene's startled eyes were bent watchfully on her boy. She—she had these devotions—for Bosinney—for that boy's father—for this boy! He touched Fleur's arm, and said:

"Well, have you had enough?"

"One more, Father, please."

She would be sick! He went to the counter to pay. When he turned round again he saw Fleur standing near the door, holding a handkerchief which the boy had evidently just handed to her.

"F. F.," he heard her say. "Fleur Forsyte—it's mine all right. Thank you ever so."

Good God! She had caught the trick from what he'd told her in the Gallery—monkey!

"Forsyte? Why—that's my name too. Perhaps we're cousins."

"Really! We must be. There aren't any others. I live at Mapledurham; where do you?"

"Robin Hill."

Question and answer had been so rapid that all was over before he could lift a finger. He saw Irene's face alive with startled feeling, gave the slightest shake of his head, and slipped his arm through Fleur's.

"Come along!" he said.

She did not move.

"Didn't you hear, Father? Isn't it queer—our name's the same. Are we cousins?"

"What's that?" he said. "Forsyte? Distant, perhaps."

"My name's Jolyon, sir. Jon, for short."

"Oh! Ah!" said Soames. "Yes. Distant. How are you? Very good of you. Good-bye!"

He moved on.

"Thanks awfully," Fleur was saying. "*Au revoir!*"

"*Au revoir!*" he heard the boy reply.

II

FINE FLEUR FORSYTE

EMERGING from the "pastry-cook's," Soames' first impulse was to vent his

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nerves by saying to his daughter: "Dropping your handkerchief!" to which her absurd reply might be: "Well, I picked that up from you!" His second impulse therefore was to let sleeping dogs lie. But she would surely question him. He gave her a sidelong look, and found she was giving him the same. She said softly:

"Why don't you like those cousins, Father?"

Soames lifted the corner of his lip.

"What made you think that?"

"*Cela se voit.*"

'That sees itself!' What a way of putting it—French!

After twenty years of a French wife Soames had still little sympathy with her language; a theatrical affair and connected in his mind with all the refinements of domestic irony.

"How?" he asked.

"You *must* know them; and you didn't make a sign. I saw them looking at you."

"I've never seen the boy in my life," replied Soames with perfect truth.

"No; but you've seen the others, dear."

Soames gave her another look. What had she picked up? Had her Aunt Winifred, or Imogen, or Val Dartie and his wife, been talking? Every breath of the old scandal had been carefully kept from her at home, and Winifred warned many times that he wouldn't have a whisper of it reach her for the world. So far as she ought to know, he had never been married before. But her dark eyes, whose southern glint and clearness often almost frightened him, met his with perfect innocence.

"Well," he said, "your grandfather and his brother had a quarrel. The two families don't know each other."

"How romantic!"

"Now, what does she mean by that?" he thought. The word was to him extravagant and dangerous—it was as if she had said: "How jolly!"

"And they'll continue not to know each other," he added, but instantly regretted the challenge in those words. Fleur was smiling. In this age, when young people prided themselves on going their own ways and paying no attention to any sort of decent prejudice, he had said the very thing to excite her wilfulness. Then, recollecting the expression on Irene's face, he breathed again.

"What sort of a quarrel?" he heard Fleur say.

"About a house. It's ancient history for you. Your grandfather died the day you were born. He was ninety."

"Ninety? Are there many Forsytes besides those in the Directory?"

"I don't know," said Soames. "They're all dispersed now. The old ones are dead, except Timothy."

Fleur clasped her hands.

"Timothy? Isn't that delicious?"

"Not at all," said Soames. It offended him that she should think "Timothy" delicious—a kind of insult to his breed. This new generation mocked at anything solid and tenacious. "You go and see the old boy. He might want to prophesy." Ah! If Timothy could see the disquiet England of his greatnephews and greatnieces, he would certainly give tongue. And involuntarily he glanced up at the Iseeum; yes—George was still in the window, with the same pink paper in his hand.

"Where is Robin Hill, father?"

Robin Hill! Robin Hill, round which all that tragedy had centred! What did she want to know for?

"In Surrey," he muttered; "not far from Richmond. Why?"

"Is the house there?"

"What house?"

"That they quarrelled about."

"Yes. But what's all that to do with you? We're going home to-morrow—you'd better be thinking about your frocks."

"Bless you! They're all thought about. A family feud? It's like the Bible, or Mark Twain—awfully exciting. What did you do in the feud, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Oh! But if I'm to keep it up?"

"Who said you were to keep it up?"

"You, darling."

"I? I said it had nothing to do with you."

"Just what *I* think, you know; so that's all right."

She was too sharp for him; *fine*, as Annette sometimes called her. Nothing for it but to distract her attention.

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"There's a bit of rosaline point in here," he said, stopping before a shop, "that I thought you might like."

When he had paid for it and they had resumed their progress, Fleur said:

"Don't you think that boy's mother is the most beautiful woman of her age you've ever seen?"

Soames shivered. Uncanny, the way she stuck to it!

"I don't know that I noticed her."

"Dear, I saw the corner of your eye."

"You see everything—and a great deal more, it seems to me!"

"What's her husband like? He must be your first cousin, if your fathers were brothers."

"Dead, for all I know," said Soames, with sudden vehemence. "I haven't seen him for twenty years."

"What was he?"

"A painter."

"That's quite jolly."

The words: "If you want to please me you'll put those people out of your head," sprang to Soames' lips, but he choked them back—he must *not* let her see his feelings.

"He once insulted me," he said.

Her quick eyes rested on his face.

"I see! You didn't avenge it, and it rankles. Poor father! You let me have a go!"

It was really like lying in the dark with a mosquito hovering above his face. Such pertinacity in Fleur was new to him, and, as they reached the hotel, he said grimly:

"I did my best. And that's enough about these people. I'm going up till dinner."

"I shall sit here."

With a parting look at her extended in a chair—a look half-resentful, half-adoring—Soames moved into the lift and was transported to their suite on the fourth floor. He stood by the window of the sitting-room which gave view over Hyde Park, and drummed a finger on its pane. His feelings were confused, techy, troubled. The throb of that old wound, scarred over by Time and new interests, was mingled with displeasure and anxiety, and a slight pain in his chest where that nougat stuff had disagreed. Had Annette come in? Not that she was any good to him in such a difficulty. Whenever she had questioned him about his first marriage, he had always shut her up; she knew nothing of it, save that it had been the great passion of his life, and his marriage with herself but domestic makeshift. She had always kept the grudge of that up her sleeve, as it were, and used it commercially. He listened. A sound—the vague murmur of a woman's movements—was coming through the door. She *was* in. He tapped.

"Who?"

"I," said Soames.

She had been changing her frock, and was still imperfectly clothed; a striking figure before her glass. There was a certain magnificence about her arms, shoulders, hair, which had darkened since he first knew her, about the turn of her neck, the silkiness of her garments, her dark-lashed, gray-blue eyes—she was certainly as handsome at forty as she had ever been. A fine possession, an excellent housekeeper, a sensible and affectionate enough mother. If only she weren't always so frankly cynical about the relations between them! Soames, who had no more real affection for her than she had for him, suffered from a kind of English grievance, in that she had never dropped even the thinnest veil of sentiment over their partnership. Like most of his countrymen and women, he held the view that marriage should be based on mutual love, but that when from a marriage love had disappeared, or been found never to have really existed—so that it was manifestly not based on love—you must not say so. There it was, and the love was not—but there you were, and must continue to be! Thus you had it both ways, and were not tarred with cynicism, realism, and immorality, like the French. Moreover, it was necessary in the interests of property. He knew that she knew that they both knew there was no love between them, but he still expected her not to admit in words or conduct such a thing, and he could never understand what she meant when she talked of the hypocrisy of the English. He said:

"Whom have you got at 'The Shelter' next week?"

Annette went on touching her lips delicately with salve—he always wished she wouldn't do that.

"Your sister Winifred, and the Car-r-

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digans—" she took up a tiny stick of black—"and Prosper Profond."

"That Belgian chap? Why him?"

Annette turned her neck lazily, touched one eyelash, and said:

"He amuses Winifred."

"I want some one to amuse Fleur; she's restive."

"R-restive?" repeated Annette. "Is it the first time you see that, my friend? She was born r-restive, as you call it."

Would she never get that affected roll out of her r's?

He touched the dress she had taken off, and asked:

"What have you been doing?"

Annette looked at him, reflected in her glass. Her just-brightened lips smiled, rather full, rather ironical.

"Enjoying myself," she said.

"Oh!" answered Soames glumly. "Ribbandry, I suppose."

It was his word for all that incomprehensible running in and out of shops that women went in for. "Has Fleur got her summer dresses?"

"You don't ask if I have mine."

"You don't care whether I do or not."

"Quite right. Well, she has; and I have mine—terribly expensive."

"H'm!" said Soames. "What does that chap Profond do in England?"

Annette raised the eyebrows she had just finished.

"He yachts."

"Ah!" said Soames; "he's a sleepy chap."

"Sometimes," answered Annette, and her face had a sort of quiet enjoyment. "But sometimes very amusing."

"He's got a touch of the tar-brush about him."

Annette stretched herself.

"Tar-brush?" she said; "What is that? His mother was *Arménienne*."

"That's it, then," muttered Soames. "Does he know anything about pictures?"

"He knows about everything—a man of the world."

"Well, get some one for Fleur. I want to distract her. She's going off on Saturday to Val Dartie and his wife; I don't like it."

"Why not?"

Since the reason could not be explained without going into family history, Soames merely answered:

"Racketing about. There's too much of it."

"I like that little Mrs. Val; she is very quiet and clever."

"I know nothing of her except— This thing's new." And Soames took up a creation from the bed.

Annette received it from him.

"Would you hook me?" she said.

Soames hooked. Glancing once over her shoulder into the glass, he saw the expression on her face, faintly amused, faintly contemptuous, as much as to say: "Thanks! You will never learn!" No, thank God, he wasn't a Frenchman! He finished with a jerk, and the words:

"It's too low here." And he went to the door, with the wish to get away from her and go down to Fleur again.

Annette stayed a powder-puff, and said with startling suddenness:

"*Comme tu es grossier!*"

He knew the expression—he had reason to. The first time she had used it he had thought it meant "What a grocer you are!" and had not known whether to be relieved or not when better informed. He resented the word—he was *not* coarse! If he was coarse, what was that chap in the room beyond his, who made those horrible noises in the morning when he cleared his throat, or those people in the Lounge who thought it well-bred to say nothing but what the whole world could hear at the top of their voices—quacking inanity! Coarse, because he had said her dress was low! Well, so it was! He went out without reply.

Coming into the Lounge from the far end, he at once saw Fleur where he had left her. She sat with crossed knees, slowly balancing a foot in silk stocking and gray shoe, sure sign that she was dreaming. Her eyes showed it too—they went off like that sometimes. And then, in a moment, she would come to life, and be as quick and restless as a monkey. And she knew so much, so self-assured, and not yet nineteen. What was that odious word? Flapper! Dreadful young creatures—squealing and squawking and showing their legs! The worst of them bad dreams, the best of them powdered angels! Fleur was *not* a flapper, *not* one of those slangy, ill-bred young females. And yet she was frighteningly self-willed,

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and full of life, and determined to enjoy it. Enjoy! The word brought no puritan terror to Soames; but it brought the terror suited to his temperament. He had always been afraid to enjoy to-day for fear he might not enjoy to-morrow so much. And it was terrifying to feel that his daughter was divested of that safeguard. The very way she sat in that chair showed it—lost in her dream. He had never been lost in a dream himself—there was nothing to be had out of it; and where she got it from he did not know! Certainly not from Annette! And yet Annette, as a young girl, when he was hanging about her, had once had a flowery look. Well, she had lost it now!

Fleur rose from her chair—swiftly, restlessly, and flung herself down at a writing-table. Seizing ink and writing-paper, she began to write as if she had not time to breathe before she got her letter written. And suddenly she saw him. The air of desperate absorption vanished, she smiled, waved a kiss, made a pretty face as if she were a little puzzled and a little bored.

Ah! She was "*fine*"—"*fine!*"

III

AT ROBIN HILL

Jolyon Forsyte had spent his boy's nineteenth birthday at Robin Hill, quietly going into his affairs. He did everything quietly now, because his heart was in a poor way, and, like all his family, he disliked the idea of dying. He had never realized how much till one day, two years ago, he had gone to his doctor about certain symptoms, and been told:

"At any moment, on any overstrain."

He had taken it with a smile—the natural Forsyte reaction against an unpleasant truth. But with an increase of symptoms in the train on the way home, he had taken in the full of the sentence hanging over him. To leave Irene, his boy, his home, his work—though he did little enough work now! To leave them for unknown darkness, for the unimaginable state, for such nothingness that he would not even be conscious of wind stirring leaves above his grave, nor of the scent of earth and grass. Of such nothingness that, however hard he might try to conceive it, he never could, and must still hover on the hope that he might see again those he loved! To realize this was to endure very poignant spiritual anguish. Before he reached home that day, he had determined to keep it from Irene. He would have to be more careful than man had ever been, for the least thing would give it away and make her as wretched as himself, almost. His doctor had passed him sound in other respects, and seventy was nothing of an age—he would last a long time yet, *if he could!*

Such a conclusion, followed out for over two years, develops to the full the subtler side of character. Naturally not abrupt, except when nervously excited, Jolyon had become control incarnate. The sad patience of old people who cannot exert themselves was masked by a smile which his lips preserved even in private. He devised continually all manner of cover to conceal his enforced lack of exertion. Mocking himself for doing so, he counterfeited conversion to the Simple Life; gave up wine and cigars, drank a special kind of coffee with no coffee in it. In short, he made himself as safe as a Forsyte in his condition could, under the rose of his mild irony. Secure from discovery, since his wife and son had gone up to Town, he had spent the fine May day quietly arranging his papers, that he might die to-morrow without inconveniencing any one, giving in fact a final polish to his terrestrial state. Having docketed and enclosed it in his father's old Chinese cabinet, he put the key into an envelope, wrote the words outside: "Key of the Chinese cabinet, wherein will be found the exact state of me. J. F.," and put it in his breast-pocket, where it would be, always about him, in case of accident. Then, ringing for tea, he went out to have it under the old oak-tree.

All are under sentence of death; Jolyon, whose sentence was but a little more precise and pressing, had become so used to it, that he thought habitually, like other people, of other things. He thought of his son now.

Jon was nineteen that day, and Jon had come of late to a decision. Educated neither at Eton like his father, nor at Harrow, like his dead half-brother, but at one of those establishments which, designed to avoid the evil and contain the

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good of the Public School system, may or may not contain the evil and avoid the good, Jon had left in April perfectly ignorant of what he wanted to become. The War, which had promised to go on for ever, had ended just as he was about to join the army, six months before his time. It had taken him ever since to get used to the idea that he could now choose for himself. He had held with his father several discussions, from which, under a cheery show of being ready for anything—except, of course, the Church, Army, Law, Stage, Stock Exchange, Medicine, Business, and Engineering—Jolyon had gathered rather clearly that Jon wanted to go in for nothing. He himself had felt exactly like that at the same age. With him that pleasant vacuity had soon been ended by an early marriage, and its unhappy consequences. Forced to become an underwriter at Lloyd's, he had regained prosperity before his artistic talent had outcropped. But having—as the simple say—"learned" his boy to draw pigs and other animals, he knew that Jon would never be a painter, and inclined to the conclusion that his aversion from everything else meant that he was going to be a writer. Holding, however, the view that experience was necessary even for that profession, there seemed to Jolyon nothing in the meantime, for the boy, but University, travel, and perhaps the eating of dinners for the Bar. After that one would see, or more probably one would not. In face of these proffered allurements, however, Jon had remained undecided.

Such discussions with his son had confirmed in Jolyon a doubt whether the world had really changed. People said that it was a new age. With the profundity of one not too long for any age, Jolyon perceived that under slightly different surfaces, the era was precisely what it had been. Mankind was still divided into two species: The few who had "speculation" in their souls, and the many who had none, with a belt of hybrids like himself in the middle. Jon appeared to have speculation; it seemed to his father a bad lookout.

With something deeper, therefore, than his usual smile, he had heard the boy say, a fortnight ago: "I should like to try farming, Dad; if it won't cost you too much. It seems to be about the only sort of life that doesn't hurt anybody; except art, and of course that's out of the question for me."

Jolyon subdued his smile, and answered:

"All right; you shall skip back to where we were under the first Jolyon in 1750. It'll prove the cycle theory, and incidentally, no doubt, you may grow a better turnip than he did."

A little dashed, Jon had answered:

"But don't you think it is a good scheme, Dad?"

"'Twill serve, my dear; and if you should really take to it, you'll do more good than most men, which is little enough."

To himself, however, he had said: "But he won't take to it. I give him four years. Still, it's healthy, and harmless."

After turning the matter over and consulting with Irene, he wrote to his daughter Mrs. Val Dartie, asking if they knew of a farmer near them on the Downs who would take Jon as an apprentice. Holly's answer had been enthusiastic. There was an excellent man quite close; she and Val would love Jon to live with them.

The boy was due to go to-morrow.

Sipping weak tea with lemon in it, Jolyon gazed through the leaves of the old oak-tree at that view which had appeared to him desirable for thirty years. The tree beneath which he sat seemed not a day older! So young, the little leaves of brownish gold; so old, the whitey-gray-green of its thick rough trunk. A tree of memories, which would live on hundreds of years yet, unless some barbarian cut it down—would see old England out at the pace things were going! He remembered a night three years before, when, looking from his window, with his arm close round Irene, he had watched a German aeroplane hovering, it seemed, right over the old tree. Next day they had found a bomb hole in a field on Gage's farm. That was before he knew that he was under sentence of death. He could almost have wished the bomb had finished him. It would have saved a lot of hanging about, many hours of cold fear in

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the pit of his stomach. He had counted on living to the normal Forsyte age of eighty-five or more, when Irene would be seventy. As it was, she would miss him. Still there was Jon, more important in her life than himself; Jon, who adored his mother.

Under that tree, where old Jolyon—waiting for Irene to come to him across the lawn—had breathed his last, Jolyon wondered, whimsically, whether, having put everything in such perfect order, he had not better close his own eyes and drift away. There was something undignified in parasitically clinging on to the effortless close of a life wherein he regretted two things only—the long division between his father and himself when he was young, and the lateness of his union with Irene.

From where he sat he could see a cluster of apple-trees in blossom. Nothing in Nature moved him so much as fruit trees in blossom; and his heart ached suddenly because he might never see them flower again. Spring! Decidedly no man ought to have to die while his heart was still young enough to love beauty! Blackbirds sang recklessly in the shrubbery, swallows were flying high, the leaves above him glistened; and over the fields was every imaginable tint of early foliage, burnished by the level sunlight, away to where a distant smoke-bush blue was trailed along the horizon. Irene's flowers in their narrow beds had startling individuality that evening, little deep assertions of gay life. Only Chinese and Japanese painters, and perhaps Leonardo, had known how to get that startling little ego into each painted flower, and bird, and beast—the ego, yet the sense of species, the universality of life as well. They were the fellows! "I've made nothing that will live!" thought Jolyon; "I've been an amateur—a mere lover, not a creator. Still, I shall leave Jon behind me when I go." What luck that the boy had not been caught by that ghastly war! He might so easily have been killed, like poor Jolly, twenty years ago out in the Transvaal. Jon would do something some day—if the Age didn't spoil him—an imaginative chap! His whim to take up farming was but a bit of sentiment, and about as likely to last. And just then he saw them coming up the field: Irene and the boy, walking from the station, with their arms linked. And, getting up, he strolled down through the new rose garden to meet them. . . .

Irene came into his room that night and sat down by the window. She sat there without speaking till he said:

"What is it, my love?"

"We had an encounter to-day."

"With whom?"

"Soames."

Soames! He had kept that name out of his thoughts these last two years; conscious that it was bad for him. And, now, his heart moved in a disconcerting manner, as if it had side-slipped within his chest.

Irene went on quietly:

"He and his daughter were in the Gallery, and afterward at the confectioner's where we had tea."

Jolyon went over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"How did he look?"

"Gray; but otherwise much the same."

"And the daughter?"

"Pretty. At least, Jon thought so."

Jolyon's heart side-slipped again. His wife's face had a strained and puzzled look.

"You didn't—?" he began.

"No; but Jon knows their name. The girl dropped her handkerchief and he picked it up."

Jolyon sat down on his bed. An evil chance!

"June was with you. Did she put her foot into it?"

"No; but it was all very queer and strained, and Jon could see it was."

Jolyon drew a long breath, and said:

"I've often wondered whether we've been right to keep it from him. He'll find out some day."

"The later the better, Jolyon; the young have such cheap, hard judgment. When you were nineteen what would you have thought of *your* mother if she had done what I have?"

Yes! There it was! Jon worshipped his mother; and knew nothing of the tragedies, the inexorable necessities of life, nothing of the prisoned grief in an unhappy marriage, nothing of jealousy, or passion—knew nothing at all, as yet!

"What have you told him?" he said at last.

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"That they were relations, but we didn't know them; that you had never cared much for your family, or they for you. I expect he will be asking *you*."

Jolyon smiled. "This promises to take the place of air-raids," he said. "After all, one misses them."

Irene looked up at him.

"We've known it would come some day."

He answered her with sudden energy: "I could never stand seeing Jon blame you. He shan't do that, even in thought. He has imagination; and he'll understand if it's put to him properly. I think I had better tell him before he gets to know otherwise."

"Not yet, Jolyon."

That was like her—she had no foresight, and never went to meet trouble. Still—who knew?—she might be right. It was ill going against a mother's instinct. It might be well to let the boy go on, if possible, till experience had given him some touchstone by which he could judge the values of that old tragedy; till love, jealousy, longing, had deepened his charity. Still one must take precautions—all the precautions possible! And, long after Irene had left him, he lay awake turning over those precautions. He must write to Holly, telling her that Jon knew nothing as yet of family history. Holly was discreet, she would make sure of her husband, she would see to it! Jon could take the letter with him when he went to-morrow.

And so the day on which he had put the polish on his material estate died out with the chiming of the stable clock; and another began for Jolyon in the shadow of a spiritual disorder which could not be so rounded off and polished. . . .

But Jon, whose room had once been his day nursery, lay awake too, the prey of a sensation disputed by those who have never known it, "love at first sight!" He had felt it beginning in him with the glint of those dark eyes gazing into his athwart the Juno—a conviction that this was his dream; so that what followed had seemed to him at once natural and miraculous. Fleur! Her name alone was almost enough for one who was terribly susceptible to the charm of words. In a homœopathic age, when boys and girls were coeducated, and mixed up in early life till sex was almost abolished, Jon was singularly old-fashioned. His modern school took boys only, and his holidays had been spent at Robin Hill with boy friends, or his parents alone. He had never, therefore, been inoculated against the germs of love by small doses of the poison. And now in the dark his temperature was mounting fast. He lay awake, featuring Fleur—as they called it—recalling her words, specially that "*Au revoir!*" so soft and sprightly.

He was still so wide-awake at dawn that he got up, slipped on tennis shoes, trousers, and a sweater, and in silence crept down-stairs and out through the study window. It was just light, and smelled of grass. "Fleur!" he thought; "Fleur!" It was mysteriously white out-of-doors, with nothing awake except the birds just beginning to chirp. "I'll go down into the coppice," he thought. He ran down through the fields, reached the pond just as the sun rose, and passed into the coppice. Bluebells carpeted the ground there; among the larch-trees there was mystery—the air, as it were, composed of that romantic quality. Jon sniffed its freshness, and stared at the bluebells in the sharpening light. Fleur! It rhymed with her! And she lived at Mapledurham—a jolly name, too, on the river somewhere. He could find it in the atlas presently. He would write to her. But would she answer? Oh! She must. She had said "*Au revoir!*" Not good-bye! What luck that she had dropped her handkerchief. He would never have known her but for that. And the more he thought of that handkerchief, the more amazing his luck seemed. Fleur! It certainly rhymed with her! Rhythm thronged his head; words jostled to be joined together; he was on the verge of a poem.

Jon remained in this condition for more than half an hour, then returned to the house, and getting a ladder, climbed in at his bedroom window out of sheer exhilaration. Then, remembering that the study window was open, he went down and shut it, first removing the ladder, so as to obliterate all traces of his feeling. The thing was too deep to be revealed to mortal soul—even to his mother.

(To be continued.)

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Photo by the Goldwyn-Bray-Powell Malaysian Expedition.

Dancing girls belonging to the royal ballet of the King of Cambodia.

The dancers were much younger than I had anticipated, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen. The costumes were the most gorgeous that we saw in Asia: wonderful creations of cloth-of-gold heavily embroidered with jewels.—Page 40.

ADVENTURING AFTER ADVENTURE

WITH A MOTION-PICTURE EXPEDITION IN MALAYSIA

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Author of "Fighting in Flanders," "The Army Behind the Army," "The New Frontiers of Freedom," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND ASSOCIATES

WHEN I was a small boy I spent several summers at the quaint old fishing-village of Mattapoisett, on Buzzard's Bay. Next door to the house we occupied stood a low-roofed, broad-verandaed dwelling, white as an old-time clipper ship, with green blinds. Its colonial doorway, overhung by a spray of crimson rambler, was flanked on one side by a huge conch-shell, on the other by an enormous specimen of branch-coral, thus subtly intimating to the passers-by that the owner of the house had been in "foreign parts." On the broad, deck-like veranda, to which a distinctly nautical atmosphere was lent by a ship's barometer, a chart of Cape Cod, and a highly polished brass telescope mounted on a tripod so as to command the entire expanse of the bay, Cap'n Bryant, a retired New Bedford whaling captain, was wont to spend the sunny days in his big cane-seated rocking-chair, puffing meditatively at his pipe and for my boyish edification spinning yarns of

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adventure in far-distant seas and on islands with magic names—Tawi Tawi, Makassar Straits, the Dingdings, the Little Paternosters, the Gulf of Boni, Thursday Island, Java Head. Of cannibal feasts in New Guinea, of head-hunters in Borneo, of strange dances by dusky temple-girls in Bali, of up-country expeditions with the White Rajah of Sarawak, of desperate encounters with pirates in the Sulu Sea, he discoursed at length and in fascinating detail, while I, sprawled on the veranda steps, my knees clasped in my hands, listened raptly and, when the veteran's flow of reminiscence showed signs of slackening, clamored insistently for more.

Then and there I determined that some day I would myself sail those adventurous seas in a vessel of my own, that I would poke the nose of my craft up steaming tropic rivers, that I would drop anchor off towns whose names could not be found on ordinary maps, and that I would go ashore in white linen and pipe-clayed shoes and a sun-hat to take tiffin with sultans and rajahs, and to barter beads and brass wire for curios—a curly-bladed Malay kris, carved cocoanuts, a shark's-tooth necklace, a blow-gun with its poisoned darts, a stuffed bird of paradise, and, of course, a huge conch-shell and an enormous piece of branch-coral—which I would bring home and display to admiring relatives and friends as conclusive proofs of where I had been.

But school and college had to be gotten through with, and after them came various wars and travels in other lands, so that thirty years slipped by before an opportunity presented itself to realize my boyhood dream. But when at last I set sail for those far-distant seas it was on an enterprise which would have gladdened the old sailor's soul—an expedition whose object it was to seek out the unusual, the curious, and the picturesque, and to capture them on the ten miles of celluloid film which we took with us, so that those who are condemned by circumstance to the humdrum life of the farm, the office, or the mill might themselves go adventuring o' nights, from the safety and comfort of red-plush seats, through the magic of the motion-picture screen. When I set out on my long journey the old whaling captain whose tales had kindled my youthful imagination had been sleeping for a quarter of a century in the Mattapoisett graveyard, but when our anchor rumbled down off Tawi Tawi, when, steaming across Makassar Straits, we

The Panglima of Parang and his daughter.

picked up the Little Paternosters, when our tiny vessel poked her bowsprit up the steaming Koetei into the heart of the Borneo jungle, I knew that, though invisible to human eyes, he was standing beside me on the bridge.

Until I met the young-old man to whom those magazines which devote themselves to the gossip of the film world admiringly refer as "the Napoleon of the motion-picture industry," it had never occurred to me that adventure has a definite market value. At least I had never realized that there are people who stand ready to buy it by the foot, as one buys real estate or rope. I had always supposed that the

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only way adventure could be capitalized was as material for magazine articles and books and for dinner-table stories.

"What we are after," the film magnate began abruptly, motioning me to a huge leather chair and pushing a box of cigars within my reach, "is something new in travel pictures. Like most of the big producers, we furnish our exhibitors with complete programmes—a feature, a comedy, a topical review, and a travel or educational picture. We make the features and the comedies in our own studios; the weeklies we buy from companies which specialize in that sort of thing. But heretofore we have had to pick up our travel stuff where we could get it—from free lances mostly—and there is never enough really good travel material to meet the demand. For quite ordinary travel or educational films we have to pay a minimum of two dollars a foot, while really unusual pictures will bring almost any price that is asked for them. The supply is so uncertain, however, and the price is so high that we have decided to try the experiment of taking our own. That is what I wanted to talk to you about."

"Before the war," he continued, "there was almost no demand in the United States for travel pictures. In fact, when a manager wanted to clear his house for the next show, he would put a travel picture on the screen. But since the boys have been coming back from France and Germany and Siberia and Russia the public has begun to call for travel films again. They've heard their sons and brothers and sweethearts tell about the strange places they've been, and the strange things they've seen, and I suppose it makes them want to learn more about those parts of the world that lie east of Battery Place and west of the Golden Gate. But we don't want the old stuff, mind you—mountain-climbing in Switzerland, cutting sugar-cane in Cuba, picking cocoanuts in Ceylon. That sort of thing goes well enough on the Chautauqua circuits, but it is as dead as the corner saloon and the book-maker so far as the popular theatres in the big cities are concerned. What we are looking for are spectacular pictures—tigers, elephants, pirates, brigands, cannibals, Oriental temples and palaces, war-dances, weird ceremonies, curious customs, natives with rings in their noses and feathers in their hair, scenes that are spectacular and exciting—in short, what the magazine editors call 'adventure stuff.' We want pictures that will make 'em sit up in their seats and exclaim, 'Well, what d'ye know about that?' and that will send them away to tell their friends about them.

"We want pictures that are educational as well as spectacular, and if they are from places that most people have never heard of before, so much the better. I'm told that you've spent your life looking for queer places to write about. So why can't you suggest some to take pictures of?"

"But I've had no practical experience in taking motion-pictures," I protested. "The only time I ever touched a motion-picture camera was when I turned the crank of Donald Thompson's for a few minutes during the entry of the Germans into Antwerp in 1914."

"Were the pictures a success?" the Napoleon of the motion-picture industry queried interestedly. "I don't recall having seen them."

"No, you wouldn't," I hastened to explain. "You see, it wasn't until the entry was all over that Thompson discovered that he had forgotten to take the cap off the lens."

"Don't let that worry you," he assured me. "We'll take care of the technical end. We'll provide you with the best camera man to be had and the best equipment. All you will have to do is to show him what to photograph, obtain the permission of the authorities, the good-will of the officials, the co-operation of the military, engage interpreters and guides, reserve hotel accommodations, arrange for motor-cars and boats and special trains, and keep every one jollied up and feeling good generally. Aside from that, there won't be anything for you to do except to enjoy yourself."

"It sounds very alluring," I admitted. "The trouble is that you are looking for something that can't always be found. You don't find adventure the way you find four-leaf clovers; it just happens to you, like the measles or a blow-out. Still, if one has the time and money to go after

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them, there are a lot of curious things that might pass for adventure when they are shown on the screen."

"Where are they?" the film magnate asked eagerly, spreading upon his mahogany desk a map of the world.

It was a little disconcerting, this request to point out those regions where adventure could be found, very much as a visitor from the Middle West might ask a New York hotel clerk to indicate on a map the points of interest in the metropolis.

"There's Russian Central Asia, of course," I suggested tentatively. "Samarkand and Bokhara and Tashkent, you know. But I'm afraid they're out of the question on account of the Bolsheviks. I doubt if the State Department would issue passports for any Russian territory. Then there are some queer emirates along the southern edge of the Sahara: Sokoto and Kanem and Bornu and Wadai. But it would take at least six months to obtain the necessary permission from the French and British colonial offices and to arrange the other details of the expedition."

"But that doesn't exhaust the possibilities by any means," I continued hastily, for nothing was farther from my wish than to discourage so enticing a plan. "There ought to be some splendid picture material among the Dyaks of Borneo—they're head-hunters, you know. From there we could jump across to the Celebes and possibly to New Guinea. And I understand that they have some queer customs on the island of Bali, over beyond Java; in fact, I've been told that, in spite of all the efforts of the Dutch to stop it, the Balinese still practise *suttee*. That reminds me that I read somewhere the other day that next spring there is to be a big royal wedding in Djokjakarta, in middle Java, with all sorts of gorgeous festivities. At Batavia we would have no difficulty in getting a steamer to Singapore, and from there we could go overland by the new Federated Malay States Railway, through Johore and Malacca and Kuala Lumpur, to Siam, where the cats and the twins and the white elephants come from. From Bangkok it is only two or three days steam down the coast to Kampot, in Cambodia, and by interesting the French authorities we might be able to motor right across Indo-China, through Pnom-Penh and——"

"Hold on!" the Movie King protested. "That's more than enough. Let me come up for air. Those names you've been reeling off mean as much to me as the dishes on the menu of a Chinese restaurant. But that's what we're after. We want the people who see the pictures to say: 'Where the dickens *is* that place? I never heard of it before.' They get to arguing about it, and when they get home they look it up in the family atlas, and when they see how far away it is, they feel that they've had their money's worth. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"How soon," I countered, "can you have a letter of credit ready?"

Owing to the urgent requirements of the European governments, vessels of every description were few and far between in Eastern seas last year; so, in spite of the assurance that I was not to permit the question of expense to curtail my itinerary, it is perfectly certain that we could not have visited the remote and inaccessible places which we did had it not been for the lively interest taken in our enterprise by the Honorable Francis Burton Harrison, governor-general of the Philippines, and by the Honorable Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate. When Governor-General Harrison learned that I wished to take pictures in the Sulu Archipelago, he kindly offered, in order to facilitate our movements from island to island, to place at my disposal a coast-guard cutter, just as a friend might offer one the use of his motor-car. There was at first some question as to whether the governor-general had the authority to send a government vessel outside of territorial waters, but Mr. Quezon, who, so far as influence is concerned, is a Boies Penrose and a Charles F. Murphy combined, unearthed a law which permitted him to utilize the vessels of the coast-guard service for the purpose of entertaining visitors to the islands in such ways as he saw fit. Thus it came about that on the last day of February, 1920, the coast-guard cutter *Negros*, 150 tons and 150 feet over all,—with a crew of sixty men, Captain A. B.

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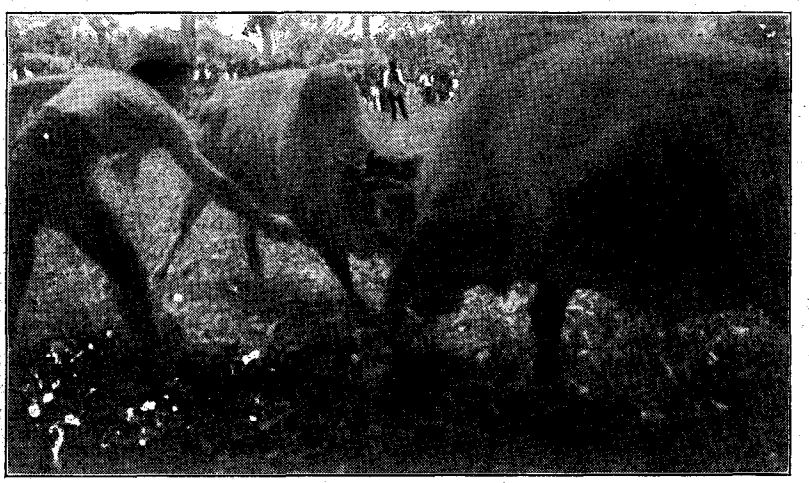
Galvez commanding, and having on board the Lovely Lady who accompanies me on all my travels; the Winsome Widow, who joined us in Seattle; the Doctor, who is an officer of the United States Health Service stationed at Manila; John L. Hawkinson, the efficient and imperturbable man behind the camera; three friends of the governor-general's, who went along for the ride; and myself,—steamed out of Manila Bay into the crimson glory of a tropic sunset, and, when



The bull-fight at Parang.

There was a sudden bellow, the two great heads came together with a thud like a pile-driver, and the fight was on. . . . With horns interlocked and with blood and sweat dripping from their massive necks and shoulders, the two beasts fought each other, step by step, across the width of the extemporized arena.—Page 26.

past Cavite and Corregidor, laid her course due south toward those islands where romance and adventure are popularly supposed to abound.

Governor-General Harrison believes, by methods that are legitimate, in adding to the American public's knowledge of the Philippines, and it was owing to his broad-minded point of view and to the many cablegrams which he sent ahead of us, that at each port in the islands at which we touched we found the local officials waiting on the pier-head to bid us welcome and to assist us. At Jolo, which is the capital of the Moro country, two lean, sun-tanned, youthful-looking men came aboard to greet us: one was the Honorable P. W. Rogers, governor of the Sulu Archipelago; the other was Captain Link, a former officer of constabulary who is now provisional treasurer of Jolo. In the first five minutes of our conversation I discovered that they knew exactly the sort of picture material that I wanted and that they would help me to the limit of their ability to get it. For that matter, they themselves personified adventure in its most exciting form. Rogers, who was originally a soldier, had come to the Philippines as orderly to General Pershing long before the days when "Black Jack" was to win undying fame on battle-fields half the world away. The young soldier showed himself so extremely efficient that, thanks to Pershing's assistance, he obtained a post in the civil government, thence rising by rapid steps to the difficult post of governor of Sulu. His exploits in quelling revolts and settling tribal disputes among the fanatical and warlike Moros would provide abundant material for a novel. Captain Link is a lean, lithe South Carolinian who has spent fourteen years among the Moros. He is what is known in the cattle country as a "go-gitter." It is told of him that he once nearly lost his commission, while an officer of constabulary, by sending to the governor, as a Christmas present, a package containing the head of a much-wanted outlaw.

Governor Rogers told me that, in

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compliance with a cablegram from the governor-general, he had arranged a "show" for us at a village called Parang, on the other side of the island. The "show," I gathered, was to consist of a stag-hunt, shark-fishing, war-dances, and pony races, and was to conclude with a native bull-fight. One of the favorite sports of the Moros is hunting the small native stag on ponies, tiring it out, and killing it with spears. As it developed, however, that there was no certainty of being able so to stage-manage the affair that either the hunters or the hunted would come within range of the camera, we regretfully decided to dispense with that number of the programme.

When we arrived at Parang it looked as though the entire population of the island had assembled for the occasion. The native police were keeping clear a circle in which the dances were to take place, while the slanting trunks of the cocoanut-palms provided reserved seats for scores of tan and chocolate and coffee-colored youngsters. We were greeted by the Panglima of Parang, the most powerful chieftain of the district, who explained, through Governor Rogers, that he had prepared a little repast of which he hoped that we would deign to partake. Now, after you know some of the secrets of Moro culinary and have had a glimpse into a Moro kitchen, even a robust appetite is usually dampened. But the governor whispered, "The old man has gone to a lot of trouble to arrange this show and if you refuse to eat his food he'll be mortally offended," so, purely in the interests of art, we seated ourselves at the table, which had been set in the open. I don't know what we ate and I don't care to know—though I admit that I had some uneasy suspicions—but, with the uncompromising eye of the old chieftain fixed sternly upon us, we did our best to convince him that we were enjoying his victuals. But the dancing which followed made us forget what we had eaten. During the ensuing months we saw dances in many lands—in Borneo and Bali and Java and Siam and Cambodia—but they were all characterized by a certain monotony and sameness. These Moro dancers, however, are in a class by themselves. If they could be brought across the ocean and would dance before an audience on Broadway with the same savage abandon with which they danced before the camera under the palm-trees of Parang, there would be a line a block long in front of the box-office. One of the dances was symbolical of a cock-fight, the cocks being personified by a young woman and a boy. It was sheer barbarism, of course, but it was fascinating. And the curious thing about it was that the hundreds of Moros who stood and squatted in a great circle were so engrossed in the movements of the dance, each of which had its subtle shade of meaning, that they became utterly ob-

Hunting the *testudo elephantopus* by night on Baguian Island, in the Sulu Sea.

This picture, which was taken at night, by means of a magnesium flare, shows Major Powell with a tortoise which weighed more than a quarter of a ton.

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livious to our presence or to Hawkinson's steady grinding of the camera. In the war-dance the participants, who were Moro fighting men, and were armed with spears, shields, and the vicious, broad-bladed knife known as the *barong*, gave a highly realistic representation of pinning an enemy to the earth with a spear, finishing him off with the *barong*, and decapitating the body, in accordance with the traditional custom of the head-hunters. The first part of the dance, before the passions of the savages became aroused, was monotonous and uninteresting.

"Can't you stir 'em up a little?" called Hawkinson, who, like all camera men, demands constant action. "Tell 'em that this film costs money and that we didn't come here to take pictures of Loie Fuller stuff."

"I think that it would be as well to let them take their time about it," remarked the governor. "These Moros always get very much worked up in their war-dances, and occasionally they forget that it is all make-believe and send a spear into a spectator instead of into the ground. They're very temperamental; it's safer to leave them alone."

"That would make a corking picture," said Hawkinson enthusiastically, "if I only knew which fellow was going to be speared so that I could get the camera focussed on him."

"The only trouble is," I remarked dryly, "that they might possibly pick out *you*."

In Spanish bull-fights, after the banderillos and picadores have tormented the bull until it is exhausted, the matador despatches the bewildered beast with a sword. In Moroland, however, the bulls, which are bred and trained for the purpose, do their best to kill each other, thus making the fight a much more sporting proposition. The bull-fight which was arranged for our benefit at Parang was staged in a field of about two acres just outside the town, the spectators being kept at a safe distance by a troop of Moro horsemen under the direction of the old Panglima. After Hawkinson had set up his camera on the edge of the arena the bulls were led in: medium-sized but exceptionally powerful beasts, their short horns filed to the sharpness of lance-tips. Each animal was led into the ring by its owner, who was able to control it to a limited degree during the fight by means of a cord attached to the ring in its nose. When the signal for the fight to begin was given, the bulls approached each other cautiously, snorting and pawing the ground, reminding me of two strange dogs who cannot decide whether they wish to fight or be friends. For ten minutes, regardless of the jeers of the spectators and the proddings of their handlers, the great brown beasts rubbed heads as amicably as a yoke of oxen. Then, just as we had made up our minds that it was a fiasco and that there would be no bull-fight pictures, there was a sudden bellow, the two great heads came together with a thud like a pile-driver, and the fight was on. The next twenty minutes Hawkinson and I spent in alternately setting up his camera within range of the panting, straining animals and in picking it up and running for our lives, in order to avoid being trampled by the maddened beasts in their furious and unexpected onslaughts. The men at the ends of the nose-ropes were as helpless to control their infuriated charges as a trout fisherman who has hooked a shark. With horns interlocked and with blood and sweat dripping from their massive necks and shoulders, the two beasts fought each other, step by step, across the width of the extemporized arena, across a cultivated field which lay beyond it, burst through a thorn hedge surrounding a native garden, trampled the garden into mud, and narrowly escaped bringing down on top of them the owner's dwelling, which, like most Moro houses, was raised above the ground on stilts. It looked for a time as though the fight would continue over a considerable part of the province, but it was brought to an abrupt conclusion when one of the bulls, withdrawing a few yards, charged like a tank attacking the Hindenburg Line, driving one of its horns deep into its adversary's eye-socket, whereupon the wounded animal, half-blinded and mad with pain, turned precipitately, jerked the nose-rope out of its owner's grasp, stampeded the spectators in its mad flight, and disappeared in the depths of the jungle.

"That," announced the governor, "con-

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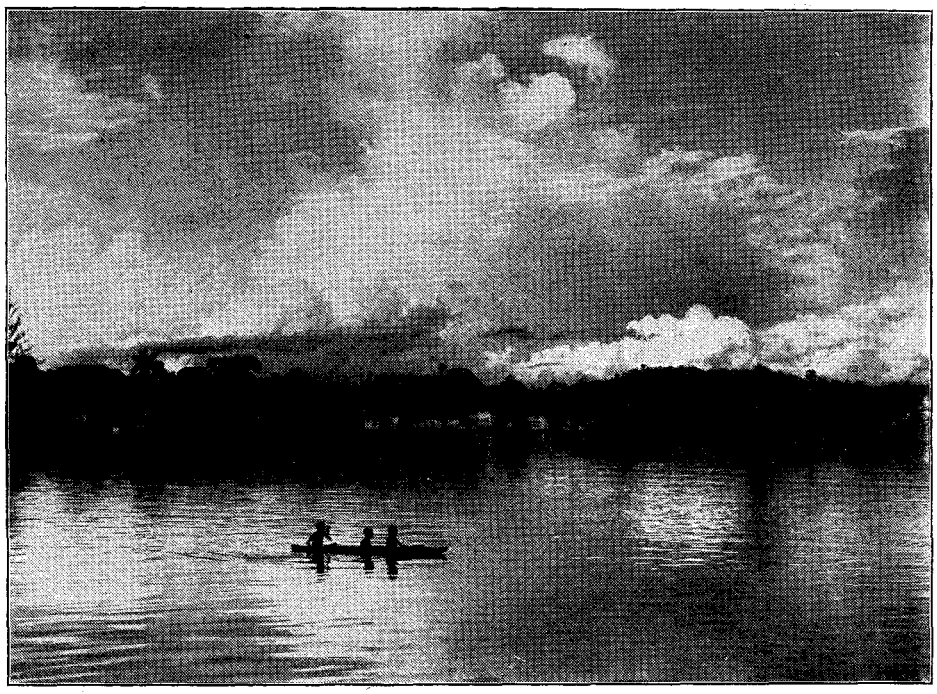
cludes the morning performance. This afternoon we will present for your approval a programme consisting of pony races, a carabao fight, a shark-fishing expedition, and a visit to the pearl-fisheries to see the divers at work. This evening we will call on the daughter of the Sultan of Sulu, and to-morrow I have arranged to take you to Tapul Island to shoot wild carabao. After that——"



"When the dawn comes up like thunder" on the Koetei River, Dutch Borneo.

"After that," I interrupted, "we go away from here. If we stayed on in this quiet little island of yours much longer, we wouldn't have any film left for the other places."

His Highness Haji Mohamed Jamalulhiram, Sultan of Sulu, was absent from his capital of Jolo when we were there, having gone to Sandakan for the purpose of collecting the monthly subsidy of five hundred pesos paid him by the British North Borneo Company for certain territorial concessions. Because I was curious to see the hero of George Ade's amusing opera, "The Sultan of Sulu," and because the Lovely Lady and the Winsome Widow had read in a Sunday supplement that he made it a practice to present his feminine visitors with pearls of great price, upon our arrival at Sandakan I invited him to dinner aboard the *Negros*. As the crew of the cutter was recruited from Tagalogs and Visayans, from the northern Philippines, who, being Christians, regard the Mohammedan Moro with contempt, not unmixed with fear, there were distinctly mutinous mutterings when I called for side-boys to line the starboard rail when his Highness came aboard, but Captain Galvez tactfully settled the matter by explaining to the crew that the Sultan was, after all, an American subject. The armament of the *Negros* had been removed after the armistice, but, as we desired to observe all the formalities of naval etiquette, the doctor and Hawkinson volunteered to fire a royal salute with their automatics as the Sultan came over the side. That, in their enthusiasm, they lost count and gave him about double the number of "guns" designated for the President of the United States seemed to please Haji Mohamed immensely. The

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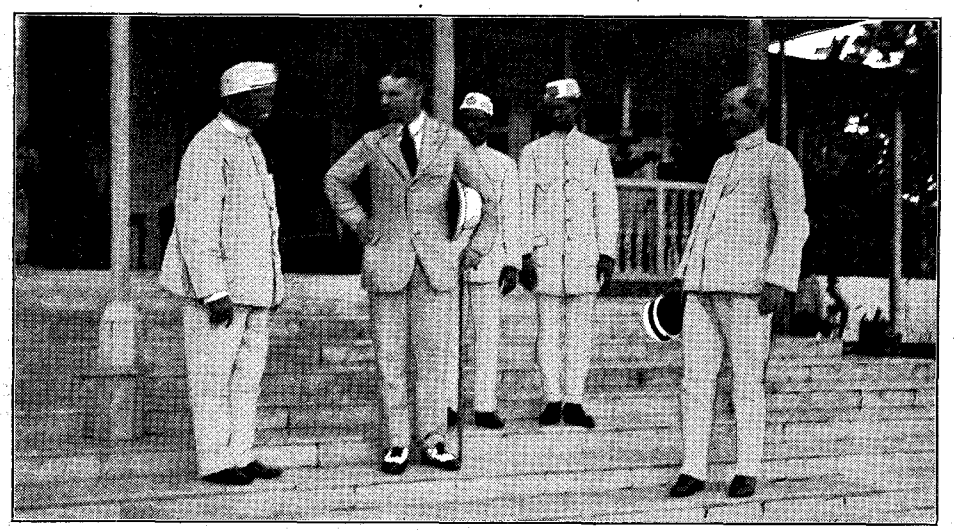
Sultan, who, when I had called on him at his hotel, wore nothing save a soiled pink kimono, a pair of red-velvet slippers, and a smile, was now clad in a red fez and irreproachable dinner clothes of white linen. When the cocktails were served he gravely explained through the interpreter that, being a devout Mohammedan and a Haji, he never permitted alcohol to pass his lips, an assertion which he promptly proceeded to prove by taking three Martinis in rapid succession. Now the chef of the *Negros* possessed the faculty of disguising his dishes so successfully that, neither by taste, smell, nor appearance could one tell with certainty what one was eating. When the meat, smothered in thick brown gravy, was passed, the Sultan, who, like all True Believers, abhors pork, regarded it dubiously. "Pig?" he demanded of the steward. "No, sare. Cow," was the answer.

Over the coffee and cigarettes the Winsome Widow tactfully led the conversation around to the subject of pearls, whereupon the Sultan thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth a handful of lustrous little spheres which would have caused even a Fifth Avenue jeweller to sit up and take notice. But when they had been passed from hand to hand, accompanied by the usual exclamations of admiration, back they went into the royal pocket. "And to think," one of the party remarked afterward, "that we wasted two bottles of gin and a bottle of vermouth on him!" It was after midnight when our guest took his departure, the ship's orchestra playing him over the side with a selection from "The Sultan of Sulu," which, in view of our ignorance as to whether Sulu possessed a national air, seemed highly appropriate to the occasion, and as his launch steamed shoreward Hawkinson set off a couple of magnesium flares, which he had brought along for the purpose of taking pictures in caves and temples, making the whole harbor of Sandakan as bright as day. I heard afterward that the Sultan remarked that we were the only visitors since the Taft party who really appreciated his importance.



Major Powell talking to the Regent of Koetei on the steps of the palace at Tenggaroeng.
From left to right: the regent, Major Powell, the prime minister, the Sultan of Koetei (who has since ascended the throne), and the Dutch resident, M. de Haan.

Two hours' steam off the towering promontory which guards the entrance to the Gulf of Sandakan lies Baguian, a sandy islet covered with cocoanut-palms, which is so small that it can be found only on ship's charts. Baguian is famed throughout these waters as a rookery for the giant tortoise—*testudo elephantopus*. Toward nightfall the mammoth chelonians—some of them weigh upward of half a ton

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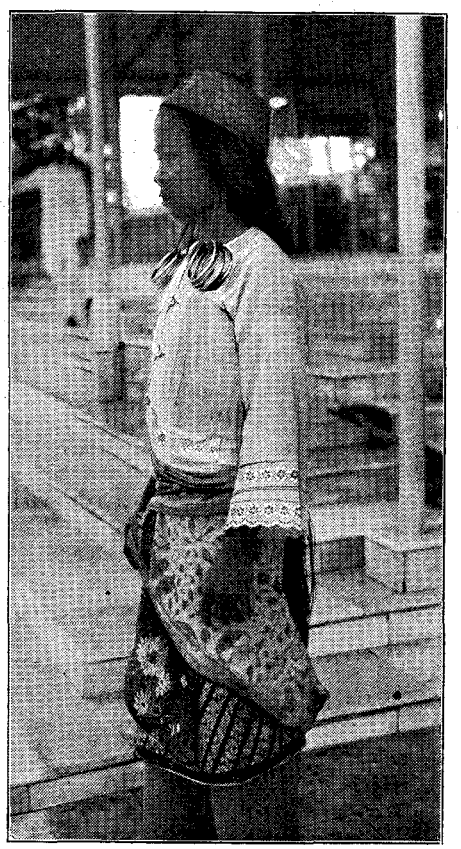
—come ashore in great numbers to lay their eggs in nests made in the edge of the jungle which fringes the beach, the old Chinaman and his two assistants, who are the only inhabitants of the island, frequently collecting as many as four thousand eggs in a single morning. The eggs, which in size and color exactly resemble ping-pong balls and are almost as unbreakable, are collected once a fortnight by a junk which takes them to China, where they are considered great delicacies and command high prices. As we had brought with us a supply of magnesium flares for night photography, we decided to take the camera ashore and attempt to obtain pictures of the turtles on their nests. As we were going ashore in the gig we caught sight of a huge bull, as large as a hogshead, which was floating on the surface. Approaching to within one hundred yards I let go with my .405, the soft-nosed bullet tearing a great hole in the turtle's neck and dyeing the water scarlet. Almost before the sound of the shot had died away one of the Filipino boat's crew went overboard with a rope, which he attempted to attach to the monster before it could sink to the bottom, but the turtle, though desperately wounded, was still very much alive, giving the Filipino a blow on the head with its flapper which all but knocked him senseless. By the time we had hauled the sailor into the boat the turtle had disappeared into the depths. Waiting until darkness had fallen, we sent parties of sailors, armed with electric torches, along the beach in both directions with orders to follow the tracks made by the turtles in crossing the sands, and to notify us when they located one by firing a shot from a revolver. We did not have long to wait before we heard the signal agreed on and, picking up the heavy camera, we plunged across the sands to where the sailors were awaiting us. While the bluejackets cut off the retreat of the snapping, hissing monster, Hawkinson set up his camera and, when all was ready, some one touched off a flare, illuminating the jungle as though the search-light of a warship had been turned upon it. In this manner we obtained a series of motion-pictures which are, I believe, from the zoological standpoint, unique. Before leaving the island we killed two tortoises for food for the crew. The larger, which I shot with a revolver, weighed slightly over five hundred pounds and lived for several days with three .45 caliber bullets in its brain-pan. The only person who did not



A Dyak girl at Tenggaroeng, Dutch Borneo.

A rather comely young woman, whose comeliness was somewhat marred, according to European standards at least, by the lobes of her ears being stretched until they touched her shoulders by the great weight of the brass earrings which depended from them.—Page 31.

enjoy the expedition was the old Chinese who held the concession for collecting the turtle-eggs. Instead of recognizing the great value of the service we were rendering to science, he acted as though we were robbing his hen-roost. He had a sordid mind.

Ever since, as a boy, I had seen, in a side-show at the circus, the hirsute and filthy individual who was described as "The One and Only Wild Man of Borneo —Captured with Great Loss of Human Life and Brought to This Country at

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Enormous Expense," I had always had a secret hankering to visit the interior of Borneo, where the Wild Man was alleged to have come from. The shallow draft of the *Negros* made it possible for me to realize this wish by steaming up the Koetei River into the very heart of the second largest island in the world (excluding Australia), its area being nearly as great as that of our three Pacific coast States put together. The Koetei, which rises in the central mountains, flows eastward by a sinuous course and empties by numerous mouths into the Straits of Makassar. At a great distance from the sea it still has a depth of three fathoms, being navigable as far as Long Iram, the farthest point inland at which a Dutch garrison is stationed. At Samarinda, a considerable settlement near the mouth of the river, we took aboard the Dutch resident, M. de Haan, who, with a few score native soldiers, upholds the authority of Queen Wilhelmina over a region as large as the State of California. Our destination was Tenggaroeng, the capital of the Sultan of Koetei, who is the most important native ruler in southeastern Borneo, and at one time wielded great power and influence. The journey up the great river, which flows between solid walls of jungle, proved to be an unforgetable experience: parrots and monkeys screamed and chattered at us from the tree-tops; what appeared to be half-submerged logs floating in the stream proved, upon approach, to be giant crocodiles, with which the Koetei is infested; occasionally the underbrush crashed beneath the tread of some heavy animal—a rhinoceros perhaps or possibly an orang-utan. I might add, parenthetically, that *orang-utan* means, in the Malay language, "man of the forest," while *orang-outang*, the name which we carelessly apply to the great anthropoid, means "man in debt."

The palace of the Sultan of Koetei stands on a slight rise of ground at a horseshoe bend in the river, a huge, barn-like, wooden structure, two stories in height, which reminded me of an American convention hall. The entrance, over which are blazoned the arms of Koetei, is reached by a broad flight of white marble steps which debouch onto a wide, shaded terrace of the same incongruous material. This terrace opens directly into the great throne-hall, an apartment whose proportions would do credit to many homes of European royalty, though its furnishings are a bizarre mixture of Oriental taste and Occidental tawdriness. From each end of the throne-hall impressive staircases, with scarlet carpets and gilt balustrades, lead to the second floor. Under one of these staircases was a sort of closet, with glass doors, which looked exactly like a large edition of a telephone booth in an American hotel. The doors were sealed with strips of paper kept in place by wax wafers, but, peering through the glass, I could make out a large table piled high with trays of precious stones, ingots of gold and silver, vessels, utensils, and images of the same precious metals. It was the state treasure of Koetei and was worth, so the resident told me, upward of a million dollars. When we were in Koetei the young Sultan, an anæmic-looking youth in the early twenties, had not yet been permitted by the Dutch authorities to ascend the throne, the country being ruled by his uncle, the regent, an elderly, affable gentleman who, in his white drill suit and round white cap, was the image of a Chinese cook employed by a Californian friend of mine. Upon the formal accession of the young Sultan the seals of the treasury will be broken and the treasure will be his to dissipate as he sees fit, or so I was assured, though I imagine that the Dutch *controleur* attached to his court will have something to say as to the manner in which it is expended. Up-stairs we were shown through a series of apartments filled to overflowing with the loot of European shops—ornate brass beds, inlaid chiffoniers and bureaus, toilet-sets of tortoise-shell and ivory, and a thousand other useless and inappropriate articles, for, when the late Sultan visited Europe, the shopkeepers of The Hague, Amsterdam, and Paris seized the opportunity to unload on him, at exorbitant prices, their most expensive and unsalable wares. The regent opened a marquetry wardrobe and displayed with great pride his collection of uniforms and ceremonial costumes, most of which, the resident told me, he had had copied from pictures he had seen in books and magazines. That wardrobe would have delighted the heart of a theatrical property-man, for it contained everything from

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a Dutch court dress, complete with sword and feathered chapeau, to a state costume of sky-blue broadcloth edged with white fur and trimmed with diamond buttons. I asked to see the royal crown, for I had noticed that the pictures of former sultans, which I had seen in the throne-room, showed them wearing crowns of a peculiar pattern, strikingly similar to those of the Emperors of Abyssinia, whereupon there ensued a whispered conversation between the regent, the young Sultan, the resident, and the *controleur*. After a brief discussion the resident informed me that the *controleur* kept the crown locked up in his safe, but that he would get it if I wished to see it. To the obvious relief of every one except the young Sultan I assured them that it did not matter. He seemed disappointed. I imagine that he would have liked to get his hands upon it.

A *real* wild man of Borneo.

A Dyak head-hunter using the *sumpitan*, or blow-gun, in the jungle of Central Borneo.

By rare good fortune a delegation of Dyak head-hunters from one of the tribes of the far interior appeared at the palace during our visit, to lay some complaint before the regent. There were about a score of them, including a rather comely young woman, whose comeliness was somewhat marred, however, according to European standards at least, by the lobes of her ears being stretched until they touched her shoulders by the great weight of the brass earrings which depended from them. The younger warriors, who were naked save for rags twisted about their loins, were as superb specimens of physical development as I have ever seen. Their oiled brown skins made them look like bronzes in a museum. Several of the Dyaks were armed with *sumpitans* or blow-guns—tubes of hard wood, about eight feet in length and an inch in diameter, with a bore about equal to that of a .22 caliber rifle. The darts used in the *sumpitan* are of wood, about the size of a knitting-needle. One end is fitted with a sort of cork, made of pith, of the same caliber as the bore of the blow-gun; the other end is sharpened and dipped in a peculiarly virulent poison, the slightest scratch causing a speedy and painful death. The dart is expelled from the *sumpitan* by a short, quick exhalation of the breath, a puff rather than a steady air-pressure. The resident told me that among certain of the Dyak tribes practically all of the men suffer from rupture as a result of the constant use of the blow-gun. At the direction of the regent one of the warriors gave an amazing exhibition of his proficiency with this silent and deadly weapon. At a distance of fifty paces he put a dozen darts in rapid succession into a leaf no larger than a man's hand and at thirty paces he repeatedly hit a bamboo the size of my middle finger. Noticing my interest in the equipment of the Dyaks, the regent called up their chief and, without so much as a by-your-leave, presented me with his *sumpitan* and the quiver of poisoned darts, his wooden shield, decorated with seventy-two tufts of human hair—mementos of that number of enemies slain on head-hunting expeditions, a peculiar coat of mail, composed of overlapping pieces of bark and capable of turning an arrow, and his imposing head-dress, which consisted of a cap formed from a leopard's

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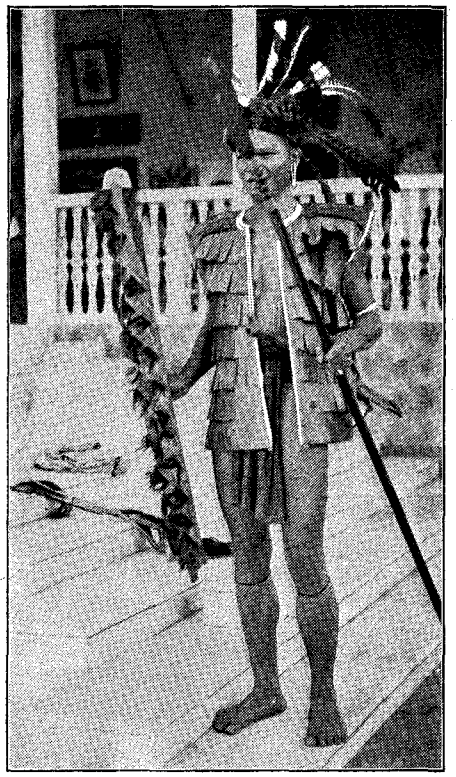
head, with a sort of visor made from the beak of a hornbill, the whole surmounted by a bunch of yard-long tail-feathers from some bright-plumaged bird. When the presentation was concluded all the chieftain had left was his breech-clout. Judging from his expression, if I had met him after dark on a lonely jungle-trail I would have found my Wild Man of Borneo—and very wild, indeed.

From Samarinda, in Borneo, to Makassar, the capital of the Celebes,* took two days' steaming, our course lying past "the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank," where, you remember, Sir Anthony Gloster, of Kipling's poem of "The Mary Gloster," was buried beside his wife. Before we had fairly made our hawsers fast to the wharf at Makassar it became evident that among the natives our arrival had created a distinct sensation. The wharf was crowded with Bugis, as the natives of the southern Celebes are known, who tried in vain to make themselves understood by our Filipino crew. Instead of the boisterous curiosity which had marked the attitude of the natives at the other ports, the Bugis seemed to be laboring under a suppressed but none the less evident excitement. When I went ashore to call on the American consul they made way for me with a respect which verged on reverence. This curious attitude was explained by the consul.

"Your coming has revived among the natives a very ancient and curious legend," he told me. "When the Dutch established their rule in the Celebes, something over three centuries ago, the King of the Bugis mysteriously disappeared. Whether he fled or was killed in battle, no one knows. In any event, from his disappearance arose a tradition that he had founded another kingdom in some islands far to the north, but that, when the time was propitious, he would return to free his people from foreign domination. Thus he came in time to be regarded as a divinity, a sort of Messiah. Curiously enough, the natives refer to him by a name which, translated into English, means 'the King of Manila.' Some months ago it was reported in the Makassar papers that the governor-general of the Philippines expected to visit the Celebes upon his way to Australia, whereupon the rumor spread among the Bugis like wild-fire that 'the King of Manila' was about to return to his ancient kingdom, but the excitement gradually subsided when the governor-general failed to appear. But when the *Negros* entered the harbor this morning, and it was reported that she was from Manila and had on board a white man who had some mysterious mission in the interior of the island, the excitement flamed up again. The natives, you see, who are as simple and credulous as children, believe that *you* are the Messiah of their legend and that you have come to liberate them from Dutch rule."†



A Dyak head-hunter, Dutch Borneo.

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*Pronounced as though it was spelled Cel-lay-bees, with the accent on the second syllable.

†Owing to my ignorance of Dutch and Buginese, I was unable to obtain a dependable account of this curious legend, but the several versions which I heard agreed in their essentials with that given above.

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"But look here," said I, annoyance in my tone, "this isn't as funny as it seems. Tying me up to this fool tradition may result in spoiling all my plans for taking pictures in the Celebes. Of course the Dutch authorities know perfectly well that I haven't come here to start a revolution, but, on the other hand, they may not want any one whom the natives regard as a Messiah to go wandering about in the interior, where Dutch rule is none too firmly established anyway, for fear that my presence might be used as an excuse for an insurrection."

"Don't let that worry you," the consul reassured me. "I'll take you over now to call on the governor. He's a good sort and he'll do everything he can to help you. Then I'll send the editors of the vernacular papers around to the boat to call on you. You can explain that you're here to get motion-pictures, and you might tell them that some of your ancestors were Dutch, and they'll print the interview in their papers, and by to-morrow the news will have spread among the Bugis that you're not their Messiah after all."

"I know now," I said, "how it feels to refuse a throne."

At tiffin that noon on the *Negros* I told the story to the others. "So you see," I concluded, "if I had been willing to take a chance, I might have been King of the Bugis."

"They wouldn't have called you that at home," the Lovely Lady said unkindly. "There they would have called you the King of the Bugs."

Of the nineteen countries which we visited in the course of the expedition I am inclined to believe that in none did we encounter such strange customs and curious sights as in the Sultanate of Djokjakarta, in middle Java. Though under the suzerainty of the Dutch, whose iron hand is concealed within a velvet glove, the reigning Sultan, Hamankoe Boewoenoe VII, "Ruler of the World and Spike of the Universe," as he modestly styles himself, still exercises a considerable degree of influence over his eight hundred thousand subjects. The Sultan, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, believes in large families, one of the estimates which I heard crediting him with one hundred and eighty children. The youngest, who is four years old, is sometimes referred to by Europeans as "the Joke of Djokjakarta."

The captain of the body-guard of "The Spike of the Universe."

He wore a scarlet coat like those worn by the British grenadiers during the American Revolution, a pipe-clayed cross-belt, white nankeen breeches, enormous cavalry boots, and a peculiar hat of black leather which was a cross between the cap of a Norman man-at-arms and a fireman's helmet.—Page 34.

By extraordinary good fortune we arrived in Djokjakarta on the eve of the celebration of a double royal wedding, two of the Sultan's grandsons marrying two of his granddaughters. Thanks to the interest taken in our enterprise by the Dutch resident, we were enabled to obtain a remarkable series of pictures of the highly spectacular marriage ceremonies, it being the first time, I believe, that a motion-picture camera had been permitted within the closely guarded precincts of the royal *kraton*, which is the name applied to the great walled citadel within which dwell the Sultan, the officials of his court, and upward of fifteen thousand retainers.

The festivities, which occupied several

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days, consisted of receptions, fireworks, reviews, games, dances, and religious ceremonies, culminating in a most impressive and colorful pageant, when the two bridegrooms proceeded to the palace in state to claim their brides. Nowhere outside the pages of "The Wizard of Oz" can one find such amazing and fantastic costumes as those worn by the thousands of natives who took part in that procession. Every combination of colors was used, every period of European and Asiatic history was represented. Some of the costumes looked as though they had been copied from Bakst's designs for the Russian ballet—or perhaps Bakst obtained his ideas in Djokjakarta; others had evidently found their inspiration in the uniforms of Louis XIV's era, from the soldiery of the Middle Ages, from the courts of the great Indian princes, from the Ziegfeld Follies.

The procession was led by four peasant women bearing trays of vegetables and fruits, symbolic of fecundity, I assumed. Behind them, sitting cross-legged in glass cages swung from poles, each borne by a score of sweating coolies in scarlet liveries, were the four chief messengers of the royal harem—former concubines of the Sultan who had once been noted for their influence and beauty. The cages—I can think of no better description—were of red lacquer, about four feet square, with glass sides, and, so far as I could see, entirely air-tight. When opposite us the procession halted for a few moments and the panting coolies lowered their burdens to the ground, whereupon Hawkinson, who is no respecter of persons when the business of getting pictures is concerned, set up his camera within six feet of one of the cages and proceeded to take a "close-up" of the indignant but helpless occupant, who, unable to turn away, could only assume an indifference which she was far from feeling.

Following the harem attendants marched a company of the royal bodyguard, in scarlet cutaway coats like those worn by the British grenadiers during the American Revolution, pipe-clayed cross-belts, white nankeen breeches, enormous cavalry boots, extending half-way up the thigh, and peculiar hats of black glazed leather, which were a cross between the cap of a Norman man-at-arms and a fireman's helmet. They were armed indiscriminately with long pikes and ancient flint-locks, and marched to the music of fife and drum. Could that force have marched down Broadway, equipped precisely as I saw it in Djokjakarta, it would have created a riot. Perhaps the most curious feature of the procession was provided by the clowns, both men and women—an interesting survival of the court-jesters of the Middle Ages—powdered and painted like their fellows of the circus, and with many of their stereotyped antics. One of them, wearing an enormous pair of black spectacles, bestrode a sort of broomstick hobby-horse, and, when he saw that Hawkinson was taking his picture, cavorted and grimaced, to the huge delight of the lookers-on.

Following a gorgeous cavalcade of mounted princes of the blood, in uniforms evidently copied from those of Napoleon III's day, and képis surmounted by towering ostrich plumes, came a long procession of the great dignitaries of the household—the royal betel-box bearer, the royal cuspidor-carrier, and others bearing on scarlet cushions the royal toothpicks, the royal tooth-brush, the royal toilet-set, and the royal mirror, all of these accessories being of gold set with jewels. The mothers of the brides, painted like courtesans and hung with jewels, were borne by in sedan-chairs, in which they sat cross-legged on silken cushions. Then, after a dramatic pause, their approach heralded by a burst of barbaric music, came the brides themselves, each reclining in an enormous scarlet litter borne by fifty men. Beside them sat attendants who sprinkled them with perfumes and cooled them with fans of peacock-feathers. In accordance with an ancient Javanese custom, the faces, necks, arms, and breasts of the brides were stained with saffron to a brilliant yellow; their cheeks were as stiff with enamel as their garments were with jewels. Immediately behind the palanquins bearing the brides—one of whom looked to be about thirteen, the other somewhat older—rode the bridegrooms; one, a sullen-looking fellow who, I was told, already had five wives, astride a magnificent gray Arab; the other, who was still a boy, on a showy bay stallion, both animals being decked with flowers and caparisoned in scarlet

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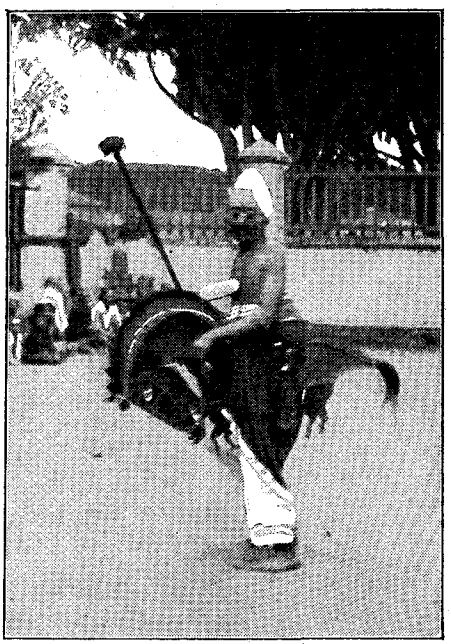
leather. The grooms, naked to the waist, were, like their brides, smeared with saffron; their *sarongs* were of cloth-of-gold and they were loaded with jewelled necklaces, bracelets, and anklets. Following them on foot was a great horde of dignitaries and courtiers, clad in costumes of every description and walking under a forest of gold and colored umbrellas borne by their liveried attendants. The Greatest Show on Earth, in its palmiest days, never produced so fantastic and colorful a spectacle. It would have been the envy and the despair of the late Phineas T. Barnum.



A clown in the royal wedding procession at Djokjakarta.

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Upon our arrival at Singapore, which is the great cross-roads of the Far East and a port of call for many lines of steamships, there seemed no valid excuse for keeping the *Negros* any longer, so I sent the little vessel, on which we had cruised upward of six thousand miles, back to Manila, taking passage for ourselves on a small Chinese-owned steamer, the *Kuala*, for Bangkok.

Fortune was again kind to us in the Siamese capital, for we reached that city on the eve of a series of royal cremations, the attendant ceremonies providing enough action and color to satisfy even Hawkinson. The Siamese have a singular institution, according to which, before burning, the embalmed body is placed in a large jar and kept in a temple or in the house of the deceased for a period determined by the rank of the dead man—the King for twelve months and so downward. If the relatives are too poor to afford fuel and the other necessary preparations, they bury the body, but exhume it for burning when an opportunity occurs. On the day of the cremation, which is usually fixed by an astrologer, the remains are transferred from the jar to a wooden coffin and carried with much pomp to the *meru*, or place of cremation. When the deceased is of royal or noble blood the *meru* is frequently a magnificent structure, sometimes costing many thousands of dollars, built for the purpose, and torn down when that purpose is accomplished. The coffin is placed on the pyre, which is lighted by relatives, the occasion being considered one for rejoicing rather than mourning. The royal *meru*, which had been erected in a small park in the outskirts of the capital at a cost of one hundred thousand ticals, was a really beautiful structure of true Siamese architecture, elaborately decorated in scarlet and gold and draped with hangings of the same colors. Within the *meru* were three pyres, concealed by gilt screens, on which were laid the coffins containing the bodies. As there were a number of bodies to be burned, the ceremonies lasted upward of a week, King Rama going in state each afternoon to the *meru*, where he took his place on a throne in an elaborately decorated pavilion. After brief ceremonies by a large body of yellow-robed Buddhist priests, the King set fire to the end of a long fuse, which in turn ignited the three pyres simultaneously, the ascending clouds of smoke being greeted by the roll of drums and the crash of saluting cannon.

When I first suggested to friends in Bangkok that I wished to obtain permission for Hawkinson to take pictures

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of the cremation, they told me that it was out of the question.

"But why?" I protested. "Motion-pictures were taken of the funerals of the Pope, and of King Edward, and of President Roosevelt, without any one dreaming of protesting, so why should there be any objection here? Nothing in the least disrespectful is intended."

In the courtyard of the temple of the Emerald Buddha, in the grounds of the royal palace at Bangkok. From left to right: Major Powell, the Lovely Lady, a court chamberlain, the Winsome Widow, and another official of the royal household.

"But this is Siam," my friends replied pessimistically, "and such things aren't done here. No one has ever taken a motion-picture of a royal cremation."

"It's never too late to begin," I told them.

So I took a rickshaw out to the American Legation and enlisted the co-operation of our chargé d'affaires, Mr. Donald Rodgers, the very efficient young diplomatist who was representing American interests in Siam pending the arrival of the new minister.

"I'll do my best to arrange it," Rodgers assured me, "but I'm not sanguine about being successful. The Siamese are fine people, kindly and hospitable and all that, but they're as conservative as Bostonians."

Two days later, however, he sent me a letter, signed by the minister of the royal household, authorizing Hawkinson to take motion-pictures in the grounds of the *meru* on the following day prior to the cremation. I didn't quite like the sound of the last four words, "prior to the cremation," but I felt that it was not an occasion for quibbling. So on the following day, at the appointed hour—which was two hours ahead of the time set for the cremation—Hawkinson started for the *meru* in a car, accompanied by his interpreter. He did not return until dinner-time.

"What happened?" I inquired, by way of greeting.

"What didn't happen?" he retorted. "They turned me out just as the cremation was commencing. When we reached the *meru*, I was met by an official wearing bright-blue pants, who told me that he had been sent to assist me in taking the pictures. Well, I got a few shots of the *meru* itself, and of the royal pavilion, and

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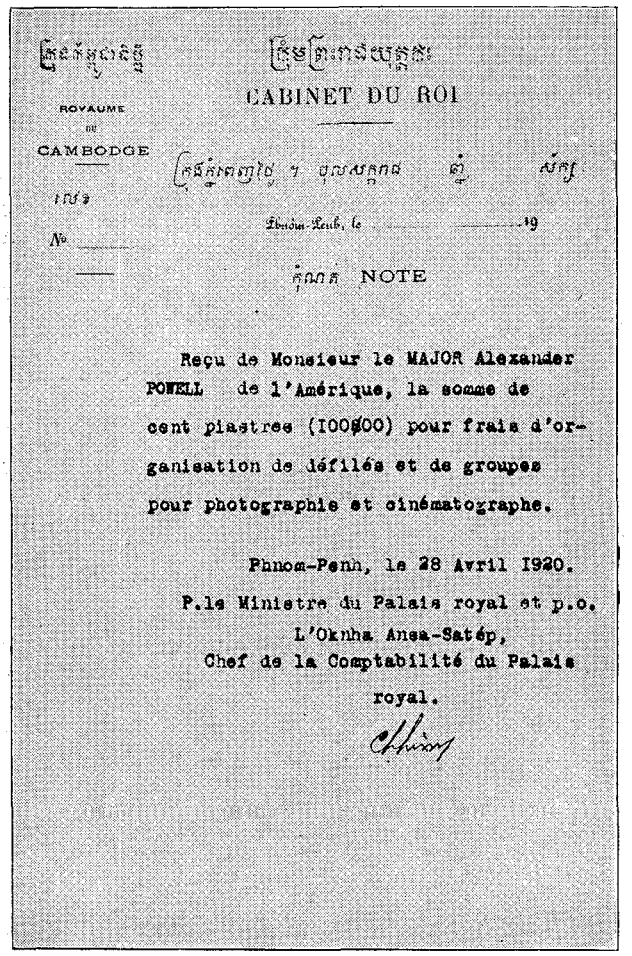
of some of the priests and soldiers, but there wasn't much doing because there wasn't any action. So I sat down to wait for things to happen. Pretty soon the troops began arriving—lancers and a battery of artillery and a company of the royal body-guard in red coats—and after them came the guests: officials and dignitaries in all sorts of gorgeous uniforms covered with decorations. A few minutes later I heard some one say, 'The King is coming,' so I got the camera ready to begin work. Just then up comes my Siamese chaperone. 'You will have to leave now,' says he. 'Leave? What for?' said I. 'Because the cremation is about to begin,' he tells me. 'But that's what I've come to take pictures of,' I told him. 'Oh, no,' says he, very politely; 'your permission says that you can take pictures *prior to the cremation.*' So they showed me the gate."

"So you didn't get any pictures?" I queried, deep disappointment in my tone.

"Sure, I got the pictures," was the answer. "Some of them, at any rate. That's what I went for, wasn't it?"

"But how did you work it?" I demanded.

"Easy," he replied, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette. "I told the driver to back his car up against the iron fence which encircles the *meru;* then I set the camera up in the tonneau, so that it was above the heads of the crowd, screwed on the six-inch lens which I use for long-distance shots, and took the pictures."



ROYAUME
DU
CAMBODGE

CABINET DU ROI

NOTE

Reçu de Monsieur le MAJOR Alexander POWELL de l'Amérique, la somme de cent piastres (100$00) pour frais d'organisation de défilés et de groupes pour photographie et cinématographe.

Phnom-Penh, le 28 Avril 1920.

P.le Ministre du Palais royal et p.o.
L'Okrha Anea-Satép,
Chef de la Comptabilité du Palais royal.

I took the precaution to obtain from the minister of the royal household a receipt for my tip, which is reproduced herewith.—Page 40.

It had been my original intention to travel overland from Siam to Indo-China by elephant, but the spring was so far advanced by the time we were ready to leave Bangkok, and the heat had become so intense—on one afternoon the thermometer in my room registered a trifle over 130°—that this plan had to be abandoned. The only regular service between Siamese and Indo-China ports is provided by a small and incredibly dirty steamer which plies at fortnightly intervals between Bangkok and Saigon, the capital of Cochin-China, but as that would have meant our missing the journey across the peninsula, I persuaded the captain of a little Danish trading steamer, for a substantial consideration, to take us to Kep, on the coast of Cambodia. Kep, which the French have attempted to dignify by calling it a *station baleinière*, consists of a cluster of bungalows built on a hill above

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the sea, which are occupied during the hot months by fever-stricken officials from the hinterland. At Kep, thanks to the interest taken in our enterprise by the French authorities, we found awaiting us an ancient and battered Renault, which looked as though it was entitled to service stripes for four years of war service, to take us through the three hundred kilometres of jungle lying between the coast and Pnom-Penh, the Cambodian capital. The highway which the French have built across Cambodia forms a section of the great Route Mandarine, by means of which the motorist who is willing to put up with some discomforts can skirt the coast of the entire peninsula, from Kep, on the Siamese frontier, to Haiphong, on the borders of China. It is one of the most remarkable highways in the world, for the greater part of it lies through a virgin and uninhabited jungle.

The good fortune which had attended us for upward of twenty thousand miles completely deserted us during our journey across Indo-China, for we motored from Kep to Pnom-Penh, and thence on to Saigon, with as little incident as we would have encountered in touring from New York to Washington. That should not be taken to mean, however, that adventure is never to be had in these regions. Only a short time before our arrival at Saigon, for example, an American engaged in business in that city set out one morning before daybreak, in a small car, for the paddy-fields, where there is excellent bird-shooting in the early dawn. The car, which, owing to the intense heat, had no wind-shield, was driven by the Annamite chauffeur, the American, a double-barrel loaded with bird-shot across his knees, sitting beside him on the front seat. Rounding a turn in the jungle road at thirty miles an hour, the twin beams of light from the lamps fell on a tiger, which, dazzled and bewildered by the onrushing glare, crouched snarling in the middle of the highway. There was no time to stop the car, and as the jungle came to the very edge of the narrow road, there was no way to avoid the tiger, which, just as the car was upon it, gathered itself and sprang, landing on the hood with all four feet, its snarling face so close to the men that they could feel its breath. The American, thrusting the muzzle of his weapon into the furry neck of the great cat, let go with both barrels, blowing away the throat and jugular vein and killing it instantly. With the aid of his badly frightened driver, he bundled the great striped carcass into the tonneau of the car and imperturbedly continued on his bird-shooting expedition. Some people seem to have a monopoly of luck.

Pnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia and the residence of King Sisowath, is in many respects one of the most picturesque and interesting cities in Asia. In its teeming bazaars mingle Cambodians, Annamites, Siamese, Chinese, Malays, Hindus, and occasional Europeans; rickshaws, called *pousse-pousse* in Indo-China, serve in lieu of taxicabs and street-cars; quaint hooded carts, drawn by snow-white bullocks, go creaking down the shaded avenues, while gorgeously caparisoned elephants from the royal stables attract no more attention than does a horse-drawn hansom in the streets of New York; the gilded spires and brilliantly tiled roofs of the temples, towers, pagodas, and palaces blaze like enormous jewels under the tropic sun. Here, it seemed to me, was a rich and virgin field for the motion-picture camera. But the chief obstacle to its proper exploitation on the screen lay, as I soon discovered, in the fact that the things most worth photographing are within the jealously guarded precincts of the royal palace. Here is the great Silver Pagoda, so named because its floors are entirely of that metal, containing the famous Emerald Buddha; here are kept the royal white elephants; here dwell the dancing-girls of the royal ballet, whose remarkable performances are usually given only on state occasions.

When I broached to the French resident-superior, who is the real ruler of Cambodia, the subject of taking motion-pictures within the royal enclosure, he was anything but sanguine.

"I'm afraid it's quite impossible," he told me. "The King is at his summer palace at Kampot, where he will remain for several weeks. Without his permission nothing can be done. Moreover, the royal ballet, which is the most interesting sight in Cambodia, is never under any

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circumstances permitted to dance unless his Majesty is present."

"But why not telegraph the King?" I suggested, though with waning hope. "Or get him on the telephone. Tell him how much the pictures would do to acquaint the American public with the attractions of his country; explain to him that they would bring here hundreds of visitors who otherwise would never know that there is such a place as Pnom-Penh. More than that," I added diplomatically, "they would undoubtedly wake up American capitalists to a realization of Cambodia's natural resources. That's what you particularly want here, isn't it—foreign capital?"

That argument seemed to impress the shrewd and far-seeing Frenchman.

"Perhaps something can be done, after all," he told me. "I will send for the minister of the royal household and ask him if he can communicate with the King. As soon as I learn something definite, you will hear from me."

The second day following I received a call from the chief of the political bureau.

"Everything has been arranged as you desired," was the cheering news with which he greeted me. The *défilé* will take place in the grounds of the palace tomorrow morning. Already the necessary orders have been issued. Thirty elephants with their state housings; eighty ceremonial cars drawn by sacred bullocks; the royal body-guard in full uniform; a delegation of mandarins in court-dress; a hundred Buddhist priests attached to the royal temple; and, moreover, his Majesty

Photo by the Goldwyn-Bray-Powell Malaysian Expedition.

The entrance to the palace of King Sisowath of Cambodia at Pnom-Penh.

When we entered the gate of the palace I felt as though I had been translated to the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, for the vast courtyard was flanked on all sides by marble buildings with tiled roofs of cobalt blue, of emerald green, of red, and of brilliant yellow.—Page 40.

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has granted special permission—an unheard-of thing, let me tell you!—for the royal ballet to give a performance expressly for you to-morrow afternoon on the terrace of the throne-hall. It will be a marvellous spectacle."

"Bully!" I exclaimed. "Won't you have a drink?"

"There is one thing I forgot to mention," the official remarked hesitatingly, as he sipped the gin sling which is the favorite drink of the tropics. "There will be a small charge for expenses—tips, you know, for the palace officials."

"Oh, that's all right," I replied lightly. "How much will the tips amount to?"

"Only about two hundred piastres," was the somewhat startling answer, for, at the then current rate of exchange a piastre was worth about $1.50 gold. "The resident will pay half of it, however, as he believes that the pictures will prove of great value to the country."

Of course I paid the one hundred piastres, but as I anticipated the scepticism of people at home, who are under the delusion that tipping has reached its apogee in America, I took the precaution to obtain from the minister of the royal household a receipt for my tip, which is reproduced herewith.

When we entered the gate of the palace the next morning, I felt as though I had been translated to the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, for the vast courtyard, flanked on all sides by marble buildings with tiled roofs of cobalt blue, of emerald green, of red, and of brilliant yellow, was literally crowded with elephants, bullocks, horses, chariots, palanquins, soldiers, priests, and officials—in short, all the pomp and panoply of an Asiatic court. Though close examination revealed the gold as gilt and the jewels as colored glass, the general effect was undeniably gorgeous. In spite of the brilliance of the scene, Hawkinson was as blasé as ever. He issued orders to the minister of the household as though he were directing a Pullman porter.

"Have those elephants come on in double file," he commanded. "Then follow 'em with the bullock-carts and the palanquins. I'll shoot the priests and the mandarins later."

"But the priests must be taken at once," the minister protested. "They have been waiting a long time, and they are already late for the morning service in the royal temple."

"Well, they'll have to wait still longer," was the unruffled answer. "Tell them not to get impatient. I'll get round to them as soon as I finish with the animals. Think what it will mean to them to have their pictures shown on the same screen with Charlie Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle and Douglas Fairbanks! I know lots of actors who would wait a year for such a chance."

Just then there approached across the courtyard a trio of youths in white uniforms and gold-laced képis, their breasts ablaze with decorations. At sight of them the minister doubled himself in the middle like a jack-knife. They were, it appeared, some of the royal princes—sons of the King.

There ensued a brief colloquy between the minister and the eldest of the princes, the conversation evidently relating, as I gathered from the gestures, to the Lovely Lady and the Winsome Widow, who at the moment were delightedly engaged in feeding candies to the largest of the elephants.

"His Highness wishes to know," the minister interpreted, "when the ladies of your company are to appear. His Highness is a great admirer of American actresses; he saw your most famous one, Mademoiselle Theda Bara, at a cinema in Singapore."

It seemed a thousand pities to destroy the prince's delusion.

"Tell his Highness," I said, "that the ladies will not act in this picture. They only play comedy parts."

The princes received the news with open disappointment. If the ladies had only consented to appear on the back of an elephant, or even in a palanquin, I imagine that they might have received a mark of the royal favor in the form of a Cambodian decoration. It is a gorgeous affair and is called, with great appropriateness, the "Order of a Million Elephants and Parasols."

That afternoon, on the broad marble terrace of the throne-hall, which had been covered with a scarlet carpet for the occasion, the royal ballet gave a special performance for our benefit. The dancers

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were much younger than I had anticipated, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen. Dancing has ever been a great institution in Cambodia. Every King chooses two hundred and forty beautiful girls from the children of people of the upper classes, who send them to the palace when they are little more than babies. Those chosen rarely leave the palace, even to see their parents, being educated and trained for dancing at the King's expense. The dances, which have behind them traditions of two thousand years, are illustrative of incidents in the poem of the Râmâyana and still adhere faithfully to the classical examples which are depicted on the walls of the great temple at Angkor, such as the dancing of the goddess Apsaras, her gestures, and her dress. The costumes worn by the dancing-girls were the most gorgeous that we saw in Asia: wonderful creations of cloth-of-gold heavily embroidered with jewels. Most of the dancers wore towering, pointed head-dresses, similar to the historic crowns of the Cambodian kings, though a few of them wore masks, one representing the head of a fox, another a fish, a third a lion, which could be raised or lowered, like the visors of mediæval helmets. The faces of all of the dancers were so heavily coated with powder and enamel that they would have been cracked by a smile. It was a performance which would have astonished and delighted the most critical audience on Broadway, but there in the heart of Cambodia, with the terrace of a throne-hall for a stage, with palaces, temples, and pagodas for a setting, with a blazing tropic sun for a spot-light, and with the audience clad in the most colorful and fantastic costumes of which the imagination can conceive, it provided a spectacle which we who were privileged to see it will ever remember.

The next morning we set sail down the mighty Mekong for Saigon and the sea. I took with me the satisfaction of having realized not one, but two, of my boyhood ambitions: to go adventuring in the strange places and to join the circus. What a pity that Cap'n Bryant was not alive so that I might sit on the steps of his Mattapoisett cottage and tell him all about it.

Photo by the Goldwyn-Bray-Powell Malaysian Expedition.

The head of the pageant approaching the camera in the palace at Pnom-Penh.

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WHEN THE CALL COMES TO THEM

By Franklin Chase Hoyt
Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City

IT'S a long, long way from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Erivan, Armenia. This and several other obvious facts were discovered by Ernest soon after his altruistic, but somewhat visionary, attempt to cross the seas and succor the oppressed was interfered with and brought to a lame and impotent conclusion by the unsympathetic minions of the law. For Ernest came to realize that, after all, the place for a boy of fourteen is in his own home and among his own people, and that, for the time being, he could prove himself of greater usefulness in Springfield than in Erivan. He also came to understand that by doing his duty, faithfully and unaffectedly, in his allotted place he would best fit himself for wider service and larger achievement later on when the call should come to him to serve in other ways.

Ernest really did not get very far on his travels, for he had barely completed the first one hundred and thirty miles of his journey when an adverse fate put an end to his cherished project. On arriving in New York from Springfield, he went up to the nearest police officer and asked, quite casually, what was the quickest route to Constantinople. The officer, naturally, was somewhat startled. He was well used to pointing out the way to Brooklyn and the Bronx. He was capable, at a pinch, of directing a traveller to Coney Island or Jersey City. But he was not accustomed to guiding wanderers to the four corners of the earth. At the same time Ernest's inquiry seemed to interest him greatly. He asked the boy a few questions, which led Ernest to unbosom himself and to tell of his plans for service in Armenia. The officer shook his head. He was a man of hard, common sense, and he failed to sympathize with Ernest's aspirations.

"How much money have you got left?" he asked.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," replied Ernest. "It's all mine, too. I drew it out of the savings-bank when I left Springfield."

"It may be yours, all right," retorted the officer. "But there are some other folks, I'm thinkin', who will have something to say about this little trip of yours. I'm a man of family myself, and I wouldn't like to let a kid of your size go and mix it up with the Turks till I'd heard from his popper and mommer. I guess you'll have to postpone your jaunt for a while and stay with us till we get in touch with Springfield. It won't be long before we hear from them, I'm thinkin'."

Ernest suffered himself to be led away to the children's shelter, but when he appeared before me the next morning he was in a distinctly rebellious mood. Not that he was in the least excited. In all my experiences I have never seen a boy so calm, so deliberate, and so precise in his manner and choice of words as Ernest. But he was indignant and outraged at the act of the officer in taking him into custody.

"I should like you to tell me," he said, "why this man has arrested me. All I did was to ask him how to get to Constantinople. I didn't suppose that it was a crime to question him."

"Of course it's no crime to question an officer," I laughed. "But, tell me, why did you want to go to Constantinople?"

"This was my reason" (I record Ernest's sententious words almost verbatim): "I wanted to be of some real use in the world, and there was nothing I could do at home. I've read a great deal about the suffering in Armenia, and I thought that if I could get to Constantinople I might offer my services to the American committee."

"Don't you think," I asked him, "that you are rather young to take up such work?"

In answer to my question he produced from his pocket a newspaper clipping,

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telling of a boy of thirteen who had enlisted as of the age of eighteen, and who had actually served in France with the American Expeditionary Force. "What others have done, I can do!" he remarked gravely.

"Did you talk over this plan with your mother and father?" I continued.

"No, I didn't," he replied. "They wouldn't have understood."

"I suppose, of course, that you communicated with some of the Armenian relief committees?"

"No, I didn't do that either. I thought about it, but I felt sure that they would discourage me."

"The opposition seems to be fairly formidable," I remarked; "your parents, the authorities, and the Armenian representatives. Ernest, do you know what I think of you? I believe that you are a slacker and a deserter!"

He looked at me in utter astonishment. "I don't quite understand, judge," he said.

"Just this," I replied. "If you can't be of use in your own home, you can't be of any possible use elsewhere. You tell me that you want to serve in Armenia. Have you ever tried to serve in Springfield? You left there without a thought of your family or your obligations. You simply ran away to avoid your duties and to find adventure. The officer was quite right. You will have to stay with us until we hear from your parents. Think it all over, and let me know your conclusion when I see you again."

The next day Ernest was brought into court for a second time, accompanied by his elder brother, who had just arrived from Springfield to represent his family. There was no question as to the attitude of his own people. Through his brother they recorded their emphatic opposition to Ernest's romantic project, and were unkind enough to suggest that he might prove to be more of a burden than a relief to Armenia, if he should ever succeed in reaching there.

"Well, Ernest," I said, turning toward the boy, "you have had twenty-four hours to reflect on the situation since I last saw you. What do you think about it all, and what would you like to do now?"

"I've made up my mind to give up my trip entirely," he replied, with seriousness and deliberation. "I want to go home with my brother, and I can promise you that I won't run away again in a hurry. I've thought over everything very carefully since yesterday, and I see now how foolish I was. I'm much too young to carry through this plan. What you said to me about serving in Springfield and of making myself of real use in my own home impressed me a great deal. I've never tried to do that before, but I see that there are a lot of things that I can do there. I'm going to make myself a good American, and then later on I can take up other work if I want to. Perhaps I'll get over to Armenia, after all, but don't you worry, judge, I'm going to make good at home first."

"I am very sure you will," I responded as I bade him good-by.

Sally's probationary period was a comparatively long one. She was brought into court at the age of fifteen on her mother's complaint that she was disobedient, keeping late hours, and associating with most undesirable company. Although she was given a chance to prove herself and to correct her own faults under the court's supervision, she found it very hard at first to break away from her old habits and from the influences of her former associates. Consequently, the first year of her probation was marked by many disappointments and frequent lapses. Gradually, however, she gained a better control of herself, and during the second year she fulfilled our fondest expectations. So satisfactory was her progress that she was honorably discharged from the court's supervision a short time ago, after reaching her seventeenth birthday, and those who know Sally's grit and common sense have no misgivings whatsoever as to her future.

A little while after her discharge I was agreeably surprised to receive the following letter from her:

"DEAR JUDGE:

"I am writing to ask whether it would be possible for you to appoint me as a probation officer in your court. Considering all I have been through and all

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I know (*sic !*) I think that I could make a mighty good one.

"If you can't do that, couldn't you get me a job in a place where children are sent to. I would just love to take care of babies.

"Everybody has been so good to me and has worked so hard to help me, that now I want to turn around and do my share in helping others. I've learnt an awful lot since I came to court and I've found out that one is much happier in doing things for other people than in any other way.

"I think in the end I will study to be a trained nurse, but I'd like to be a probation officer first. I think it must be a grand job. Please write and let me know what you can do for me.

Yours truly,

SALLY ——."

In answer, I informed Sally that it was necessary to go through a course of study and to pass a competitive examination before one could receive an appointment as probation officer. I also added that she would have to wait some years before she would be old enough to qualify for any of the positions she had in mind. I suggested, however, that while she was waiting she might offer her services as a volunteer to some of the clubs and settlements who were interested in supervising the activities and recreation of younger children. This idea seemed to meet, temporarily, Sally's desire to do her share in helping others, and I understand that she is engaged in such work at this very time.

The instinct to serve—the desire to take one's part and prove of use in the community—is but a natural attribute of youth. Sometimes it exists in an embryonic state; sometimes it flourishes with surprising strength and vitality; but in one way or another its development must begin with childhood if it is to survive at all in later years. It is a blessed quality, which should be encouraged and guided with the greatest possible care, and which should never be belittled or ignored.

Are the children of our community to be taught to think rightly and to live usefully, or are they to be allowed to drift aimlessly, with no regard for their personal obligations toward the State and society at large? They often reach the parting of the ways sooner than one would suspect. If their thoughts and activities are properly directed, and they are kept mentally alert and spiritually awake, they will be fitted to take their allotted parts as efficient and helpful citizens in the future. If, on the other hand, they are permitted to become selfish and self-centred, if they are allowed to grow indifferent to their obligations, and weak in self-discipline and self-control, they will soon lose respect for all authority and fall into that very class which, bereft of decent incentives and healthy ideals, and seething with discontent and lawlessness, threatens danger to our commonwealth.

Out of which material are we going to create our future citizenship and build the city and State of to-morrow? The choice is ours to make, and we all share a common responsibility in seeing that our children are taught to reverence and to fight for those ideals which we justly regard as the corner-stone of our beloved country.

No one should be discouraged at the magnitude of the task. If every year we progress a little further in promoting child welfare, and in developing our methods and standards along these lines; if we take no backward steps and do not relax our efforts, we shall move steadily forward toward the goal. If we build slowly—"precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little"—we can at least build surely and make our foundations permanent and secure.

In teaching the children to take their part and to fit themselves for their duties as citizens of to-morrow, we must not ignore nor forget the obligations which we ourselves, as citizens of to-day, owe the community in this respect. Every man and woman in the land can render at least some measure of service toward this end. The work cannot be left to specialists and experts. Some individuals may be in a position to dedicate their lives to child-training and child-saving, but alone and unaided they cannot elevate and protect the whole youth of the nation. The entire country must join in the task with enthusiasm, and accept child-conserva-

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tion as one of its principal and sacred tenets if the movement is to be carried on to a glorious consummation.

It goes without saying that those who are devoting their time and energy to the care and training of their own children are by that very act rendering the supreme service to the State, and this is also true of those who are working in the fields of religion, education, health and social service. But there are many other ways in which an individual, no matter how busily engaged in different walks of life, can contribute his or her share to the advancement of child welfare in general.

Take, for example, such organizations as the Big Brother and Big Sister Societies; their members are not required to give up any great amount of time to the exclusion of other activities, but are merely asked to interest themselves singly in the case of a boy or girl, and to befriend some one child who has been handicapped from the start by misfortune and has been denied that fair average chance of normal development which is its inherent right. Surely this is not much to ask of any one, yet every individual effort of this sort, when taken and added together, produces a result which is astonishing in its far-reaching effect.

If people would only look around they could find a thousand and one places where even a small measure of service would be appreciated and count for something. There are the churches, schools, hospitals, institutions, settlements, community centres, societies, including such effective organizations as the Boy Scouts, clubs, playgrounds, camps, and other social and civic groups innumerable, which are calling for the public's active cooperation and support, and to which everybody can contribute something by way of personal interest.

In fact, every centre where children are gathered together for the furtherance of their moral, mental, or physical development constitutes a unit in the general system of preparing our vast army of future citizens for their service in the years to come. No unit or link in this chain is too small to be neglected or overlooked, for sometimes the greatest good and the most far-reaching influence can spring from the least conspicuous group.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," and rest assured that neither the time, nor the money, nor the personal service which is expended in this cause will ever be wasted or spent in vain.

A great nation can afford to be generous in the treatment of its children. Indeed, one of the very tests of its greatness is to be found in the measures which it takes to safeguard and improve the coming generation. If a country expects to receive devoted and efficient service from its future citizens it must take scrupulous care in meeting its own obligations toward them with wisdom and honor. There is nothing visionary or utopian about such a policy; it is a matter of plain common sense and self-protection.

To paraphrase a famous document with which all good Americans are supposed to be familiar, it might be said that every child is endowed with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are protection, education, health, and the pursuit of happiness.

Its right to protection comprises many things besides its mere preservation from cruelty and neglect. It has the right to a normal, decent, and sympathetic home; the right to the care and protection of the State in case its natural guardians fail in their duties; the right to be safeguarded against corrupting influences and debasing environments; the right of deliverance from economic pressure and the serfdom of child labor in all of its forms.

By a child's education much more is understood than a mere smattering of learning or a rudimental course of instruction in the three R's. It has the right to be taught of other things.

Most important of all is the question of its religious training and its moral guidance. The opportunity must be given every child to learn of religious truths and to worship God. The form of its religion does not concern the authorities; that is a matter to be decided by its parents, its family, and its ecclesiastical advisers. But it should be strengthened and confirmed in its chosen faith, and encouraged to follow its precepts. If our experience in the Children's Court has proved one

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thing, it is that religion is essential in the training of youth, and that no lasting good can be achieved when its spiritual development is neglected.

A child should also be taught allegiance to the law, so that when it is called upon for service it will not have to act blindly. It has a right to a thorough understanding of governmental functions, of the purposes of our statutes, and of the fundamental principles of law and order. It must be so guided and governed that it will grow to love and reverence the ideals of our country, and thoroughly appreciate the importance of the part which it must perform as a unit of society.

In the development of our educational system no effort should be spared in providing the schools with efficient instructors. Our children, certainly, have a right to the very best. Every penny spent in this direction will be repaid; for, unless competent teachers can be obtained and induced to remain in the service, the whole system will be threatened with disaster. Adequate provision should also be made for an intelligent policy of vocational guidance, and this, too, will require the employment of experienced workers. We are just beginning to awaken to the importance of vocational guidance as a means of discovering a child's special aptitude and of directing its efforts in the right channels. Surely a child has the right to make a special study of those things for which it is best fitted by predilection and natural bent, and to choose its vocation with discrimination and understanding.

It is scarcely necessary to comment on the duty of a government to preserve the health of its children. Dark indeed would be the future of any nation which neglected to safeguard the physical well-being of its rising generations.

There are, however, several subjects closely akin to health which deserve a passing reference under this head. A child as it approaches adolescence has a right to be instructed in the laws of sex hygiene. This is primarily a task for its parents, but if they fail in the performance of their manifest duty, then its teachers must undertake the work. A child should not be allowed to pick up its knowledge of this subject from the gutter. If any one should doubt the wisdom of giving such instruction, let him come to the Children's Court and see the number of children who have fallen victims to immorality and hideous disease because of their lack of information concerning such matters and their ignorance of the first principles of moral cleanliness.

The treatment of mental deficiency is another problem which bears an intimate relation to health. Children who suffer under this handicap deserve the greatest care and attention to prevent them from becoming a burden and a menace to the community. Their existence cannot be ignored, and as entities in the body politic they, too, have their rights. The State should provide for their examination and diagnosis, furnish proper facilities for their custodial care, and see that such of them as are fit to be at large are taught to be self-supporting and to fill a niche according to their capacity.

As to the pursuit of happiness, that is a right with which, as we are told, all persons are equally endowed, and so, it might be argued, it is not a special prerogative of children. Yet children are as much entitled to their happiness as any other class in the community. Of course, happiness in the abstract has a number of meanings. It may refer to a state of contentment, or a condition of mind which triumphs over circumstances. A child, however, would invariably select the definition which suggests pleasure and enjoyment. That is only natural, for if we think of a child as happy we think at the same time of its recreation and amusements. Indeed, a child without an instinct and a desire for play would be a most abnormal and unhappy one. Its diversions, however, are not always easy to regulate, for pleasure cannot be forced down any one's throat. If a child does not like the amusement which is provided for it, it will sally forth to find substitutes for such amusement, and these substitutes are too often of a dangerous type. The whole question needs more intensive study and consideration than it has been given in the past. The child's point of view and its natural tastes should be better appreciated and understood, so that something satisfying may be given it in the way of recreation, and its amusements,

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at the same time, made safe and clean. We are often apt to confuse this subject, and are too prone to attribute to the absence of playgrounds, or to congested living conditions, all the faults occasioned by the lack of healthy outlets for a child's normal activities. These things are most important and must be improved, but even recreational centres and model homes will not satisfy a girl's or a boy's primal instinct for pleasure. The problem is not wholly a city one. It is met with equally in the town and the country. At the bottom of many juvenile delinquencies and disastrous experiences we find a natural craving for amusement and adventure, which, if it had been understood and wisely treated in the beginning, might have been easily controlled. We might as well realize that, whatever we may do, children are going to join in the universal quest for happiness and pleasure as one of their rights. It is for us, therefore, to see that they are properly guided in their search for recreation and are taught to find enjoyment in the finer things of life.

These, then, are some of the main obligations which the State owes its future citizens. All of the subjects which have been alluded to are obviously of transcendental importance, the proper consideration and treatment of any one of which would require a lifelong study and the writing of many volumes. It goes without saying, therefore, that no attempt could be made to deal adequately with even the least of them in so brief a space. They have been mentioned in these pages, however, because they unquestionably lie at the very root of the problem of preparing children for their future service, and because it would be impossible to write on this topic at all without some allusion to these cardinal requirements for a child's proper development.

It is quite extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how dependent these essentials are one upon another. Education would be futile without health; health would be difficult without recreation, and all three would be well-nigh impossible without proper protection. Child labor cannot flourish side by side with education and health. Health cannot survive cruelty, abuse, or neglect. Or, if a child is to be denied all recreation and happiness, its education, health, and moral training might as well be thrown into the discard at the same time.

There is great need, therefore, for the establishment in these particular fields of certain minimum standards which should be moderate and sensible enough to win the support of the community and yet sufficiently comprehensive to insure the children thorough protection. Once established, these standards should be enforced as a whole, for it would be useless to safeguard them in one direction only to neglect them in another. As has been said, they are all interdependent, and a break in one link of the chain would cause disaster to the rest. If we could count on the existence of such standards and feel sure that they would be observed and enforced, many existing problems would be simplified, and in every case the children of the nation would be the gainers.

At the beginning of the great war most of the nations engaged cast aside all thought of child conservation and sacrificed in a few months the achievements which had been gained through years of effort. As the war progressed, however, and delinquency and neglect increased appallingly, these nations began to see that a fearful mistake had been made, and that the protection of youth was really essential in the successful prosecution of the strife. Accordingly, after a year or two, a decided change of policy took place, and before the close of the war our allies were doing everything possible to repair these errors, and to safeguard their children more carefully than ever before. America, fortunately, profited by this lesson, with the result that in this country the barriers were kept intact, and delinquency failed to show that increase which many had prophesied.

Now that the strife is over, is it not the appropriate time to give our attention to these selfsame problems, and to look upon the conservation of childhood as essential to the finer development of the nation in the new era which lies before us? This end can never be attained by legislation alone; it can only be brought about by the united will of the whole people. Laws and regulations are neces-

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sary up to a certain point, but they cannot serve as a substitute for a national conscience, nor can they make individuals into decent citizens merely by virtue of some legal process. No intelligent person believes in the multiplication of laws and statutes which would deprive a man, or a child, for that matter, of independent thought or action; no one can seriously wish to make an individual a mere automaton in the operation of a super-socialistic state; but every far-sighted man and woman must believe in comprehensive effort and planning for the protection of youth as a national asset.

To-day the whole world may seem weary and sick at heart, but in time it will forget its scars and look forward to the future with new hope and courage. How can it continue to be spiritless and despondent when it sees the rising generations coming on in serried ranks, ardent and eager to run their course and to fight the good fight? A few more years and their enthusiasms, their energy, and their vitality will make the world young and strong again.

Glorious will be the destiny of this or any other nation which is wise enough to prepare its children for the responsibilities which they will be called upon to bear. Happy will be its future if its sons and daughters are spiritually awake and ready to dedicate themselves to its service.

America has already done much for the cause of child welfare, but it must not falter in the struggle if it is to maintain its ideals and the purposes for which it was created. All of our citizens, young and old, must recognize and understand the obligations which they owe the community, and with that understanding must follow the resolve to fulfil those obligations by such service as each may be able to render. In the past too little regard has been paid to these duties, but more is to be demanded of every one in the future. Let us see, therefore, that our children are so guided and guarded that when the call comes to them they shall not fail.

THE STAY AT HOME

By Christine Kerr Davis

THE years are slipping past me,
And I've never left my home,
Though the big, strange world has called me,
And tempted me to roam.
But when I'd think of going,
Och! my little fields were sweet,
With soft green grass and blossoms
That clung about my feet.

I thought to see the royal dun,
They built for England's King,
Where life is like a fairy tale,
And pleasant as the Spring.
But when it came to going,
I couldn't see my way,
For my little white-walled cabin
Seemed coaxing me to stay.

I've longed to hear the big winds
That howl along the shore,
And lash the Coast of Connaught,
'Til the green waves leap and roar.
But Och! they're only stranger winds
I've never known at all,
And the soft wind off Croagh Patrick
Puts the silence on their call.

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THE WIVES OF XERXES

By Rebecca N. Porter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

WHEN Norton-Edward Cary started to college, his father, a prosperous California fruit-grower, agreed to furnish him sufficient capital for fraternity dues, speed fines, theatre tickets, and such incidentals as are included under the item "living expenses." In return for this financial security he offered collateral in form of a promise to return to "El Contento" at the end of four years with a scientific equipment which would enable him to double the already lavish income of the old home place and prove to sceptical neighbors that "old man Cary had a long head on him."

During his first weeks at the State university he listened to four speakers, two lecturers, and one orator, who appeared officially to deliver admonitory remarks to entrants. And the burden of all these speeches was the same. The members of the freshman class were warned against a blind adherence to the curriculum. They were urged instead to "broaden out," to "train the mind to be not a mere memory machine, but a thinker."

With this platform Norton-Edward was in cordial and responsive sympathy. Temperamentally and intellectually it was a perfect fit. And so, while his classmates worried over the sinister pamphlet entitled "Requirements for Regular Students," he sought out a comfortable chair in the library and, deaf to the voices of his care-ridden companions, turned with the joy of the epicure the pages of his Announcement of Courses. The dishes upon this bill of fare are arranged in attractive *à la carte* style. But the seasoned student is aware, of course, that this is merely an advertising device on the part of the management, and that if he desires to make an official exit at the end of four years with the blessing of the head waiter, he must consent to having his meals served strictly *table d'hôte*.

But Norton-Edward was not seasoned. He was an enthusiastic, guileless, credulous young man, and above all other things a student. To him a college education was not the blind alley leading to one definite profession; it was a thoroughfare which should conduct him to the highway of life itself. He decided to take courses in agriculture a little later in his career, and selected from the Announcement only such dishes as were compatible with his palate and digestion. History was the favored course, and here he indulged himself beyond the point necessary for the maintenance of a place in educated society. In his freshman year the passion for history was a dissipation; in his sophomore year it became almost a debauch. He had become interested in the classics while in high school, and he continued Greek and Latin now, topping off this banquet with a relish compounded for him by the anthropological and English departments.

But Norton-Edward was no vulgar glutton. Like most epicures, he realized that the spice of the pudding depends largely upon the company in which it is eaten, and he made friends. It would be more correct to say that he encouraged friendship, his being the genial disposition which needs merely to encourage. He was never too much absorbed in his own interests to write themes and translate passages for his classmates. He indulged heavily in collateral reading, and even took foot-note references seriously.

And then one day, early in his senior year, disaster befell him. The university authorities made it glaringly clear to him that they had a case against him for contempt of court. They advised him that although his record so far had been brilliant, it had been shamefully erratic, and universities, he now learned, had no patience whatever with the erratic. Speeches made by officials upon state occasions were not intended for literal

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translation. Unless Norton-Edward reformed and turned from the broad highway that led God knew where, they would be obliged to withhold from him a degree (which he would have to read backward), a diploma (which even he might not be able to read at all), and the privilege of contributing one dollar annually to the alumni association.

It was too late now for the agricultural courses which he had contracted to take; too late for anything but a dash of general science, a meat course of mathematics, and a deep draft of modern language. Norton-Edward, reduced almost to panic by the list of his shortcomings, bowed to authority and accepted this revision of his menu. And on graduation day he was summoned forth from the friendly throng of black-gowned classmates and presented with that token which instantly isolated him from further intimate intercourse with them. He returned to his seat the university medallist, and was immediately conscious of his social ostracism. Ten minutes later, his father, stung by the bitterness of disappointment, announced his intention of attaching a Yale lock to his check-book, and advised his son to hustle a job.

To this threat, thinly disguised as a suggestion, Norton-Edward gave dignified and unprotesting assent. He realized that the old man's resentment was justified. The death-blow which he, Norton-Edward, had dealt to parental ambitions had not been premeditated. The tragedy was manslaughter, not murder, but it carried, nevertheless, the indelible stigma of treachery. And so, while his fraternity brothers borrowed his money and clothes for post-commencement festivities, he secreted his scholarship medal, his Phi Beta Kappa key, and other evidences of an academic past, and began the long lean hunt for a job. These trophies, he felt, might aid him in the business of waiting on tables or peddling aluminum, but both these professions appeared to be already overcrowded by his more enterprising classmates.

After a day of fruitless prospecting in San Francisco, he decided that that mart of trade had become prejudiced against him to a degree which made further efforts useless.

"Cary? Ah, yes," the occupants of swivel-chairs remarked, gazing at him as though he were the newest addition to Ringling's zoo. "You're the chap that took the medal over at the university this year, aren't you? Well, I don't believe we've got any vacancy in here just now."

And so Norton-Edward resolved to forsake the bay region, embittered by its close proximity to two universities, and seek the southern part of the State, which is still open to conviction. This proved to be the course of wisdom, for before he reached Los Angeles, the God of Adventure met him and assumed entire responsibility for his future.

During the last part of his journey he ceased to think about his own prospects and became completely absorbed in the passenger sitting across the aisle. She had boarded the train at one of those little yellow frame depots which appear to be completely isolated from any supporting village. Surely she couldn't live in such a place, Norton-Edward reflected. It couldn't be possible that such a flower as this had bloomed upon the inhospitable soil of that sage-covered district which had dared to appropriate to itself the name of the radiant goddess of the dawn. As the train pulled away from the water-tank, which seemed to be Aurora's solitary claim upon its attention, the girl in the brown-and-orange hat took up a magazine and became enthralled by its contents. Half an hour later Norton-Edward had resolved, with characteristic recklessness, that whither she went he would go; that there, if necessary, he would be buried.

The destination she chose was Arden, an hour's ride distant. Several other passengers elected this goal, but he kept his eyes fixed unswervingly upon the audacious hat as he followed down the aisle. It disappeared into a bobtailed stage bearing the legend Hotel Maxmilian, but before he had time to board it he was accosted by a portly middle-aged man who might have posed for a picture of "Affluence in Distress."

"Are you Carter?" His question dared Norton-Edward to deny it. And he accepted the challenge.

"I am not."

The other man's face fell. He looked

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The girl in the brown-and-orange hat took up a magazine.—Page 50.

as if he might be going to cry. "Well, say, I beg your pardon. No offense. I was expecting a feller and you looked exactly like I thought he would."

Norton-Edward became mildly curious. "What does he look like?"

"Why, I don't know. But he's a chauffeur."

The university's medallist set down his suitcase. These were the first kind words that had been spoken to him for almost a week. He looked like a chauffeur. Hope dawned on his horizon. The bobtailed bus had disappeared, but he could follow it later. "I am a chauffeur," he told his inquisitor genially. "And I came down here to look up a job. Curious coincidence, isn't it, that I should have met you? But maybe that other fellow is here."

It was instantly apparent, however, that he was not. And the prosperous middle-aged man had no idea of relinquishing certainty for hope. Together they walked toward a bottle-green touring-car drawn up at the curb. "You've got references, I suppose?" The question was perfunctory and conveyed to Norton-Edward the assurance that in case he hadn't they would not go into embarrassing details. The new employee had raised the hood of the engine and was peering inside with professional intensity. The car's make was unfamiliar to him, but he and machinery had always been on good terms. He had driven almost every kind of conveyance, including a steam thrasher.

"Your valves need grinding," he announced cheerfully when he had backed

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the car away from the curb and started down Arden's main street. "And a dash of turpentine would be good for these gears."

The middle-aged man, who had introduced himself as Oliver Blynn of "Oakvale," settled back into his seat with a sigh of content. All further doubts of Norton-Edward's professional rank were set at rest.

Arden is one of the richest towns on the coast and boasts a large clientèle of wealthy Eastern tourists, who come out each winter to visit their palatial suburban homes, dazzle the natives by their house-parties, and solve the fuel problem. And the city fathers of Arden are wise in their generation; they refuse to desecrate this haven for tired social leaders by succumbing to the demands of progress. They ignore the clamorous suggestions of all those who would make of quiet little Arden a safety-zoned and speed-copped Gomorrah. The lemon and orange growers of the surrounding district are forced to satisfy in near-by Los Angeles their craving for these and other sophisticated delights.

Norton-Edward was not an artist, but he was highly responsive to the allurements of the beautiful country over whose perfect roads he drove the bottle-green car.

"Yes, great place, this little burg." His employer's voice came to him, genial, chatty, democratic, from the back seat. "I'm stayin' on longer than usual this year on account of my health. Doctor ordered it. I been workin' too hard, I guess. Blynn and Company, meat packers; that's me, you know."

Norton-Edward nodded. He had begun to suspect it.

"So I'm goin' to stay on till July. That's some month to be gettin' back to Chicago, all right."

In spite of his aggressive self-assurance it was impossible to dislike "Blynn and Company." By the time they had covered the five miles to beautiful "Oakvale," Norton-Edward felt that he knew his employer very well. Oakvale, as he viewed it after a lunch which was served to him by a Chinese cook on the screened porch, comprised forty acres of lemon grove in full bearing. There was a terraced lawn in front of the house, bordered by a hawthorn hedge and dotted with exotic shrubbery, but the rest of the acreage was devoted to orchard.

When he had established himself in his commodious quarters above the stone garage, Norton-Edward applied himself to a study of the two cars intrusted to his charge. All that week he worked, giving them the same intensive attention that he had bestowed upon history and the classics. He was down on the floor under the roadster the next Monday morning when "Old Man Blynn," as he mentally dubbed his employer, appeared upon the threshold.

"I got to go down to Los Angeles, Cary," he announced. "Just got a 'phone message about a tie-up of some of our freight-cars. Guess you'd better drive me down. I don't feel quite up to tinkerin' with the car in case of a breakdown. You can leave me there and I can 'phone you when I'm ready to come back."

To this plan Norton-Edward gave reluctant assent. He had planned to invent some errand that would take him into Arden during the afternoon, where he might look at the register of the Hotel Maxmilian. Old Man Blynn's next admonition stifled this new-born scheme.

"And you'll have to stick around here pretty close while I'm away. I got a crew of pruners comin' to-morrow. Pilson said he could send me about ten, and I want them to get the lemons done this week if they can. I told him they could have their dinners here at noon. You got to promise almost anything to get work done these times. And for three or four days I guess Sing Lee can manage it. Now I want you to be kind of an overseer, you know. Jolly 'em along and see that everything goes all right."

It struck Norton-Edward as he drove Oakvale's owner down the coast that he was promoting him rather rapidly to the post of overseer. Even his father's outraged pride might have been soothed, he reflected, had he known of this headlong progress back to the soil. But he had no misgivings concerning this trust, nor his ability to discharge it. Responsibility had always stimulated, never terrified, him. "Don't hurry back. I guess

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I can swing it," he told his employer cheerfully when they had reached their goal.

Old Man Blynn grasped his hand with an almost affectionate gratitude. In his keen gray eyes was the expression of one who, having stumbled upon some rare gem, has not yet convinced himself of its genuineness.

The next morning Sing Lee, serving his breakfast in an alcove off the kitchen, made an announcement which caused the new overseer to drop his fork with a crash. Oriental languages had not been included in his erratic collegiate course, but it was clear to him by Sing Lee's method of delivery that he intended this meal to be a celestial swan-song. He had heard of, but would not be reconciled to, the pruners. Argument and pleading were in vain.

"Well, by George!" The overseer was bereft of further comment as, an hour later, he watched the shiny black trousers and flapping coat disappear down the avenue. "Well, what do you know about that?" He went slowly back to the house and investigated the pantry shelves. There seemed to be great quantities of raw products such as beans and rice and potatoes and salt meats. Rice invited him, but he knew that rice was tricky. It beguiled you with innocent cup measures and then made you resort to such allies as milk-pans and boilers.

He donned Sing Lee's discarded apron and was pouring an avalanche of beans into an iron pot when he heard the screen door slam. A moment later a voice spoke just behind him. "Are you Mr. Blynn's cook?"

He spun around with the half-filled kettle in his hands and looked straight into the dark eyes of the girl with the brown-and-orange hat. But she was not wearing that color combination now. Her costume was a pongee smock, short khaki skirt, and a straw hat with pointed crown. Norton-Edward told himself that she looked like a witch; not the sinister, broom-riding specimen, but a field witch. "If you're the cook, and I see now that you are," she went on briskly, "I came up to tell you that there will be twelve men to dinner instead of ten. I got two more so we could hurry the work."

"*You* got them?" Norton-Edward was conscious that his voice sounded idiotic.

"Yes. I'm in charge of them—the pruners, you know. I'm one myself."

Norton-Edward came toward her, wiping his hands nervously on his apron. "I just began here yesterday," he explained. "I've never——"

"Oh, I see. You're new to ranch work." There was interest and sympathy in her tone. "Well, it *is* different from—any other kind of cooking. But the main thing is to cook things plenty and to have enough. And"—she glance at the pot which he had set upon the floor—"do you mind if I make a suggestion? This is a bean country. Unless you want somebody to return here tonight and put a bomb under the house, *don't* serve these men beans."

"Thank you," Norton-Edward said gravely. "I never thought of that. Would potatoes do?"

"Potatoes, certainly, and some of those lovely apples, baked, and——"

Norton-Edward waved aside further suggestions. "I think I can manage," he told her with dignity. "You want dinner at twelve?"

"At twelve and for twelve, not counting you or me. I always bring mine with me."

"There's a whole boiled ham in the pantry," Norton-Edward explained. "And a lot of doughnuts in the tin cake-box, and—I could set a place in the dining-room for you."

"Well, I must be getting back," she said with evident reluctance. "We'll be up at twelve sharp."

Norton-Edward went about his new duties with characteristic intentness. Besides being interested in them as a novelty, he was on his mettle. Cooking was merely a matter of chemistry, he reminded himself. He could master it; he would master it. At eleven-thirty he deserted the odoriferous range and went into the dining-room. It was the first time he had seen it. The room was panelled in dark wood and furnished in heavily carved mahogany and dull-gold hangings. The sideboard was covered with antique silverware and an assortment of crude pottery and old pewter.

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Over this collection he lingered, absorbed, until the odor of scorching apples sent him flying back to the kitchen. He removed the dessert just in time, came back to the dining-room, and set the table. Just as he finished, the pruners tramped in and took their places in the screen room. When he had finished serving them, Norton-Edward bore a platter of cold sliced ham and two savory, covered dishes in to his other boarder. He found her intently examining the curios scattered about the room.

"What wonderful old things Mr. Blynn has!" she remarked, taking her solitary place at table. "He must be a professional collector."

Norton-Edward recalled the meat-packer's voice and visage, and thought this highly improbable. But he had been puzzled himself by the remarkable evidences of travel and culture which the panelled dining-room had revealed.

"Some relative of his, I think," he hazarded as he served the ham on a queer octagonal plate that suggested the Nile region. "I don't think *he* collected them."

"Please sit down and talk to me while I eat," the pruners' overseer commanded. "I can't bear to lunch all alone."

Norton-Edward accepted this suggestion without coercion. "It must be hot work—pruning," he commented, taking a chair at the other side of the round table.

"I never think about it. I'm too much interested in my work. Pruning is a wonderful science. No matter how hard I work, it seems to me I shall never master it."

"Where did you—study?" He spoke in the awed tone of one addressing a world-renowned musician.

"With Mr. Edgar Alden. He's a friend of my father's, and he knows more about pruning in one day than most people learn in a lifetime. It's a very deep science." She regarded Norton-Edward severely, as though expecting denial of this statement. "Did you know that there are more than sixty different kinds of woods on a lemon-tree besides the fruit wood? And that there——"

"No," he admitted. "I don't know a thing about it. But I should think it would be—interesting."

She was absorbed now in bisecting her baked potato, and his eyes rested upon her, unchallenged. How different she was from the ultrasophisticated girls that he had known at college! How had she contrived, he wondered, to break into the man's game of pruning and yet retain all her subtle, mysterious femininity. And she was feminine from the small, high-booted feet to the crown of reddish-brown hair; not even remotely suggestive of the trousered farmerette who was his particular horror. Her frank dark eyes were travelling about the room now.

"What an interesting room this is! What an interesting house! But the arrangement of all these things is terrible! It's a pity Mr. Blynn hasn't a wife."

"Why?"

"Because a woman would enjoy a place like this so much. And the proper kind of woman could do so much with it. Mr. Blynn isn't an old man either, is he?"

"Fifty, at least," Norton-Edward replied with cheerful treachery.

She was folding her napkin. "You see, I expect to come again," she told him. "May I come again to-morrow? I don't think I ever ate such a delicious lunch."

"But you're not going now!" he cried. "Why, you've only taken half an hour."

"I never take more. I can't stay away from the orchard when I'm on a job. Besides, I have two green men, and I want to give them some extra attention."

"Aren't you going to tell me your name before you go?"

"Certainly. Phyllis Ward."

"Phyllis," he repeated. "That suits you exactly."

"I don't think so at all. It's a soft-music-in-the-conservatory-after-dinner sort of name; not a bit suited to pruning."

She put on the pointed hat in front of the buffet mirror and the next moment had vanished, leaving Norton-Edward to struggle with a wilderness of dishes. But he sang while he washed them; sang absently and planned the morrow's feast.

In one of the kitchen drawers he discovered a recipe book that had come in a can of baking-powder. It was the only literature on cookery at hand. He took it out on the side-porch after the dishes were put away and read it through, mark-

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"If you're the cook, . . . I came up to tell you that there will be twelve men to dinner instead of ten."—Page 53.

ing obscure passages for more intent consideration. The first pages, devoted exclusively to the function of "Use-Less" baking-powder, were interesting from a chemical point of view. The chemistry of foods was a subject to which he had never given any thought. Now he swept all previous knowledge into the background of his mind and devoted himself absorbedly to it. During the late afternoon he made various experiments at the kitchen table, and became so absorbed in the action of soda and sugar and other ingredients in combination that the prun-

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ers had left before he made the visit of inspection which he had promised himself.

At noon the next day he boldly set two places in the dining-room, and, after the men had been served, bore a tray laden with smoking silver dishes in to the round table. At the shrine of the goddess Pomona he set a round plate piled high with something crisp, brown, alluringly fragrant. She touched its contents almost reverently with the tines of her fork. "It looks almost ethereal," she said. "Is it really a——"

He pierced one of the golden-brown disks with the point of the carving-knife and turned it slowly, like a revolving post-card rack. "It looks like a love-letter of Rameses the Third," he mused. "But in reality it's a waffle."

It was just at that moment that he heard footsteps on the front porch and the sound of a key grating in the lock. The next moment Old Man Blynn, looking barely forty after his vacation trip, stood upon the threshold.

Norton-Edward struggled to his feet, but his employer seemed scarcely to see him. He came around to the side of the table. "Miss Ward, Pilson didn't tell me *you* were coming. But I met Alden in Los Angeles. In fact, he brought me up. I hope my man has done everything to make you comfortable."

It was obvious to Norton-Edward, wrathfully washing dishes out in the kitchen, that the field witch was in no hurry to return to the orchard to-day. He could hear her low laughter from the dining-room and Old Man Blynn's sonorous voice in intermittent monologue. He'd throw up this job to-morrow, Norton-Edward told himself hotly. He'd been a fool to ever place himself in such a position. What was it to him whether Oakvale was pruned or unpruned; only this absurd idea of his that he must make a "go" of everything he undertook had held him there. Well, Old Man Blynn could find another combination cook, chauffeur, and general roustabout.

"Fine of you to take hold here in the kitchen and help me out, Cary," the master of Oakvale commended, stopping on his way outside just before five o'clock. He had donned a new suit of spring gray which seemed to have subtracted five years from his age. "I'm goin' in town now to see if I can't get Sing back. You won't lose anything by stickin' by me the way you have."

Norton-Edward, watching him assist the pruners' overseer into the roadster ten minutes later, told himself that this last assurance was perfidy. His employer did not return for dinner. It was nine o'clock before Norton-Edward heard him graze the side of the garage as he ran the roadster into shelter. "Say, I want to talk to you, Cary," he called, when he had closed the doors. "Come over to the house a minute, will you?"

When Norton-Edward had seated himself belligerently in one of the voluptuous chairs of the living-room, Old Man Blynn came at once to the point. "Say, I gotter have your help. Listen. Down in Los Angeles I went to a banquet; one of the kind that you can't get out of, you know. The Chamber of Commerce gave it to some of the big guns visitin' the State. I knew a lot of 'em, so of course I had to go. There was two professors there from Berkeley, noted for something, I don't know what. And one of 'em said he'd heard of my collection of antiques, and wanted to stop by on his way up the coast and give 'em the once-over. 'Course it's an honor, I suppose, to have him notice 'em, so I couldn't say no. Besides, I liked him, and I like the idea. But here's the rub, Cary." He laughed uneasily. "You see this stuff." He waved his hand over the cluttered room. "I didn't collect it. I took over this place on a mortgage. The feller that owned it was a big highbrow, and he had died and his heirs didn't seem to care anything about him or the antiques, so I *had* to take 'em. Now I haven't got much education, Cary, and——"

"And you think I *have?*" Norton-Edward inquired coldly.

"'Course you have!" his employer admitted with resentment. "A man can't hide an education. It sticks out all over him just like—not havin' one. I could tell you was a college feller the first time I heard you speak. I don't know why you're out of a job, and I don't care. But the point is this—I've spent *my* life makin' money," he flared out suddenly as though the other man had been accusing him of something base. "And I've made good a hundred per cent, and I ain't, I'm not

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goin' to appear like a fool before—before—Well, I'm not goin' to appear like a fool. I thought I'd give a party to-morrow night, you see; that's when he and his wife are comin' up, and invite Miss Ward and her aunt, Mrs. Thurston. I know the Thurstons in the East. In fact, I have already invited 'em to dinner. What do you think of it?"

"Why, I don't see that I have anything to do with it—unless you expect me to get up the dinner. In that case——"

"*You* get up the dinner! Well, I should say not. Think I'm goin' to waste you out in a kitchen! A caterer's comin' from town. What you're goin' to do is to spend a solid day to-morrow tellin' me about this stuff, so that I can talk. I want to talk," he finished, leaning forward with a pathetic earnestness. "I want to talk *well*. Get me?"

To Norton-Edward there was something pitiful in this aggressively prosperous figure with the kindly, appealing eyes, so ludicrously out of his element in the cultured atmosphere of his living-room.

"The pictures won't take long," he went on reassuringly. "I can do them, I think, in one round. For what I set my mind on I learn, and learn quickly. You can set your own price, of course, Cary. It's skilled service. I've employed all kinds of men in my life, and I know somethin' about the wage scale, I guess. Now this"—he picked up a heavy paper-knife that lay beside his ash-tray—"it looks like one of those old-fashioned can-openers, but I suppose——"

"That," Norton-Edward informed him, turning the heavily decorated handle under the light, "is an Italian weapon; the sort used by the Romans at the time of the Persian wars. It probably antedates that javelin over by the mantel, which was in vogue during the reigns of the Cæsars."

Old Man Blynn had produced a small red-leather book of evidently recent purchase. "That's the dope!" he cried. "That's the stuff. We'll number everything in this room, and duplicate the numbers in my book. Can you go on that way? Can you go on that way straight through the house?"

The dinner-party at Oakvale the following evening was a brilliant success. Professor Blackburn and his charming Boston wife were enthusiastic, almost awed, in the presence of the rare treasures spread carelessly about the handsome rooms. "It's the most marvellous private collection of antiques in the country, I believe." The head of the anthropological department was speaking to Mrs. Thurston while the consommé was being removed. "That necklace of Cleopatra, for instance, with the insignia——"

Old Man Blynn was fumbling with his napkin. Norton-Edward, sitting next to him (in brazen defiance of the rules of dinner etiquette), murmured under his breath: "Forty-seven."

"Ah, yes!" The voice came explosively now from the head of the table. "The gems have never been repolished, but the Roman method of setting gives every evidence of its having been a gift from Antony."

Miss Ward ignored her entrée and leaned toward her host. "But those bronze doors!" she cried. "Those wonderful doors with the embossed panels! I've never seen anything like their workmanship."

"A hundred and eighteen." Norton-Edward's voice was inaudible except to the man beside him.

"From the tomb of one of the wives of Xerxes. Their similarity to the doors of St. Peter's suggests——"

Norton-Edward found it difficult to follow the intermittent remarks of his pupil. He could see nothing but the dazzling creature in black-and-gold evening dress sitting opposite. When he was not prompting Old Man Blynn (who in dress suit looked appallingly like Young Man Blynn), he was trying to decide whether Phyllis was more or less alluring minus the pointed hat and plus the demure black velvet band that circled her head.

It was almost nine o'clock when he found himself alone with her in the green room off one end of the broad front porch.

"Can't we get away from this stuffiness?" she entreated when they met on the threshold of the cluttered drawing-room. "Can't we get *out* somewhere—away from Cleopatra and the wives of Xerxes?"

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Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele.

"Anybody who can, in twenty-four hours, make Oliver Blynn talk as though he'd been raised with the Cæsars, is a brilliant success."—Page 59.

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"You seemed to be very much interested in Cleopatra and the wives while Blynn was telling you about them," he remarked.

She was playing with a long spear of Boston fern. "I want to tell you something, Mr. Cary," she said slowly. "I thought you might like to know that—you were wonderful to-night."

"*I* was wonderful? I scarcely said two words."

"That's just it." The glorious dark eyes were looking at him with an expression that made him catch his breath. "Hardly any one could have done it. I knew, even before Professor Blackburn told me about your wonderful university record, that you were——"

"That I was not a cook?"

She nodded. "And that's another thing. You didn't apologize for your position, as a lesser man would have done. There was no reason to apologize. The only degradation about being a cook is in being a poor one. And you certainly were not that. I made Mr. Blynn tell me about you that day on the way into town."

She laughed a rippling, helpless little laugh. "We both have a past, and we've both failed in the effort to conceal it. When I came back from Columbia with a Phi Beta Kappa key, I found that my future, so far as Aurora was concerned, was ruined. I'd lived there all my life, and it's a friendly little place, but it turned a hostile face to me. All the other girls who had gone from there to college had returned either with husbands or teacher's certificates, and settled down to respectable married or professional life. That I should have so far forgotten decorum as to major in science and come back with a passion for pruning was beyond the pale of forgiveness. And the key, that I was foolish enough to wear at first, was my social undoing. Women at afternoon teas glanced at it and murmured inaudible things among themselves. Men fled, terrified. In three months I wasn't invited to a single dance. I almost forgot how I looked in an evening dress. So at last I came away to auntie. She was the only one who understood, and she let me take lessons from Mr. Alden and do anything else I liked. I've been the family black sheep, and it's glorious!"

"The biggest adventure in the world," said Norton-Edward solemnly, "is the chance encounter of two black sheep. Why, we'll *have* to marry each other, because nobody else would marry either of us. And dad promised that when I came to my senses he'd deed me twenty acres of the finest fruit land in the San Joaquin Valley. Ten of it is in young peach-trees, just aching to be pruned. Why, it will be like the prodigal son coming home a daughter!" His voice became wistfully eager. "If you could take a fellow who hasn't made good yet at——"

"Made good?" she cried. "Why, you've made good at everything. You never had any training in mechanics or cookery or pedagogy, and you've made good in them all. Anybody who can, in twenty-four hours, make Oliver Blynn talk as though he'd been raised with the Cæsars, is a brilliant success. I don't know how you contrived to win a university medal, for you apparently went in at college for a real education."

"Do you really think that, Phyllis?" he cried. "Do you think, too, that it's that sort of training that counts, and not just the trade-school kind? The universities themselves don't think so. They say they do, but they all shy off when it comes to the show-down. What they're interested in is training specialists. But it seems to me that the chief trouble with this chaotic old world just now is that so many people can only do one thing. If the chauffeur gets sick, or the cook leaves, there's a social and industrial panic."

"I know," she said. "A prodigal son of this age who *can* take care of swine, and do it well and enjoy it as an adventure, is the safest security for happiness that a woman could have."

"And I've finished sowing my intellectual wild oats," he assured her earnestly. "I admit that I've followed Cleopatra and Electra and Sappho, and the wives of Xerxes wherever they led, but now—" He took both her hands and drew her close to him. "Phyllis," he breathed, "other people may call me a jack-of-all-trades, but I've never been a jack at love. You've given me my very first lessons, and from the day I first saw you I've been the most violent kind of a specialist."

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THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION*

By Lee Russell

THE shortage of teachers is really upon us. Superintendents of schools are searching up and down the land, hunting out old teachers, married teachers, "near" teachers, any one who has had a modicum of training or experience in the management of schools. The emergency almost brings back the early days of the war, when England and France, confronted with the necessity for more and more officers of all grades, were beating up the holes and corners of their countries for discharged and retired men and pressing them into service. The language was then enriched by a new and expressive term, "dug-out"—superannuated and retired officers who were dug out of their refuges, furbished up as speedily as possible, and put on active service. In the same way we are now drafting as many as can be traced of the old staffs, married women, widows in retirement, semi-invalids, who know the routine of school management, and who have or have had a knowledge of the art of teaching. And these educational "dug-outs" are doing valiant service, even as their military predecessors did in the war. They often bring to their work a background and perspective of real life which vivifies and enriches their teaching, and a mellowness of experience which mollifies their relations with parents and pupils. But in spite of all efforts, hundreds, and even thousands, of schools have been closed. It has so far been possible to keep most of the children under some semblance of instruction; larger classes have been formed, and a heavier burden put upon the teachers still in service. High-school graduates, with no other training, have been set to "keep" school, which means keeping the school from turning them out-of-doors. Thus, at a time when educational effort should be at the height of efficiency, it is actually and visibly deteriorating.

Normal schools are complaining of much smaller classes, so that the outlook for filling the vacancies is far from promising. It takes at least two years to make a passable teacher out of a high-school graduate, and she will need another two years of experience before becoming acceptable for town or city schools, or really proficient in her calling. So it seems certain that, even if there should be an increase in the number of young people preparing to enter teaching, it will be several years before they become available, and that we are sure of a period of scarcity of some length.

It is assumed in almost all discussion of the subject that this condition is of recent growth, that it has arisen within a few years, and, particularly, that it is an aftermath of the war. It is said that industrial opportunities are so tempting that no one will think of taking up work so poorly paid as the teacher's. With far less preparation, and even that obtained while earning enough to live upon, a young woman of average ability can be sure of a more highly paid position than any school will offer. In the effort to meet this supposed new condition, salaries are being raised, and more and more offered each year to graduates of normal schools in the hope of inducing them to teach. But this is not very effective. Many go into offices and factories, and superintendents of schools plead with them in vain. They are happy in their work, and their employers are well satisfied. They are treated with consideration and respect, their working conditions are good, and there is less nervous strain than in teaching. Even the college pro-

* Since this article was written, the great report of the staff of The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, "The Professional Preparation of Teachers for American Schools," has been published. It is a significant fact that the experience of one observer in the schools of New England has led him to the same point of view as that reached by this group of educational investigators through their intensive study of the schools of Missouri. The report emphatically declares that the remedy for our educational ills lies in "the effectual organization and thrust of a resolute public opinion," as to the worth of good teachers and real education.

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fessor finds that it pays him in more ways than one to remain in the industry which he entered during the emergency of the war. The rewards for effort and ability and character which it was supposed were offered mainly by the professions, and notably by teaching, seem to have been transferred to the business world.

Now it is not to be denied that the industrial activity during and since the war has furnished so many kinds of profitable employment that persons already teaching, or those who would have gone into it, have been diverted to other callings; but this is not the sole cause of the change, nor have the causes of it come up in the immediate past. The insistent demand of industry for help, the high salaries it has been able to offer, and the rise in the cost of living, have all combined to accentuate the difference which has always existed between the apparent return made to teachers for their services and that given to industrial workers. But there are other factors in the problem. Some of them have been at work for a long time, hardly realized by the teachers themselves, still less by the public at large. The changes they have produced have come so slowly as to be unperceived from year to year, but they have had a fundamental and far-reaching effect.

Seventy-five years ago the teacher was looked upon as one of the leaders of the community. Promising young men, educated at college or at the "academy," felt proud to accept positions in district schools, taught in them with inspiration and energy, if not with much skill, and took leading parts in the life of the country. Like the minister, "the teacher" spoke with authority in any intellectual matter; his opinion and advice were sought, and his counsel and leadership were followed. These young teachers were boys of character and ambition, and they found in the honor and esteem of the people, and in the influence they were able to exert, a satisfaction and reward which often kept them teaching all their lives. Others, no less capable, studied while they were teaching, and later went into the law, ministry, or medicine. But they gave of their best to their schools, and I have heard more than one refer to his teaching days as the period of his growth and inspiration. I have heard many such men referred to as the leaders in the communities in which they taught, the moulders of the opinions and character of their pupils.

This condition continued to prevail up to within forty or fifty years, and it led to young women of character and ability taking up the profession in increasing numbers. At about that time, progressive States began to enact compulsory education laws, and teachers were in great demand. These young women were eagerly sought, and were employed on much the same terms as the men. That is to say, the apparent return in money was small, but the real rewards in appreciation, influence, and opportunity were great. As normal schools were established, they were attended by both sexes, and there grew up a body of teachers as strong and intelligent as their predecessors and, in addition, better prepared to teach in an effective way, and to bring enthusiasm and professional spirit into the schoolroom. The young men naturally took those positions which called for greater executive ability and scholarship, as principals, or teachers in high schools, and they thus found work which was stimulating and which was recognized as being worth while. Many of our best college presidents and professors passed through some such training as this.

During all this time, little was said or thought about the pecuniary side of the work. The pay was enough on which to live in decency, the positions were permanent, and they led to not infrequent promotions. The course of study was simple and largely traditional, and with the more eager thirst for knowledge which then prevailed among those who went to school, the processes of teaching were less involved. The young women often lived at home with their parents, and were thus supposed not to need more money. Teachers associated on terms of perfect equality with the best educated and most intelligent people, and were held in the same high regard as the ministers, as persons who were above pecuniary considerations. They felt the influence they exercised to be a reward in itself. They knew that it was so regarded by those in the

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community whose opinion they valued, the people of education and culture. They took, by force of character and by virtue of their positions, a leading part in the districts in which they taught, and they knew that they were expected to be leaders. They felt the pride of respect and responsibility. If a capable teacher received an offer of a higher salary to go elsewhere, she was often given the same or a higher salary to remain where she was, and exceptional teachers would be retained for years in spite of all offers from outside. They came, in this way, to glory in their work, and to have an attachment for their schools and pupils which made money of small account in comparison.

So remote from the present is the state of affairs which I have pictured, that it seems almost imaginary, yet there are many teachers who can remember it, and there are, even now, communities in which the thing itself has not died out. Within fifteen years, here in the heart of Massachusetts, two young normal school graduates took their first schools in a hill-town, somewhat remote but peopled by a fine old New England stock of intelligence and character. After three years, a city superintendent, who saw their superior work, offered them positions, but the townspeople raised a higher salary than they had ever given before, and, though it was less than that of the city, the teachers accepted it and remained. This went on for several years, the town meeting the offers of the city as nearly as it could, and the teachers declining the higher salary, out of loyalty to their work. At length, tempted by the larger opportunities which the city afforded, rather than by the higher salary, they transferred their bodies to the city, but their souls, as they expressed it, were still with the school which had been their pride and joy.

In a questionnaire sent out to its graduates annually by a normal school, it is asked, "When shall you be at liberty to make a change?" It is surprising to note how many answers read, "I do not wish to make a change." The simple fact is that the schools, both country and city, still contain many teachers, who, from pride, loyalty, belief in their work, and the satisfaction of doing what they can for their country, are above any pecuniary motive whatever. Many of them are of middle age, some near the age of retirement, but it is not too much to say that they are the backbone of the teaching force to-day. They have high ideals, strong character, force, experience, and that wider outlook on life and humanity which comes only with mature years. At a recent conference between a group of business men and the school officials of a city, it was urged that the older teachers should be got rid of, as too antiquated and out of date for efficient, modern schools. The superintendent of schools, however, was able to state that he had just been visiting a number of such teachers at their work, and had found them as capable and progressive as their younger sisters. Not only this, but by reason of character, training, and experience, they were really the most efficient teachers on the staff. They were able to get results because of their professional spirit, while some of the younger recruits were watching for the end of the week and the pay-envelope.

Within the past forty years there has come about a gradual change in the attitude of the public toward teaching, and in the regard in which teachers as a class are held. It is a natural change and one that could not, under the circumstances, be avoided, but it is bad for the people, and bad for the schools. The laws making attendance at school compulsory, and the flocking of the people to cities where such laws can be enforced, have created a great demand for persons qualified to teach. Children begin school earlier and they stay in school later than they used to do; the high school has really become the people's college. This still further increases the demand. Normal schools furnish a ready means by which any young woman of average intelligence can, in two years, make herself ready to take a position in school. Parents who want their girls to have more than a high-school education, but who cannot afford a college course, send their children to the normal school, as the path of least resistance, and without much regard to their aptitude or ability. The normal schools can work only on the material

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that is sent them; they must grant diplomas to all who are not notably deficient. If they make too rigid a selection, or try to maintain too high a standard, the people will complain. The result of this process is that there has arisen a sort of teacher "class," not very well educated nor carefully selected, but which has been fairly competent to carry on the work of the schools under supervision. It has taken up teaching, not from any calling, but because it furnished a living, a secure position, and a place on the pay-roll of a solvent and not too particular employer, and it must be said that the employer has received all, and more than all, he has paid for.

The public has accepted this teacher "class" because it must; more careful selection, better training, higher standards, would have meant more money, and the up-keep of the schools already takes a large part of the revenue of the State. In accepting such teachers as could be had, the people have not failed to realize that these were not of the same sort as was once available. They have come gradually to withhold the recognition and honor which once were so freely given. The work of teaching has become more mechanized, because when teachers were made a "class," they had to be supervised as a class, and lost the freedom and initiative they formerly possessed as individuals. Of course this does not mean that there is not now as much need as ever for initiative and individuality in teaching, but merely that the work of the school has had to be arranged so that it can be carried on in a routine way without them.

This change in the attitude of the people toward the public school has extended to the whole calling, and applies in only slightly modified form to college and university professors. It was with something almost like a shock that the country discovered, during the war, that University men were as adaptable and as capable as "big business" men, and that they were qualified for service in a great variety of fields. At a reunion of a college class twenty years after graduation, it was agreed of a classmate of brilliant ability, that he had "thrown himself away on teaching," though, at the time, he was a college professor. Even the professors in an engineering school are regarded by graduates of some years' standing with a kind of pitying contempt. Those who have left the school and gone into business are called "live wires," than which there can be no greater praise; those who still teach are called "dead ones."

The final result of all these influences, made more acute and salient by the war and its effects, we are now experiencing. Many teachers, from the highest in rank to the lowest, are leaving their classes. Few are preparing to enter the profession, and of these a considerable proportion are of low ability and intelligence. The remedy most immediately at hand is to raise salaries. In some cities and towns, this was readily done; in others, after struggling through the war on their steadily diminishing salaries, the teachers have had to pocket their professional pride, and wage an active campaign to wring from the reluctant taxpayers an increase of 30 or 40 per cent. This callous indifference to its needs has hurt the morale of the profession more than any other one thing. Teachers realize that there is little of the spectacular about what they do; they and their children are, in a sense, segregated from the community, and what goes on inside a school building gets little outside publicity. The child attends from day to day, and from year to year, and his ever-advancing and awakening intelligence looks much like the growth of plants, or the development of young animals; it seems to be a part of the order of Nature. But one might be justified in supposing that when a child learns to read in three months, his parents would know that some one had a hand in it. When a boy goes from the high school to college, and is able to grasp the profound and complex problems there presented to him, it would seem that he himself should know that previous training was, in part, the source of his power. When a youth seeks a position in which to earn his living, the first questions are as to his education, and on his replies to these his chance to show what he can do depends. Teachers feel that the great public which has been through the schools, and which has children going through the schools,

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should know and value their contribution to the life of the community and the welfare of the State. When the great industrial profits and the rising cost of living caused wages to increase on all hands, often as the result of strikes, sometimes without that compulsion, the teachers, faithfully doing their work, looked in vain for any similar sign of recognition. It was not until the exodus from the ranks became alarming, not until schools had to be closed for want of teachers to carry them on, and the seriousness of the situation forced itself upon the people, that steps were taken, and even then they were so feeble as to be inadequate to stem the tide. What they did do was to focus attention on the money returns of the work, and to attract to teaching and to the normal schools young persons who were seeking a safe refuge for their mediocrity and the chance of an increasing money return for their poor services.

Many remedies have been proposed for raising teaching from its present low estate. The result of the most obvious one, the raising of salaries, has not so far been satisfactory. The pecuniary appeal is brought to the front, but compared to the rise in the cost of living and the advance in wages paid to industrial workers, any increases so far made, or likely to be made, are meagre. It is said that what we lack in education is leadership of men, men of originality and enthusiasm, capable of attracting to the profession recruits of ideals and character. This is no doubt true, but how are you going to interest such leaders in the first place? Very few men of any sort are now attracted to teaching; what inducement can you hold out to them for the future? It is proposed to give the rank and file a larger share in the shaping of educational policy and practice. This would make teachers themselves interested in working out the plans which they had helped to form, and would put upon them part of the responsibility for success. It might lead to greater professional pride, but if that spirit were not fostered by public interest and approval, we should be worse off than we are now. Much emphasis is placed upon professional study by teachers, and most cities make such study a factor in the promotion of their staffs. Saturday classes, conventions, and summer schools are widely established, and are attended by large numbers of teachers, with good results. They are, however, a heavy expense at this time, and often use up the energy which would be better employed in the schoolroom itself.

The true remedy lies much deeper than anything which has yet been proposed. It lies in such genuine appreciation of the importance of the work to the State as will lead to its being placed on a higher plane of honor and dignity than it has ever held. The time is ripe for just such a revolution. It must be an orderly but a fundamental change.

We all know that the extraordinary unity and cohesion of Germany, its single-minded devotion to an ideal, was largely the result of an educational programme which, however mistaken in its purpose, was carried through by its schools with magnificent success. It was realized that the cultural inheritance of a people has none of the static quality of biological heredity. Ideals, and even character, were seen to be plastic and mobile, like clay in the hands of the potter. And that potter was the school-teacher. In two generations, with the world looking on (but for the most part unseeing), the teacher raised up a Germany so different from that of the past as to be unrecognizable. The change was beyond any standards of comparison. The purpose of the rulers was so thoroughly wrought into the very marrow of the people that even now, in the agony and disillusion of defeat, there is no consciousness of moral corruption.

England now realizes the defects of her school system, and even before the close of the war set about a complete reorganization. She is especially concerned to raise the status of the profession so that it will attract superior minds, and she realizes, as never before, the need for unity in purpose and enthusiasm in accomplishment. France, much more completely organized and, on the whole, better served than England, has also set on foot far-reaching reforms.

It is time for us to act. We have a long, hard task before us,—nothing less than the reshaping of public opinion in regard to the true worth of the thing we

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call education. Already we have inaugurated special instruction in American ideals and patriotism, and much is being done to teach the meaning of American citizenship to those too old to attend school. But this is and must be a work for the immediate future, and for a special class. The true approach to national unity is through the public schools, which must embody the high purpose of the best that is in our civilization. The dignity and worth of education can be demonstrated only by those who are themselves dignified and worthy, by those who feel that they have the support and respect of enlightened public opinion in a work of transcendent importance to the Commonwealth.

Teachers know the worth of their calling; they would like more evidence that the public really feels that worth. They know that on them, more than on any other one class of citizens, depends the future of the republic, but they are somewhat lonesome in the consciousness of that knowledge. They would like more company. They would like to see the public show its appreciation of the power of education in a democracy by sending its sons and daughters to the normal schools and colleges for teachers. They would like to see the most ambitious and high-minded young men and young women eager to take up a vocation so honored as teaching should be. This, they know, can only come to pass when the whole nation realizes what the public schools may and ought to be.

Money will buy a pair of shoes, if you have enough of it. Money will induce a man to leave one place and go to another, and there are some sorts of men whom it will always affect. But the highest ability, the finest mind, the loftiest character, is not thus to be cheated of its birthright. It must have that warm satisfaction, that suffusing glow, which comes from the consciousness of high service, and the supremest of such joys is untainted with the thought of reward. It must have, also, the approval of its fellows, of those who by like qualities are able to judge of worth. One field for the exercise of great endeavor which gives the satisfaction of successful achievement is in the instruction of youth. At whatever age the teacher takes his pupil, from the kindergarten to the university, there is the same reward. One sees the mind unfold and expand, one feels the character strengthen and take on firmness of fibre, and flashes of ideals and inspirations appear, for which one had prepared the way but hardly dared to hope. The teacher knows that without him, or with an inferior substitute, this development, seemingly so natural, might have been perverted to baser things, or so dwarfed and crippled as to have small resemblance to the perfect work of his hands. He knows that the extent to which this individual evolution is raised to its highest possible power will determine the future of his beloved country. Here, it would seem, is an opportunity for service great enough to allure the most ambitious youth; but the teacher reluctantly has it forced upon him by this very crisis that for this a great change must take place.

It will require the long, slow but unceasing, growth of public opinion, led by the conviction that upon the character and tone of the teaching force of the public schools the future of our country will surely depend. It must not be mere lip service; we have had that to the point of nausea. It must be a deep, inveterate belief, pervading all ranks of society like a holy crusade, which shall find its expression in a thousand forms. More and better schools, more and better teachers, great and greater leaders, higher standards and culture demanded and paid for, and a universal, all-pervading faith that education is the most worth-while thing in the world; these and a host of other values, which cannot now even be envisioned, will transfigure the education of these United States, and make the future Great Democracy of our dreams.

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WRITING A PLAY IN A DEBTOR'S PRISON

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

Edited by Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD ENGRAVINGS AND PRINTS

[FIRST PAPER]

IMPRISONMENT for debt was an old English custom only discontinued about the middle of the last century. The Marshalsea Prison in Southwark, near the southerly end of London Bridge, was reserved for debtors against whom judgments were found in certain courts, but the greater number of unfortunate debtors were confined in the Fleet Prison, which stood from the earliest times on Ludgate Hill near the easterly bank of the Fleet River. Congregational Hall and Library, on Farringdon Street, now occupy part of the old prison site.

Tradition says a prison stood on the same site at the time of the Norman Conquest, which even then was used for the confinement of debtors, but the earliest historical mention of the prison is in the first year of the reign of Richard I. At that time, and until the Star Chamber was abolished in the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles I, it was used for the confinement of those who had incurred the displeasure of that ill-famed court, and after that date it was reserved for debtors and persons charged with contempt of the courts of chancery, exchequer and common pleas.

The prison was twice destroyed by fire, first in the great fire of 1666, and again during the Gordon riots in 1780, after which it was rebuilt in such a commodious manner that debtors who could afford the luxury paid for the privilege of being transferred to it from other less comfortable prisons. This prison building was four stories in height, nearly sixty yards in length, and had a court for exercise. It was divided into the Masters' Side and the Common Side. The Masters' Side had one hundred and nine rooms, nearly all with fireplaces, but the Common Side had only four large rooms, each with one fireplace. Each prisoner supplied his own bed and other furniture.

The post of warden in early days was hereditary, but later the warden was appointed by letters patent under the great seal. He received no salary, but was remunerated by fees, particularly those paid for the privilege of residing without the walls of the prison in a certain district, called the *Rules of the Fleet*, which "extended Southward on the East side of Fleet Canal to Ludgate Hill, and thence Eastward to Cock Ally on the South side of Ludgate Hill, and to the Old Bayly on the North, and thence Northward in the old Bayly both sides the street to Fleet Lane, and all that Lane, and from the West End Southward to the Prison again."

The average number of prisoners within the walls was two hundred and fifty, and in the Rules sixty.

Among the men of note who suffered confinement in the Fleet were Lord Surrey the poet, Bishop Hooper the martyr, Prynne, who lost his ears for his principles, and Savage, the poet and friend of Johnson and William Penn.

John Howard Payne was committed to the Fleet in the latter part of the year 1820 because of debts contracted as a result of his unsuccessful attempt to manage

*** The foot-notes to this article will be found on pages 80 and 81.

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January, 1821.

Monday, January 1.— The New Year has been ushered in, to me, with a severe head ache which prevents me from recording the train of reflections to which it has given rise. I shall endeavor to transcribe them from my mind tomorrow, and merely write, now, that I may not let the day pass without some record to shew that I noticed it when it came: and I hope with just, and, (may they prove!) useful, thoughts and resolutions. It is the consolation of helplessness and error that it can, at least, always make good resolutions, if it is at all well predisposed; though, to be sure, there are many in whom the power of making good resolutions even, is extinguish-ed.

Tuesday January 2.— I do not know when I have sufferred more than I did from my head ache last night I woke frequently, and the intervals of sleep were filled up by busy, busting,

London, No 1 Boy Court, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Prison Rules.

Extract from the diary.

The first page of the diary, from the original manuscript found among some of Payne's papers which came into the possession of his niece, Mrs. Lea Luquer, probably through the efforts of Mr. Amos Perry, of Rhode Island, one of Payne's successors in the Consulate at Tunis.

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the Sadler's Wells Theatre. This was one of the minor theatres which had originated in a "Musick-House," built to furnish entertainment for those who came to drink the supposedly curative waters of a well in a garden at Islington owned by a man of the name of Sadler. This garden lay along the northerly bank of the New River, long since obliterated, and was in the block now bounded by Arlington Street, Rosebery Avenue, and St. John's Street.

The first "Musick-House" was built of wood about 1683, when the curative properties of "Sadler's Well" were rediscovered. This was torn down in 1765 and a theatre built at a cost of £4,225. It was used almost exclusively for a number of years for vaudeville. It had a tank, and in 1804 there was produced an aquatic spectacle, "The Siege of Gibraltar," which had great success. Charles Dibdin was part owner and manager for over twenty years.

In 1820, when Payne took the management, the theatre was owned by a Mr. Dixon, the son-in-law of a previous owner by the name of Barfoot. Payne, with sanguine hopefulness, thought he could make a success of his venture by producing legitimate drama with thoroughly competent actors and improved stage-settings. It is evident, from various hints contained in his correspondence, that he was far ahead of his time in his ideas of staging plays, being desirous of striving for realism and getting away from the conventions which at that time held possession of the stage, and if he had had sufficient funds and a little time to educate the public taste, he might have been a worthy predecessor of Augustin Daly or Henry Irving. But such success was not to be. The public would not go so far away from the theatres where they were used to seeing drama, and in spite of the high quality of the productions the box-office receipts were not commensurate with the cost, and the venture failed disastrously. The creditors obtained a judgment against Payne, and in due process of law had him committed to the Fleet Prison until he satisfied their claims. Payne was fortunate enough to secure funds which enabled him to live in the Prison Rules, and secured lodgment in an alley on Ludgate Hill, about half-way between Farringdon Street and the Old Bailey, called *Naked Boy Court.*

The following extracts from his diary tell a story of dark distress illumined unexpectedly by a ray of hope from an unknown source, of feverish effort and anxious uncertainty followed by a measure of success which, if not what he deserved, at least freed him from the debtor's prison and gave him an opportunity to start afresh.

THATCHER T. PAYNE LUQUER.

THE DIARY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

London, No. 1 Boy Court, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Prison Rules

Monday, January 1 [1821]. The New Year has been ushered in, to me, with a severe head ache which prevents me from recording the train of reflections to which it has given rise. I shall endeavor to transcribe them from my mind tomorrow, and merely write, now, that I may not let the day pass without some record to shew that I noticed it when it came: and I hope with just, and, (may they prove!) useful, thoughts and resolutions. It is the consolation of helplessness and error that it can, at least, always make good resolutions, if it is at all well predisposed; though, to be sure, there are many in whom the power of making good resolutions even, is extinguished.

Tuesday, January 2.—I do not know when I have suffered more than I did from my head ache last night. I woke frequently, and the intervals of sleep were filled up by busy, bustling, and discordant dreams, which leave unsatisfactory and disagreeable recollections. Why should a mind capable of understanding for what reason feverish dreams should be disturbed ones, yield to the vulgar superstition which confers upon all dreams a prophetic character?

I said last night I would describe the impressions and intentions on the New Year, today. Was it because I could not write last night that I deferred it? I read, and I thought. Why, then, could I not write? I was in pain, yet I could

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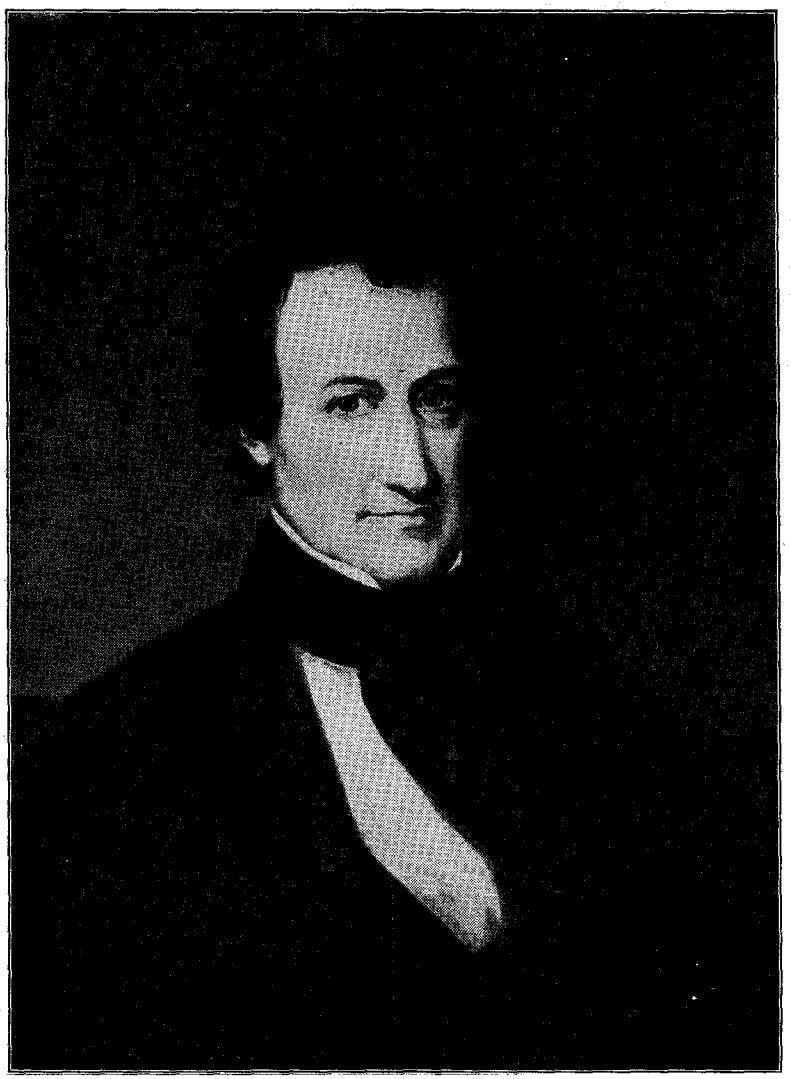

John Howard Payne.

From a portrait by Charles Bird King in the Redwood Library at Newport.

Charles Bird King [1785–1862] was a contemporary of Rembrandt Peale and Waldo, a pupil, with his friend Sully, of Benjamin West in London. King settled in Washington and painted portraits of all the political celebrities. He bequeathed pictures and an endowment to the Redwood Library at Newport, his birthplace.

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read and think:—was I incapable of writing? No! Though in pain, I might have written and perhaps have rescued from oblivion a train of thought properly suited to the moment and which is now gone. I hesitated after I had completed my apologetic note, and was half disposed to go on, and thus convince myself that it was a mere apology: But the spirit of procrastination checked me. Now to proceed.

There may be an advantage even in our errors, if we choose to create such an advantage. He that has struck upon a rock in one voyage, may fix upon his memory where he found that rock, and thus avoid it, and proceed prosperously when he sails again. The faults of one year, by being judiciously remembered, may be redeemed in the next. I think I discern more distinctly than ever how I can amend. In looking to my *Soul*, I find its eternal interests neglected, and in a state of chaos. How many persons fancy they are good christians, and yet know scarcely any thing of the word of God, or the rudiments of christianity. How strange it is that the Bible is always talked about as a work perfectly familiar to us, its possession regarded as a kind of talisman, and even to tear a leaf out of it deemed sacrilege, and yet scarcely looked at, and certainly very little understood. On the contrary, other books much more voluminous are approached and studied with eagerness, whilst *The Book, The Bible*, is regarded as too immense to be attacked without almost superhuman resolution, and not sufficiently interesting to be made a subject of elegant and familiar reference! I have neglected the Bible and am almost ignorant of it;—though I can talk about it, and persuade myself and others that I am better instructed than my conscience tells me I am. This can be easily corrected, and corrected it *must* be. With such impressions at the beginning of the year, will it not be at least one point gained to have it in my power to say I am well versed in the Bible when the year ends; and this declaration will stand against me, if I am not.

Inattention to the great record of religious study, naturally entails the omission of religious observances; the prostitution of the Sabbath Day, and other violations equally to be deplored, and more actively injurious to society. Of all these I have to accuse myself.

He who forgets his soul, is not very likely to remember his *Intellect*. Mine has been forsaken, grossly so; and now, having attained to nearly thirty years of age, I find myself less educated than I fancied myself at thirteen; and, certainly, much, very much, less than others fancied me. Religious knowledge is obtained with more facility than literary and scientific; for the one resides in a single volume, and can be studied in every thing around us; but the other extends to many points not immediately in view, and is scattered through myriads of volumes not always to be procured, and which require time and severe scrutiny to read or understand. Therefore the want of literary improvement is less inexcusable. Yet, in my case, more might have been attained than the last year has brought forth; and, in the year to come, a methodical course of study, will, I trust, be adopted; and twelvemonths not be allowed to pass away without leaving some fruits behind it.

The next point is *My Circumstances*. On this subject I have less reason to blame myself; though others blame me, exclusively perhaps, on this. I am much worse off than I was. I am in *Prison*, and deeper than ever in *Debt*. Still, I have laboured very hard, and suffered severely. That I have toiled unprofitably, may be partly owing to precipitate and improvident arrangements; but I was placed in a situation which imposed a sort of necessity for hurrying into a speculation which might have been lucrative, lest delay should destroy the chance of attaining it; and I made myself the victim of what I supposed, expediency. I have done the best I could; and, would to God I could speak of my eternal and intellectual concerns, as clearly and as proudly as I can of those merely temporal. But more prudence, and economy, and punctuality, may produce advantages hereafter; and the sufferings I have endured perhaps be repaid in the result by the change to which they may lead. There is one lesson, I trust, of all others, I shall not forget —that is, never to owe money to my landlord; a man who is out of debt in and

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about his private dwelling, is comparatively independent: and little debts are always worse than great ones, get a man more out of a good name, and make him more hated and shunned. But from great ones, it is almost hopeless to recover.

Mrs. Harlowe as Dorothy in "Heigho for a Husband."
Engraved by S. Harding from a drawing by E. Harding, Junr.

Mrs. Glover as Estifania.
Engraved by T. Wright from a drawing by Wageman.

The Roman Law made debtors, slaves: the English treat their debtors as slaves, with laws which forbid their being considered as such, though such they make them, insultingly and tyrannically.

. . . . . .

Yesterday morning, Mr. Glossop, Proprietor of the Coburg Theatre, called. He was very friendly and seemed desirous of speculating in some of the pieces I have by me, particularly *The Rival Heroes*. I suggested an engagement to take some active share in the management; but we were interrupted, and he left me, promising to call again.

. . . . . .

Finished reading "The Wandering Jew" an epitome of universal history, well selected and arranged, and judiciously connected by the fiction of the insulter who cannot die. I think the fiction of the Wandering Jew powerfully adapted for poetry; and I wish, sometime, to try my hand upon it. I began to read—What? Why—the National Spelling Book! A man who has lived nearly half a good long life reading a spelling book! But even this gave me information and I am grateful for it.

Tuesday, January 2. Finished the "National Spelling Book." I think great improvement might be made in these works, by conveying the information in a style more familiar. I really think an American Spelling Book, or Easy Book for children, might be contrived so as to give an early knowledge of the country, its productions, natural and political history, and distinguishing characteristics. Why not a regular educational library, from the rudiments to the pinnacle of education?

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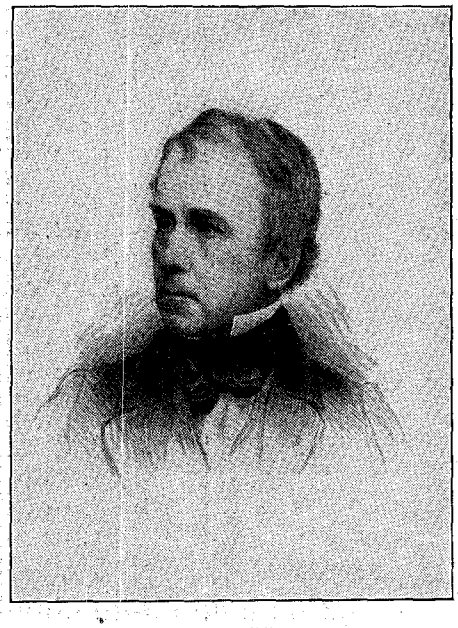
Sunday, January 7. A deep, reddish, fog all day; in consequence of which I have had a candle to read by. . . . Read the Gentleman's Magazine for December, which seems quite below the modern standard of magazines. An article signed "W. R." on the "Origin of Chivalry" gratified me more than any other.——The impossibility of attending Divine worship here, is an excuse for not devoting the Sabbath to better purposes; though, certainly, had I gone to church, there is very little probability that any of my creditors would have met me there. This is a circumstance nevertheless to diminish my gratification at the improvements successfully undertaken this New Year. St. Pauls is close by; and there is another church next the London Coffee House; but the Gutter which divides the Church from the Tavern is my boundary. Public worship is held in the prison, but—so much for pride!



"Barry Cornwall" Procter.

Monday, January 8. J's[1] Birthday. She came to me about twelve with the order for Woodroffe; she told me Mrs. Egerton[2] had one of the finest parts ever written, in the play[3] coming out at Drury Lane this evening; and seemed mortified at having been absent when the parts were distributed, as it would have fallen to her share. Dayus called; told me Mr. Betterton had applied for the Wells to take his Benefit *there*, after all! Godwin[4] took tea with me and went from me, to see Sergeant. In the evening went up to J's, and waited some time for her; at last she came in, in excellent spirits, the play was next to damn'd! I found Lalla Rookh at J's, and began to read it, while waiting for her. It appears to me that the mind has its seasons, like the weather; for mine was bound up in wintry coldness, inaccessible to, and incapable of, the beauties of this exquisite poem which now rise delightfully around me, like flowers and verdure waken'd by the spring. Wrote a letter to Procter[5] on the subject of his tragedy to be produced Tomorrow.

Tuesday, January 9. Went on with Lalla Rookh. The fog was such all day as completely to exclude the light; the air was red and murky; and I burnt candles without intermission. . . .

By this time the fate of Procter's tragedy is decided; he is probably at supper with his friends, happy, triumphant and carousing. Lowndes[6] says Montalto, the Drury Lane Tragedy, is written by Haynes, reporter to the Chronicle.

Wednesday, January 10. The delightful sensations produced by poetry—do they not afford gleams of the ineffable exquisiteness which the blest must feel, when disrobed of the grossness with which they are on earth enshrouded? Like the glance of the Peri into Paradise as the gate was opening to admit some blessed spirit, they make us long for that existence purely intellectual, compared with which the highest of earthly pleasures are clouded and unhallowed. The delights of virtue and of Poetry are similar; each, alike, whisperings of "*the God within the mind.*" Poetry is perhaps the language of Heaven; while Virtue is the employment of its Angels.

The shattered remains which still lift their heads in gloomy Majesty above the dust and desolation of ancient cities, resemble, in my mind, the Broken Relicts of the Great Minds of antiquity, which convey to later ages the only distinct testimonials of the Majesty of the Past,

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Farringdon Street and the Fleet Prison.
Drawn by Tho. H. Shepherd. Engraved by J. Henshall.

while the millions who lived with them are only known in obscure tradition or conjecture.

By this morning's Times which was brought to me in bed, while the little dog was impertinently rushing to the charge whenever I beat him off, with my old black cane by my side, it appears that Procter's play was received triumphantly. The Times considers the two last acts to require curtailment. The plot is compared to Don Carlos.

. . . . . .

Lowndes sent me some little dramatic pieces to read. "The Warlock of the Glen,"[7] the most successful of all the recent melodramas, is puerile, and entirely made up of the Monastery and the Mountaineers. One scene taken almost literally from the latter. Moncrieff's[8] "Modern Collegians" amused me.

Friday, January 12. Lowndes sent me "Mirandola."[9] As in almost every instance of expectation extravagantly raised, it disappointed me. The language is certainly in many instances exquisitely touching and beautiful: but there is a pervading affectation of the tittle tattle, more than the *nerve*, of conversation. Johnson's authority is always entitled to remembrance: He says, in contradiction to Procter's impression, "if blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose; and familiar images in laboured language have nothing to recommend them but absurd novelty, which, wanting the attraction of nature, cannot please long." But what struck me most in this play, was, the extreme want of originality where so much is professed and was expected. The hero is made jealous, exactly like Othello, first by an Iago Monk, and then by a ring in place of the handkerchief; the father marries his son's betrothed, as in Don Carlos; condemns the son to death, like Brutus; and hears the shot of execution, like the groupe in Accusation. The letters which unravel all, are held up and create suspence, like the letters in Calas, though not half so dexterously. Some phrases made me smile. I had just been reading the Olympic pantomime, where Silvernob's characteristic phrase at the end of every speech, is "I likes" so and so —one of the Ladies in Mirandola exclaims "I love a rose!" The Duke orders his son to be dragged to the *Palace Court!* This, among the embarrassed

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poor, is an awful remembrance. It is, in London, a court for the recovery of small debts. Doubtless many applied the name with a comi-tragic horror. I do not think the play likely to have a run. Twenty nights successively is a good test of success in London.

Saturday, January 13. Bought a number of the Independent, a new literary Journal, containing a critique on Mirandola, which coincides with the view I took of it yesterday. Miller[10] sent me, in compliance with my request, a file of American papers. Any thing from America awakens my yearnings after home. Our newspapers are wretchedly printed. I think their general style of printing might be, and ought to be, reformed; for I find even that trifling circumstance produces an impression against us, abroad. The immense and horrible pictures (which "might be worshipped without idolatry, being like nothing human or divine") given in the columns to sett off the advertisements, should be exploded. A paper modelled on "The Times" might be valuable, and hints might be drawn from all the European Newspapers.

Sunday, January 14.

. . . . . .

Todays Observer contains a powerful criticism on Procter's Mirandola, obviously by Croly.[11] I think such a paper would do well in America, published weekly, the advertisements on a separate sheet, and coarser paper. I must make some inquiries into the *interior* of these papers. Could not *carrier pigeons* be made very useful in collecting intelligence?

Tuesday, January 16.

. . . . . .

Elliston[12] has announced a Miss Wilson,[13] in flairing red letters at the top of the Bills. She has never acted, and has 20 guineas nightly, for 40 nights, being 800 guineas, without ever having appeared. This is the way men who know London Theatrical Trickery like Tom Welsh,[14] manage to guarantee exertions on the part of London Managers. Witness Macready[15]—They laughed in the Green Room about the red letters, so I heard. Braham[16] called them—*Elliston's Blush*. Another, alluding to the Bank Holidays being marked in Almanack's by *red letters*, said she was a *Holiday Singer*.

Wednesday, January 17.

. . . . . .

At about one, today, I received a parcel from France, without name, or letter, and I presume since it must have been from Jones (Dublin). It was merely indorsed "Havre, Jan. 10, 1821." —It contained two melodramas by Victor:—"Calas" and "Thérèse, Orphéline de Genêve."[17] Instantly left my history and read Thérèse. It is admirably constructed and most interesting. I will set about it forthwith.

Thursday, January 18. Sent my shirt to the pawnbroker's (G. & W. Gray, No. 114 Fleet Street) this morning and got money enough to buy the day's provisions and to begin Thérèse. Set to work and got through part of the first act.

In the Evening went up to J's, and there, after playing with W[18], till half past eight, read the last act into English. On my way home, composed the following stanza:

Lur'd by the tradesman's fawn within his fangs,
The little tyrant fiercely lords it o'er
His unreflecting victim; And there hangs
A thundercloud of vengeance, where before
Smil'd cringing supplication. Boding pangs
Come with th' attorney's letter; Greater when
Appears the Bailiff; and, at last, the Den
Where men, by law's decree, devour their fellow men!

———

Where, by the law's decree, men gnaw their fellow men!

———

This is the night Miss Wilson appears at Drury Lane.

Friday, January 19. Finished the first act of Thérèse and began the second. I thought it best not to go out, but to proceed in my work. God grant it may effect some good! I go to it with less eager anxiety and fear of rejection than I ever went to any work of the kind; repeated disappointments have cowed my ardour and tamed down my solicitude. Let it take its chance.

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The papers speak extravagantly of Miss Wilson's success.

Saturday, January 20.

. . . . . .

Finished the second act of Thérèse. I did not put the finishing to it till the watchman was calling past six!

Sunday, January 21.

. . . . . .

Not well all day. Wrote Thérèse till late at night. Passed a miserably sleepless night, counting the clocks; and, when I slept, the characters rushed through my brain, all conversing and speaking the emphatic passages.

Monday Night, half past eleven, January 22.

I have this moment finished Thérèse. I was cooking my gruel, and spilled it on the last pages.—The watchman is now calling "gone half past eleven o'clock!" I knelt down and prayed Heaven to make this new bantling propitious to my extrication!—

Wednesday, January 24.—This morning wrote the following note to Mr. Elliston:—

Confidential

Jan. 24, 1821.

DEAR SIR,

By a private conveyance, I, five days since, received from Paris a play in three acts, to which I have just given its English adaptation. The situations have a power and the interest an intensity which will be sure to recommend it to instantaneous attention should you once be anticipated in the knowledge of it, by other managers; and I think I have put it in a form to which your company may give such strength as will be almost certain to ensure success. The female part is much stronger than that in the Maid and Magpie:[19] and would be most effective for Miss Kelly.[20] I do not wish to be personally known in the business, not to trust the manuscript out of my hands;—indeed, you could not read it, if I should;—for it is full of the rude blottings of first thoughts. As there is not a moment to be lost, if you will appoint a time when I can be closetted with you, uninterruptedly, for two hours, I will read it to you myself. If you will leave an answer to this note in the hall for me, I will call there at two o'clock and shall be happy if my expectations tend to your advantage.

Yours truly,

J. H. P.

R. W. E. Esq.

Told Edwards to bring the play from J's and wait for me opposite Roach's in Russel Court, at Two. Called and found the following answer:

(This letter is missing.)

Sent Edwards off and ordered him to be opposite Roach's with the play at four.

Went up to J.'s and had a snack,—a sausage & potatoe & some porter; and hurried down, fearing, from her clock, I should be too late. J. threw her old shoe after me for luck; and I, quite as bad, having put on my under waistcoat wrong-side outwards, would not turn it. Edwards was not at the appointed place when I arrived, which startled me—and I feared my chance was lost—that he had got drunk and that the m.s.s. would not be forthcoming. He arrived after my having made several disconsolate and rapid turns, and going to look in at the stage door. I waited for some time in the entrance hall, chatting with William West[21] and Egerton,[22] all being in attendance for the end of a Tragedy reading. When it was over, the performers, as they came out, spoke highly of it. It seems *this* is Haynes's, and not the former (Montalto) which is now ascribed to Soane.[23] After awhile, I was ushered in. Elliston seemed jaded by the fatigue he had had. It seems he had read, not only a Tragedy, but an opera and a melodrama that day. After opening his various letters and giving his divers orders, he said he was ready, ordered that he should not be interrupted, and I sat down. He listened, taking some notes the while, and writing a letter or two during unimportant passages. When I finished, the band were tuning their fiddles for the overture. Elliston said the piece had good points, but still seemed undecided:—it was too long—and the sum of his objections was—it wanted reducing one half & Carwin, the leading part, cut out. I felt mortified and somewhat disgusted. I begged for a decision. He said he would say everything excepting to promise that it should be done, and

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wished me to bring it to him in four and twenty hours. I left him, feeling myself annoyed & dissatisfied. J. was to act (Mrs. Candour in School for Scandal) and, as she was going on the stage, I told her the result. "What!" said she "didn't he seem struck?" I said "No!" It was very cold, but I stood behind all the evening to see Miss Chester,[24] alias, Mrs. Calcraft-that-ought-to-be, play Lady Teazle. No applause. . . . Elliston acted Charles. He took a snack, after he had done listening to my reading. He gave orders for me to be admitted behind at all times, and asked if I had been in the Green Room, but said "Let me see! have you boots or shoes on?" I replied "I can't go. I have boots." J. asked me into her dressing room and gave me some tea there. I went home with J. and left the book with her to cut, telling her I felt no further interest about it.

Thursday, January 25.

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I had made an appointment to see J. at two, at the Theatre. In the meantime I wandered over to the Coburg, intending, in consequence of Elliston's coldness, to make, if possible, my melodrama the medium of an engagement with Glossop. They told me Glossop was "at court." I asked "What Court?" The porter at the stage door answered "Why, the King's Court!" I paused for a moment, at first thinking he meant the Court of King's Bench; but recollecting that Glossop had purchased a situation in the King's Household, I turned upon my heel, and relinquished my plan of offering the work to him.

Friday, January 26.

. . . . . .

E. said Mr. Elliston and another gentleman had called just after I left Boy Court, desiring to see me. I went up immediately. Elliston did not ask if I had made the alterations, but said they meant to do it immediately. Miss Kelly came: He had appointed to see her and detain her from her country engagements. I gave him the m.s.s. to show Miss Kelly and arranged to call in the evening and speak to her on the subject, to know if she adopted the cuts. Saw and conversed with her on the subject in the evening and she suggested breaks of delirium after being said to have fainted often and to have been out of her mind. A sparring scene of conversation between Elliston and Miss Kelly. Three men were kept up all night, writing out the parts, and I was all the evening in and out with them. Drawings were got and directions given to the painters. J. rejoiced.

They were speaking in the Green Room of Mrs. Siddons[25] having been there last night. Harley[26] said she was much broken, and stooping with years. She has never been there since her bust was placed in a spot so conspicuous. She looked at it, but made no observation.

Saturday, January 27.—Well, today all seems to be brightening. I went to the Theatre at Eleven, and found that the reading was appointed at one. Elliston just ran over some of the first lines of the parts to get the characteristic features. I was amused to see him standing, with the book before him on the table, and asking me to describe the characters, and then making up his mouth and manner to convey the idea of each.

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I went to tell Davis, after they had gone in to the reading. He really seemed delighted. When I went back, I listened at the green room door. Elliston was reading wonderfully well. I heard the end of the 1st and a great part of the 2nd Act. I heard them applaud, and cry out "beautiful" in some passages. Winston caught me listening there. "What!" says he "are you coming old Cumberland over us?" The moment I heard the actors clapping at the end, I ran up the lobby stairs and went off through the box lobby by Catherine Street.

J. delighted when I went up there to dinner, and full of congratulations. Went back in the evening, and charmed with Miss Wilson's beauty and deportment, but think I have heard better singing, though never, except in Catalani,[27] united with such personal perfections. The house was tremendous. Williams described "the melodrama read that morning" in most glowing terms. I afterwards heard it very strongly spoken of. G. Lamb[28] came rolling into the room. After him, old Cal-

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craft,[29] coquetting with Madame Vestris[30] and playing with her muff. I never saw littleness and low cunning more marked in any person's face, than in this man's. They were talking of the melodrama; and as he probably knew it to be mine, he asked, seeming inclined to reduce it as low as possible—"is it a good translation?" "*dont it sound as if it was a translation?*" and I asked Gattie[31] who Calcraft was. He misunderstood me, and thought I meant to ask whose the melodrama was. The reply given was "*Nobody has an idea.*" When Elliston came afterwards into the Green Room, while I was talking to Miss Kelly, he said "*Now, you rogue, you may as well acknowledge it to be yours, for it'll soon get out.*" Gattie and Williams started and seemed astonished; and Gattie hoped he had said nothing improper. Elliston said "*It was a sure card,*" and "*By the result he would stand or fall.*" I told him, every thing was expected from Brutus,[32] but the first night disappointed us. He said *this was surer than Brutus:* and added *It shall be done on Friday.* I told him Friday was an unlucky day. He answered—No day could be unlucky for that.

Monday, January 29.—Godwin breakfasted here. I went out so as to arrive at the Theatre at half past ten. Elliston and the company were in the room reading Thérèse together, and settling as to whether they would adopt the cuts. Sent a note to Elliston saying I was there, and he could come to me if he wanted any thing, but begging him not to send for me in. Carr came out and begged me to go and direct the Painters in the Room, and mentioned they were in a puzzle about the last scene. I set him right. It was whether Thérèse, *en spectre,* was to appear at the side, or middle door. I walked up and down the stage half the morning nearly, and at last Elliston sent for me, and said I *must* come in and acknowledge the authorship. I went in: Knight[33] made me a little complimentary speech, and they all congratulated me. It was the costume they wanted to settle. Knight is delighted with his part. Wallack[34] has agreed to do Carwin the *first twenty nights!* a proof they expect a run. Knight said they were always happy to see me there, especially as an Author, and more than all, as a successful one. I told him nothing was certain till it was over. He said he considered *this* as certain; and that he had too much respect left for public opinion and too much confidence in the judgment and experience of that company, to suppose that, upon a production of that description, they could not form a judgment which it was impossible should fail. I said there was accident in all success. Some agreed with me; and Elliston among the rest. Horn[35] and Cooke[36] were present; having been summoned thither to do the music. . . . In the evening Wallack attempted Richard the third for the first time in London. Braham who is friendly to the family came to the wing spying at him through an eyeglass. . . . The house was thin and Wallack frightened. The applause he got was only in the merely melodramatic situations. G. Lamb was rolling about the Green Room and Madame Vestris, crying out to every new face with affected enthusiasm "Ah!" and going to shake hands. Knight shewed me his costume print, and then took me into his room, to shew me a wig he meant to wear and which he had longed for for twenty years. When Knight was first stage hit, he saw Munden play Corney in this wig at Birmingham. He thought he should be inspired if he could get such a wig on his head. Sometime afterwards playing with Munden, the latter took a fancy to a grey wig of Knight's and asked for it; when Knight yielded, on getting the Red Wig he is to wear in Lavigne and which he so long wished for.

Tuesday, January 30.

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Went to the Theatre—All at sixes and sevens about the preparations for Oratorio. The stage filled with the scaffolding to support the musicians, the organ tuning, and in one of the rooms, a singing rehearsal. Elliston, with part of the company, in the Green Room. Waited there awhile, chatting, while Elliston, with the same long table drawn up before him that Kean had in reading Brutus, was running over Giovanni in Ireland to Knight, with which he appeared exceedingly diverted. The party adjourned to Mr. Arnold's room that was, at the op-

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posite end of the passage, next beyond the second green room, where all the bells are communicating to the different departments. Horn and most of the actors were there. I gave Horn the books of the music (original French) of Calas—Elliston read the piece and Horn marked the music in going on.

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Great bother about settling the dresses —Discussions about the dancers—My wish was to have them made all different, instead of being uniformed like a company of soldiers, for they all come from different families and would rather avoid than study uniformity. Are tea parties, or dances, uniformly dressed in private life? Actors at these meetings are like children when left to themselves at school. Wallack, though, is remarkably puerile and ever was. They have named Cooper[37] who plays Fontaine the Pastor, *Rowland Hill*—Bromley the Magistrate, —*Mr. Birnie* &c. &c. Wallack was teazing Cooper to invite him to dinner. Wanted his address. Said he gave out his address No. 15 London.

Horn dotted down the notes as the ideas were given to the situations and afterwards played over the music to me in the room. I, who don't know a note! They were practising the beautiful oratorio music in the next room—what a treat this would have been in America, even to hear such fine strains through the wall! Miss Kelly did not come today. She is ill; but will come perfect, when she does come, which I understand she is accustomed to do.

Wednesday, January 31.

The performance of my piece is already announced for Friday; having appeared in this days play bills as "a drama in three acts, now performing on the continent with unbounded applause." Met Miller in the Porter's Lodge of the Theatre. He said he was waiting to see Elliston; but E. was occupied reading some new piece. I asked him if he was going presently.—he answered not for a quarter of an hour. I went in intending to return, but could not in time; for I found Elliston and great part of the company in the Green Room, and Miss Kelly among them. Miss K. suggested a reading in the room; I opposed the suggestion, as we had already had several readings in the room. Elliston therefore went on the stage, where a most scampering, perplexed attempt at a rehearsal took place; a sort of skirmish with the piece instead of a regular attack; and, in fact, nothing at all done. Miss Kelly resumed her suggestion about some breaks of wildness in her scene with the Pastor, and I told her I would make them, if she would distinctly show me how much she thought it adviseable to speak. Elliston was earnestly entreated not to do the piece on Friday. It seems Miss Wilson, his great attraction, is ill, and cannot act tonight. This has greatly disconcerted and annoyed him. When I went up to join my entreaties, he said "Sir, don't think of such a thing. We are starving. See what a thing it would be if we had the piece out now! Twill be all right, depend upon it."

Mrs. Harlowe[38] has not an idea of her part. She wishes to be amiable; and will be heavy and stupid. The character depends entirely upon its contrast, in deportment, with the officious goodness of Lavigne's manner.

Thursday, February 1st. I could not attend rehearsal of "Thérèse" Purification Day no court sits, and a pass must be signed by the court every morning.

Friday, February 2d,[39] a scampering rehearsal, and Miss Kelly wanted to be excused from attending on account of illness, but was persuaded by a note from me. Heaven help "Thérèse!" everybody in a bad humor; Elliston—and the Pavilion scene not finished. In the third act, Miss Kelly got out of temper, and told the management that it was shameful in undertaking to produce a piece without giving time to the performers to learn the words in a drama; that, if proper time were given, fine effects could be produced; that it was trifling with the dramatists and the little reputation she had acquired, and that both were to be sacrificed to an unnecessary precipitation. We got through the rehearsal late in the afternoon. All the company parted with little or no hope for the success of the piece. Distracted myself, I was too sick and prostrated to leave the theatre, was invited to dine in Elliston's

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room, where I remained 'till 'twas time for the theatre to open; increased headache. At the performance, I got into the upper private box with Mrs. Edwin,[40] Georgina and Phillis. There was evidently an unfriendly feeling before the curtain drew up; the overture (one of Mozart's, which had been mistaken by the audience as something new) was hissed. The setting of the first scene was applauded, and the interest of the audience soon began to be excited. The applause was frequent, and increased at every step, 'till, when the act-drops fell, it became tumultuous, and was repeated in three or four rounds.

There was a long pause before the next act began. The people got impatient; I ran down to the stage, alarmed for the consequences. To this act there was not so much applause as might have been, until the close.

The third act, especially the scene between Fontaine and Thérèse, was tremendously applauded. Miss Kelly's acting in that scene was one of the most impressive pieces of acting I have ever seen. The play went off to my utter astonishment. The third act was the triumph. I was congratulated by the performers, and the performers congratulated each other. The Hon. George Lamb came up, shook hands with me, and expressed his pleasure at the great success of the piece; he also congratulated Miss Kelly for her fine acting.

Before the piece began, I stopped for a moment or two in the green-room. They all asked me how I felt. On my asking Wallack the time, he answered "Don't be afraid, Payne (laughing), I shall be dressed in time, and things will go well." His ease of manner gave me some hope, for Wallack was always honest in his opinions, and would never give encouragement unless he had just cause.

February 3d. Well "Thérèse" has succeeded triumphantly, and splendidly, and I am enjoying my triumph with a box of pills before me, a bowl of gruel, my feet in hot water, no fire, and a terrific headache. Yet I cannot help remarking the contrast in the manner of my reception by the actors and others upon the stage last evening to the dreadful coldness with which I was treated on the same stage

Thomas Dibdin, Esq^r^.

Engraved by Henry Meyer from an original picture by S. Drummond, Esq^r^., R.A.

Mr. Knight as Robin Roughhead.

Engraved by T. Woolnoth from an original painting by Clint.

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when "Brutus" was produced. Miss Kelly thanked me for the little stage-business I showed her, and Wallack thanked me heartily for naming him for the part of "Carwin."

I asked Miss Kelly if I might come to her side; she said "she wished she could always have such authors by her side." Thomas Dibdin[41] was announced to read a new piece. I thought I saw a significant look from one to another, which seemed to say "Here'll be a general gaol delivery;" for Thomas Dibdin is in the bench[42] and comes out on a rule. Wallack ran up and shook hands with him and cried out "Huzza!" and others joined, welcoming their old Manager. I went and said I feared he wouldn't remember me; he replied that at first he did not I was looking "so *well*," he meant, so *fat*.

(To be concluded in February number.)

[1] Mrs. Samuel Glover, née *Julia Betterton* (1779–1850).
The daughter of a scoundrel actor who called himself, with no apparent right, by the name of Betterton.
She began her career on the stage about 1789, and ten years later her father, who treated her brutally, sold her to Samuel Glover for £1,000, which was never paid. Glover married her in 1800, but he also abused her.
She was the leading comic actress of the period of her middle life and was credited with a wonderful memory. In her closing days she was called the "Mother of the Stage."

[2] Mrs. Daniel Egerton, née *Sarah Fisher* (1782–1847).
The daughter of Rev. Peter Fisher of Little Torrington in Devonshire. She became an actress after the death of her father and married Daniel Egerton, an actor, about 1810. Her great part was Meg Merrilies in the dramatization of "Guy Mannering." She was poor in tragedy but approached the first rank in melodrama.

[3] "Montalto," a tragedy by an anonymous author, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre January 8, 1821, with the following cast:

Count Montalto	Wallack.
Durazzo	Cooper or Booth.
Michael	Booth or Cooper.
Antonio	Foote.
Count Bassano	Barnard.
Julia	Mrs. W. West.
Lady Laura	Mrs. Egerton.

Genest noted that it was "far from a bad play, the language is good."

[4] William Godwin (1803–1852).
Known as William Godwin the Younger. A writer and critic and the brother of Mrs. Shelley.

[5] Bryan Waller Procter (1787–1874).
Poet and dramatist. He was a Harrow schoolmate of Peel and Byron, and a friend and comrade of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb. He was a very successful song-writer, and began writing plays in 1819. His nom de plume was "Barry Cornwall." The tragedy alluded to was "Mirandola," for which he was paid £630 for a run of sixteen performances at Covent Garden. Its success was largely due to Charles Kemble's acting.

[6] William Lowndes.
A well-known bookseller in the Strand.

[7] "Warlock of the Glen," a "moderate melodrama," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre December 2, 1820, with the following cast:

Andrew	Farley.
Warlock	Abbott.
Clanronald	Connor.
Sandie	Blanchard.
Adelbert	Master Boden.
Adela	Mrs. Faucit.
Marian	Miss Beaumont.
Manse	Mrs. Stirling.

[8] William Thomas Moncrieff (1794–1857).
Dramatist and manager. Associated before 1820 with Glossop at the Coburg Theatre, and after that with Elliston at Drury Lane.

[9] "Mirandola" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre January 9, 1821, with the following cast:

Duke of Mirandola	Macready.
Guido	C. Kemble.
Gheraldi	Egerton.
Casti and Julio	Abbott and Connor.
Marco	Atkins.
Hypolito	Miss Boden.
Isidora	Miss Foote.
Isabella	Mrs. Faucit.
Beatrice	Miss Shaw.

Genest said: "It is on the whole a pretty good play."

[10] John Miller, bookseller and publisher of plays.

[11] Rev. George Croly (1780–1860).
An Irish author and divine. He was a well-known dramatic critic and contributor to the magazines. He wrote prose and poetry of the school of Byron and Moore.

[12] Robert William Elliston (1774–1831).
A versatile and popular actor. Manager of Drury Lane Theatre from 1819 to 1826 and of the Surrey Theatre from 1827 until his death.

[13] Mary Ann Wilson (1802–1867).
An actress who made her *début* at Drury Lane January 18, 1821, as *Mandane* in "Artaxerxes," with Mde. Vestris as Artaxerxes. Genest says "she proved wonderfully attractive." She later married Tom Welsh.

[14] Thomas Welsh (1781–1848).
A singer and teacher of singing.

[15] William Charles Macready (1793–1873).
Actor and manager. At Drury Lane from 1823 to 1836.

[16] John Braham (1774–1856).
A popular tenor singer who was almost continuously at Drury Lane from 1805 until his retirement.

[17] "Thérèse, or the Orphan of Genêve," was produced at Drury Lane February 2, 1821, with the following cast:

Carwin	Wallack.
Fontaine	Cooper.
Count de Morville	Barnard.
Lavigne	Knight.
Picard	Gattie.
Delparc	Bromley.
Mariette (Thérèse)	Miss Kelly.
Cts. de Morville	Mrs. Egerton.
Bridget	Mrs. Harlowe.

It was acted thirty-one times, and Genest says it was a "very interesting drama."

[18] William Howard Glover (1819–1875).
Second son of Mrs. Julia Glover. He was a violinist and the founder, with his mother, of the Musical and Dramatic Academy in Soho Square. He composed and wrote some successful comic operas. In 1868 he came to New York as conductor of Niblo's Orchestra.

[19] Payne's first play adapted from the French. He sold it for £100 to Covent Garden Theatre, where it was produced September 15, 1815, with the following cast:

Gerald (a farmer)	Fawcett.
Martin (his servant)	Liston.
Malcour (village justice)	Blanchard.
Benjamin	Farley.
Henry (son to Gerald)	Abbott.
Evrard	Barrymore.
Annette	Miss S. Booth.
Dame Gerald	Mrs. Davenport.

It was acted twenty-seven times. Genest erroneously attributed it to Pocock. Two other versions by Arnold and Dibdin, respectively, were produced at the Lyceum August 21, 1815, and at Drury Lane Theatre September 12, 1815.

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[20] Frances Maria Kelly (1790–1882).
A remarkable comic actress at Drury Lane from 1800 until 1835.

[21] William West (1796?–1888).
Comedian and musical composer.

[22] Daniel Egerton (1772–1835).
A secondary character actor in tragedy and drama. He was manager of the Olympic Theatre in 1821, and of Sadler's Wells Theatre 1821–1824, and of the Victoria, formerly the Coburg Theatre, in 1833. He retired, ruined, in 1834.

[23] George Soane (1790–1860).
A younger brother of Sir John Soane, who founded the museum which bears his name. He was a miscellaneous writer and translated and adapted many plays.

[24] Miss —— Chester (1799– ?).
An actress who made her debut at Drury Lane as Portia, July 3, 1820.

[25] Sarah Siddons (1755–1831).
The celebrated tragic actress, sister of Stephen Kemble and aunt of Charles Kemble, who retired from the stage in 1819.

[26] John Pritt Harley (1786–1858).
Comic actor and singer.

[27] Angelica Catalani (1779–1849).
Opera-singer.

[28] George Lamb (1784–1834).
Politician and writer. The fourth son of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne. He abandoned law for literature. In 1815 he helped manage Drury Lane Theatre with Byron and Kinnaird. He wrote some plays and was a good amateur actor. He was elected to Parliament in 1819.

[29] John William Calcraft (–1870).
Actor and playwright. His real name was Cole.

[30] Madame Armand Vestris, née Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi (1797–1856).
Dancer, singer, actress, and manageress. Later the wife of Charles James Mathews.

[31] Henry Gattie (1774–1844).
Vocalist and actor. At Drury Lane Theatre 1813–1833.

[32] Payne's tragedy of that name, which was produced at Drury Lane on December 3, 1818, in which Kean made a great success.

[33] Edward Knight (1774–1826).
He acted the parts of servants, rustics, farm-hands, etc., at Drury Lane from 1812–1826. He was commonly known as "Little Knight."

[34] James William Wallack (1791?–1864).
The actor and father of Lester Wallack. He was later stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

[35] Charles Edward Horn (1786–1849).
Vocalist and composer. He could sing either tenor or barytone rôles, and was famous as the composer of "Cherry Ripe."

[36] Thomas Simpson Cooke (1782–1848).
A tenor singer, composer and teacher of singing. Among his pupils were Miss Tree, who first sang "Home, Sweet Home," and Sims Reeves the famous tenor. He was at Drury Lane from 1815 until 1835.

[37] John Cooper (1790–1870).
A steady, capable, but heavy actor, who made his début at the Haymarket Theatre in May, 1811. Oxberry writes: "He was just as good an actor as art, without one spark of genius, or any effort of the mind, could make."

[38] Mrs. Sarah Harlowe (1765–1852).
A low-comedy actress who retired from the stage in 1826.

[39] The original pages of the diary for this date are missing, but the subject-matter has been published in Gabriel Harrison's life of John Howard Payne, and is reproduced here to make the narrative consecutive. Errors in the days of the week have been corrected.

[40] Mrs. John Edwin, née Elizabeth Rebecca Edwards (1771?–1854).
A pleasing comic actress, especially good in delivering an address or an epilogue.

[41] Thomas John Dibdin (1771–1841).
Actor, dramatist, theatre-manager, and scene-painter. When four years old he appeared as Cupid to Mrs. Siddons's Venus at Drury Lane Theatre.

[42] A term for the debtor's prison.

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PUTTING A REPUBLIC ON THE MAP

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

Author of "Foch, the Winner of the War," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

IN one of the celebrated novels of Anatole France there is a departmental architect, M. Croulebarbe, who goes every day to inspect the tottering wall of the archbishop's palace, and every day is astonished anew to find that the wall, for so long seemingly ready to cave in, is still standing.

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, before the war, was exactly like that old wall—shaky, but still strong enough to keep from collapsing, provided no political mason or architect took it into his head to tamper with it.

A war, especially a long war, no matter what the outcome, would infallibly cause the downfall of the dual monarchy. If triumphant, Austria-Hungary, indebted for her victory to Germany, would inevitably become more and more absorbed by that power. If vanquished, she would indubitably be dismembered for the benefit of her conquerors.

From the moment that France, England, and, later, America, united their fortunes with those of Italy, of Serbia, of Roumania, of Czecho-Slovakia, it was obvious that an allied victory must satisfy the aspirations of the Italians, Roumanians, Serbians, and Czechs, naturally desirous of liberating themselves or their brothers from the oppression of the Hapsburgs.

The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary was therefore inevitable, and nothing could avert it. It would have been possible, perhaps, to make the partition less complete, and especially to have so arranged that Austria, stripped of all save her German provinces, might have been able to exist economically, but it was a question of degree, not of kind.

I knew pre-war Austria-Hungary very well. I had made numerous journeys and long sojourns in different parts of the kingdom.

Ever since peace was declared I have wanted to revisit this country, so I decided to come for a couple of months to travel about and observe in detail at least one part of it—the republic of Czecho-Slovakia. To this country has fallen the best and largest share of the heritage of the Hapsburgs. The Italians, the Serbians, the Roumanians have only added one or more Austro-Hungarian provinces to their patrimony. They have been content simply to round out their domains. The Czecho-Slovaks, on the other hand, have created a new state in its entirety within the boundaries of the old dual monarchy by uniting Bohemia and Moravia, formerly belonging to Austria, with Slovakia and Ruthenia, once dependencies of Hungary. Industrial and commercial Bohemia is very rich. She keeps for herself alone three-quarters of the manufacturing output of what was formerly Austria—coal, sugar, manufactured articles, etc, etc. Slovakia is enormously rich in agricultural lands and forestry. The combine of these two countries forms a unit with almost limitless economic possibilities. Situated in the centre of Europe, where all roads going north and south, east and west, cross each other, this new state finds in all its neighbor states the outlets of which it is in need. When the day arrives on which Russia, cured of the cancer of Bolshevism, shall open her frontiers, the Czechs, who speak a kindred language, hope and expect to play the principal part in the reorganization of Russia.

The crown piece of Czecho-Slovakia is already worth five or six times more than the Austrian or Magyar crown. Compared with the latter its value is about in the same proportion as that of the franc to the German mark.

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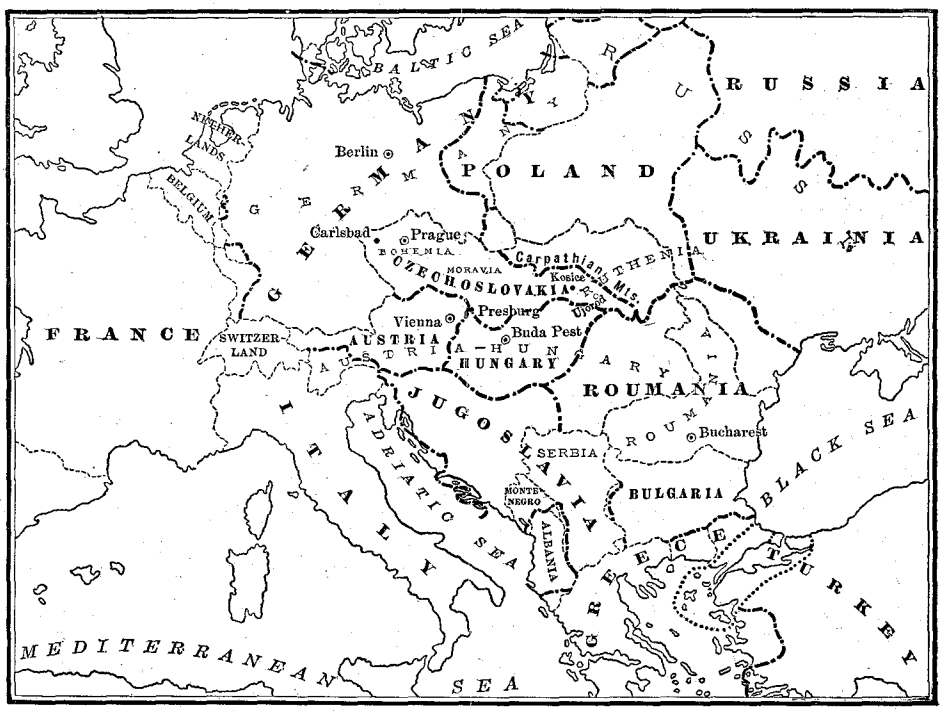
Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia, has nothing of the nouveau riche, the "war profiteer," about it. It is a city with a glorious past, splendid traditions. During all the time that Bohemia was a kingdom, Prague was its capital. When, after the defeat of La Montagne Blanche, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Bohemia fell under the power of the Hapsburgs, Prague ceased to be the capital and became a simple "ville de province," systematically ignored, abandoned, cut off from the world. The most noted members of the Czech nobility were beheaded in front of the Hôtel de Ville at Prague. Their châteaux and lands were confiscated and given to Austrian, Italian, and Flemish noblemen, thus made the creators of a new alien aristocracy in Bohemia, whose aspirations and desires were thenceforward centred in Vienna.

But much must be forgiven these aristocrats for the magnificent palaces which they had built. Prague is pre-eminently a city of palaces. As soon as one has crossed the Moldava by the old Charles Bridge—the quaintest, most picturesque bridge in the world, with its gates flanked with towers and its group of beautiful statues adorning the parapet—one finds oneself in a quarter of the city entirely given over to palaces, where, in narrow old streets, crooked and grass-grown, and about tranquil, silent squares, rise the splendid façades of seigneurial dwellings.



Czecho-Slovakia and her neighbors.

When, following the signing of the peace, England, America, France, and Italy were looking for quarters for their diplomatic representatives, these palaces were just what was needed for housing the legations. France took over the palace belonging to the Buquoys, a Flemish family which came to Bohemia after the battle of La Montagne Blanche and cast in their fortunes with those of the Hapsburgs. The Buquoy palace is an old mansion dating from the eighteenth century. In it is an immense stairway decorated with a panel depicting a hunt given in honor of Maria Theresa by the Counts

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Buquoy, a banquet-hall, salons filled with antique furniture and fine paintings, and a large garden that extends to the river's edge.

The United States minister, Mr. Crane, has bought with his own money the magnificent palace of the Schönborn. The château is less beautiful, less elegant, perhaps, than the Buquoy palace, but the gardens are marvellous. They rise in terrace after terrace to a hill which overlooks the entire city. At the top are the tennis-courts, where the diplomatic circle meets daily for afternoon tea.

The most strikingly original feature of Prague is the "Hradchany," an acropolis of towers, churches, and palaces dominating the capital.

From the time that Prague was reduced to a city of secondary importance, the palaces of the "Hradchany" were practically abandoned. Now and then some archduke in disgrace, some prince in exile would establish himself in one or another of them for a time. The ex-Emperor Charles, while a student at the University of Prague, an archduke with apparently no chance of ever coming to the throne, lived there.

After the revolution of July, 1830, Charles X, King of France, at the invitation of the Emperor of Austria, took refuge in the "Hradchany." He passed some time there, accompanied by all the members of the royal family. Chateaubriand, counsellor little regarded but unswerving royalist, visited him in this retreat. He has left, in "Mémoires d'Outre Tambe," a melancholy account of that visit to the kingly exile.

All these palaces, once abandoned, deserted, are to-day occupied by the president of the republic and the different ministers. President Masaryk received me in that same sumptuous drawing-room which had once been the salon of the Emperor Charles.

President Masaryk is a striking and noble figure. There is no one more popular, nor deservedly so, than he. Every one knows the important rôle which he has played in the reconstruction of his country. Fortunately he was abroad when the war broke out. From the first moment he realized that the conflict would be fatal to Austria-Hungary, and he embraced the cause of the Allies ardently and unwaveringly. He travelled constantly through all the Entente countries—America, England, France, Italy, Russia, known everywhere as the ardent and successful pleader of the Czech cause. Thanks to his efforts and to those of a little group of friends—Benés, to-day minister of foreign affairs, Stéfanik, whose premature death the country mourns, and others—the state of Czecho-Slovakia since 1917 has been recognized by the great Entente powers.

I had a long interview with President Masaryk. We discussed the domestic and foreign situation, the big difficulties that the leaders of the republic would have to face. It was a question of reconstructing in its entirety a state that for three centuries had lost its independence, and which, in consequence, possessed neither machinery of office nor administrative policy.

The task is an immense one, but President Masaryk, Benés, and their co-workers are confident of being able to accomplish it.

While at Prague I breakfasted two or three times with Benés at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the palace of the "Hradchany." The windows of his office are in the wing of the building where occurred the famous "Défenestration de Prague," that demonstration against the ministers thought to be too favorable to the Hapsburg, who were thrown from the windows into the courtyard, some forty-five feet below. The most extraordinary part of it was that no one was injured, which goes to prove how supple obsequious courtiers become!

Benés is still young—thirty-five at most. Before the war he was a professor at the University of Prague, as was Masaryk. He is the favorite of the President, with whom he is in complete accord. Sent as a delegate of Czecho-Slovakia to the Peace Conference, his intelligence and uprightness quickly gained for him an enviable position at Paris, London, and Rome.

The Czechs are a truly democratic people. The aristocratic families of Bohemia and Slovakia are, with but two or three exceptions, of foreign origin, either German or Hungarian. They have, there-

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fore, no influence in public affairs. The elections of last spring were conducted on the most democratic plan imaginable, the women voting as well as the men and even the army, officers and privates alike, casting their ballots. The progressive party was elected by a large majority. The social democrats constitute the most important group in Parliament, and are largely represented in the innermost circles of the present ministry.

Prague is pre-eminently a city of palaces.—Page 83.

The enemies of the Czecho-Slovakians, especially the Hungarians, accuse them generally of a leaning toward Bolshevism and of ardent sympathy for Lenine, Trotzky, and the Soviet government. The reproach is unjustified. During the whole of my travels through the country I was unable to discover any trace of Bolshevism. Most of the Czechs hold very advanced opinions, but they are not at all drawn toward that system of government which is afflicting unhappy Russia. The outstanding characteristic of Bolshevism as practised by Lenine is the barbarous oppression of the majority by a small minority and the maintenance of power by the aid of mercenaries, foreign for the most part, liberally paid and free to massacre and pillage to their hearts' content. As a matter of fact, elections have been done away with; there is no longer any elected body, any representation of the people.

In Czecho-Slovakia, on the other hand, everybody votes and the voting is done according to a system of representation proportionate to the number of inhabitants, which has been perfected as much as possible, and which permits all parties, of whatever political leaning, to be represented. Because of this method of political representation, the Germans of Bohemia find themselves with more than fifty deputies at the Parliament of Prague, the Magyars of Slovakia only a dozen. In this way the Czechs have given the Magyars a splendid lesson in liberalism, for in the old Parliament of Budapest three million Slovaks were allowed but one or two deputies. The prefects and Hungarian

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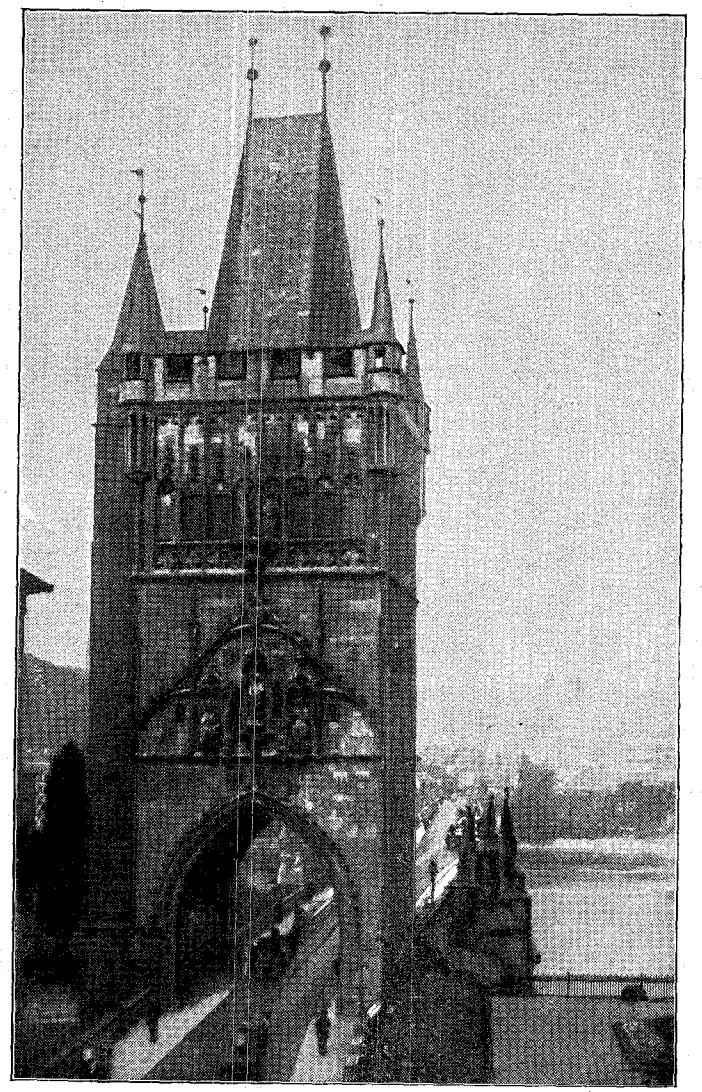

The old tower at the entrance of the Charles Bridge, Prague.

officials generally were past masters in the art of "fixing" an election. They had a thousand tricks up their sleeves. On election day, for example, all the roads leading into the city were closed by Hungarian police, who stopped all the Slovakian peasants and prevented them from going to the polls.

A well-known English newspaper man, Seton Watson, personally investigated these election frauds and has collected a number of the most extraordinary stories about them.

The Czechs are so little Bolshevist in tendency that the famous Czecho-Slovakian army divisions were never tainted with Bolshevism, although brought into such close contact with it during the two years of their memorable retreat across eastern Russia and Siberia—one of the greatest retreats in history, and comparable with the Anabasis of Xenophon.

Besides formidable domestic difficulties Czecho-Slovakia is menaced by two perils from the outside—the Hungarian peril

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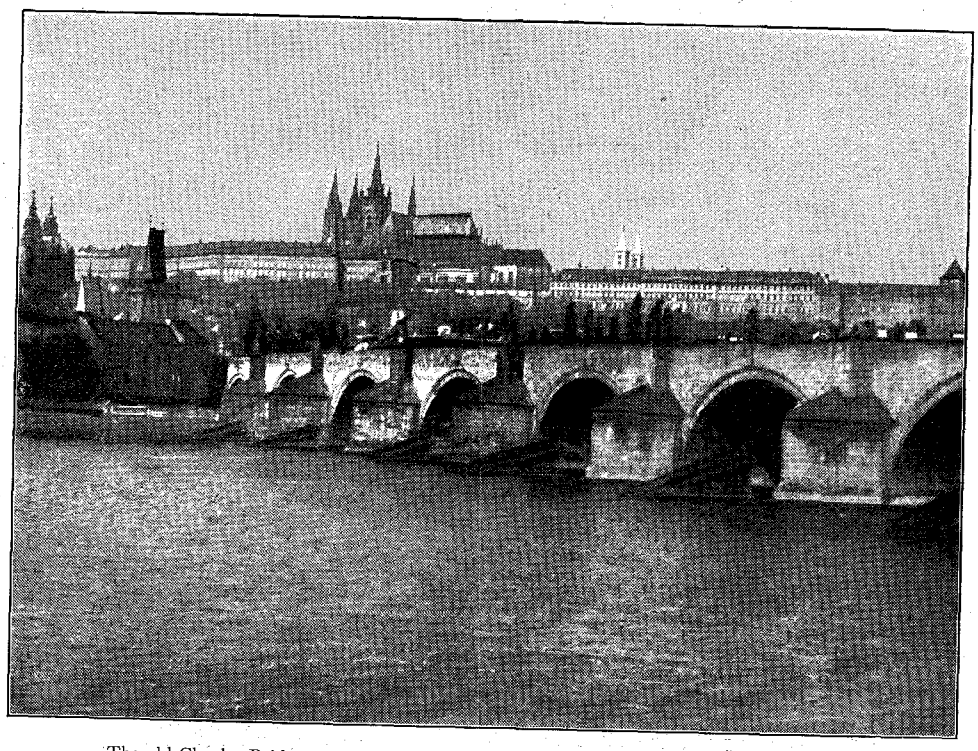
and the German peril. The people of Prague are so keenly alive to the first of these that they do not pay sufficient attention to the second, which is, nevertheless, according to my way of thinking, much the greater danger.

Hungary is not resigned, and never will be resigned, to the loss of those Slovakian counties she held during some ten centuries, and where a part of her aristocracy possessed enormous domains which furnished her with agricultural products and the wood which she lacks at present.

Among those whom she accuses of having robbed her—Serbians, Roumanians, Czecho-Slovakians—it is these last whom she considers much the least formidable of her foes. She regards the Czech as a bad soldier, lacking discipline, and a good deal of a poltroon. I am convinced that she is mistaken, but nevertheless that is her opinion. She believes that a few Hungarian divisions would be able to put the whole Czecho-Slovakian army to flight, and, thinking thus, at the very first opportunity she will be tempted to put her theory to the test. She will invade Slovakia just as the Maximalist forces of Bela-Kuhn, reinforced by Magyar nationalists, did in the spring of 1919.

To guard against the danger of a Hungarian reprisal, the Czecho-Slovaks count, first of all, on their army, which, under the supervision of a large and important corps of French officers, is being effectively reorganized. This war board has at its head one of the ablest and most intelligent of French generals, General Pellé, who for more than two years was Marshal Joffre's right hand. Although he had a difficult task before him, General Pellé has been most successful in accomplishing it. He has taken into his own hands the reorganization of the army. He fills the office of adjutant to the minister of war. At the present moment most of the Czecho-Slovakian divisions are commanded by French generals. A corp of officers is being trained—the most essential task of all—and should the Hun-



The old Charles Bridge across the Moldava, the quaintest, the most picturesque bridge in the world.—Page 83.

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garians now take the notion to start a war with the Czechs they will find that they will have their hands full.

But as an offset to Magyar chauvinism the Czechs depend less on their arms than on diplomacy, less on force than on certain agreements just concluded with their copartners in the division of Hungary, the Jugo-Slavs and the Roumanians. It was probably Benés, the very intelligent minister of foreign affairs, who first had the idea of making those agreements and who took the initiative in regard to them. I had the opportunity of seeing and talking with him at length on the day following his return from Belgrade and Bucharest after what is called *la Petite Entente* had been concluded through his efforts. I have also met my old friend, Take Joneske, minister of foreign affairs for Roumania, and I have thus been able to obtain the most detailed information in regard to the "Petite Entente" from the two who were responsible for it.

With the Serbians Benés has made a real defensive alliance by which the two states pledge each other formally to stand together against all Magyar aggression. As for Roumania, Take Joneske did not like the idea of forming a triple alliance. In his opinion it is indispensable that Poland and Greece should also enter into a like Entente, the bases of which would thus have to be considerably enlarged.

Take Joneske has started on a visit to the principal capitals of Europe—Paris, London, Rome, Prague, Belgrade, and perhaps Warsaw. If his idea, to which he is much attached, materializes, there will be every reason to congratulate him, for in that case relations between the Czecho-Slovakians and Poles will be much improved. Those relations have been anything but good up to the present, the unfortunate Teschen affair having almost embroiled the two countries. Moreover, it was partly the fault of the representatives of the Great Powers at the peace table, who made the mstake of ordering a plebiscite to be held at Teschen. Every time there was trouble anywhere these leaders could suggest but one remedy—the plebiscite. Now there is no remedy more detestable, more absurd, nor at bottom more fundamentally unjust, while masquerading under the appearance of justice. Such a vote inevitably brings in its train all the excesses, all the violences, of a bitter electoral contest envenomed by race hatreds and rivalries. To be convinced of the truth of this one has only to look at what is going on in East Prussia, what is taking place in upper Silesia. In this latter country a plebiscite was taken, at the expressed demand, or rather at the unreasonable insistence, of Lloyd George, and against the wish of both President Wilson and Clemenceau. The English, or, to speak more exactly, those immediately about Lloyd George, agreeable to his wish to circumscribe the development of Poland, have obliged France and the United States to accept a plebiscite in upper Silesia, which has provoked, and will continue to provoke, the worst excesses.

It would have been only logical, not to say decent, that, after having imposed such a measure, England should have consented to join with France to enforce order in upper Silesia. But unfortunately she has done nothing of the sort. France is obliged to maintain, at great cost, an entire army division in Silesia, fifteen thousand men, reinforced by several Italian detachments, in order to prevent the Germans from committing acts of violence, falsifying election returns, and transforming the plebiscite into a farce.

There are, on the borders of Bohemia, some three and a half million Germans who have not looked with a favorable eye—far from it!—on the creation of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic. As a matter of fact these Germans regard the Czechs as an inferior race, which they have been accustomed for centuries not only to dominate but to oppress. At the present moment it is the Czechs who are in the saddle! The Germans in Bohemia are, of course, furious.

But their anger is not very violent. They protest, they get up popular demonstrations, especially processions, and they orate. But that is about all. These Germans, who are before everything else business men, haven't the slightest wish to separate themselves from Bohemia, which has always been a land of plenty

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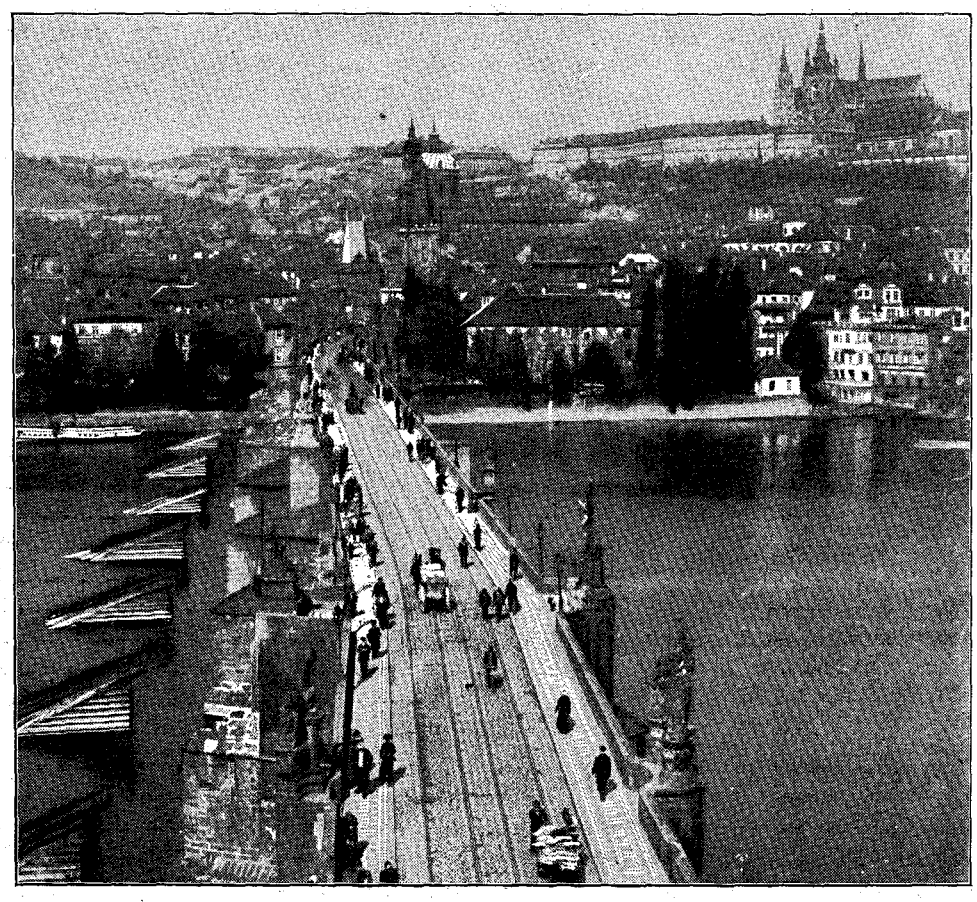

As soon as one has crossed the Moldava by the old Charles Bridge . . . one finds oneself in a quarter of the city entirely given over to palaces.—Page 83.

for her adopted sons. There they live infinitely better than they can in Germany, or in Austria especially, and in Czecho-Slovakia they find a market for all their arts and manufactures.

I motored over a part of German Bohemia, stopping several days at Carlsbad and Marienbad. It is very interesting and very curious to revisit Carlsbad since the war. This celebrated watering-place always has a great many guests, but their elegance, if not their numbers, has greatly waned. One sees almost no Americans, no English nor French—only quantities of Germans, especially Jews, grown rich in war profits, and called in central Europe "Schiebers."

Every morning the whole crowd swallows, first, gallons of mineral water, then gallons of *café au lait*. Each visitor, according to custom, buys himself his ham, his pats of butter, his crescents of Vienna bread, then, carrying in his hands his precious food wrapped in paper bags, he seats himself in the shady alleys of the restaurant Pupp or the Kaiser Park and consumes his "delicatessen." In the evening the gamblers collect about the baccarat-tables—for baccarat is played at Carlsbad now—and croupiers from Monte Carlo diligently rake in the piles of Czecho-Slovakian crowns that the motley crowd loses.

While on my visit to Carlsbad I was present one Sunday at a popular demonstration organized by the German counties of Bohemia. The peasants of the countryside, dressed in native costume, suggestive of the days of Charlotte and Werther, rode through the city streets in

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large jaunting cars. There were many banners and placards but little cheering, and the participants in the demonstration appeared to me to be, in fact, the most peaceful, unexcited citizens in the world.

The situation will not become really serious for the Czechs until the day arrives when the Austrian Germans renew their allegiance to Germany. It is evident that on that day the Germans of Bohemia will be greatly tempted to follow their example.

Now, there is an intense propaganda going on in Bavaria at the present time. The peasants of Bavaria, religious, rather reactionary, greatly disposed to law and order, are attempting to shake the supremacy of Prussia, whom they reproach with being socialistic and revolutionary. At the same time they are trying to win over the peoples of the Tyrol and Austria. One must realize that, though the Tyroleans and Austrians have little in common with the Prussians, they are, on the other hand, very strongly attracted to the Bavarians, ardent Catholics like themselves, and with whom they are "sympathetic" by temperament, culture, and religion.

Formerly nothing was easier or more agreeable than a journey through central, or "Danubian" Europe. Everywhere one found fast trains and excellent hotels. But to-day all that is greatly changed. As far as arrangements go for travelling, especially as regards comfort, one has to acknowledge that central Europe has gone back several centuries. The strange, new frontiers, doubled and twisted, are each as impenetrable as the wall of China. No train, no merchandise, no letter, almost no traveller, succeeds in getting through.

The bridges over the Danube, connecting the Czecho-Slovakian with the Hungarian side, are all barricaded, strung with barbed wire, bristling with guns and mitrailleuses, just as though the war were still on. From either side of the barricades the Czech and Magyar sentinels stand facing each other with fixed bayonets, as though ready to run each other through!

In order to pass any one of their frontiers one must waste hours, sometimes whole days. They examine, they verify your passport, so covered with "visés" and stamps that it is necessary to have extra pages inserted. They weigh and reweigh and rummage in your baggage.

While at Prague I wrote, two weeks ahead of time, two letters to Budapest, engaging a room at the Ritz. Neither of the letters reached its destination. When I expressed my surprise to the porter of the hotel, he replied: "Monsieur must not be surprised. It is always that way with letters from Bohemia." It goes without saying that the Czechs blame the Magyars and the Magyars blame the Czechs.

Such a state of things is perfectly absurd. If it continues much longer it will inevitably bring about catastrophes of the worst sort—famine or Bolshevism—for all the countries of the old Austria-Hungary, from the economic point of view, are absolutely interdependent. Hungary, for example, has urgent need of the sugar and articles of manufacture which the Czechs supply, and the Czechs, in their turn, need wheat and cereals from Hungary. It is an absolute necessity, as soon as possible, to throw wide open those frontiers which have been closed up to the present.

Unfortunately, these new states, in the aftermath of a war where national feeling ran high, hate each other, are jealous of each other, fear each other. The Czechs claim that the Hungarian authorities send Bolshevist agents into Slovakia in order to foment disorders. The accusation is possibly true, but in any case undesirables cannot be kept out of a country by closing the frontiers, for they are the very people who always find a way of eluding customs officers, the plain-clothes men, and the police. Only honest folk are caught and punished.

In order to go from Prague to Budapest I was forced to go by way of the Danube, after the fashion of two centuries ago. As a protest against the "white peril," which they insisted still threatened at Budapest, the Austrian socialists, by invitation of the international committees, had determined on boycotting Hungary and had completely interrupted all traffic between Vienna and Budapest. I went to Bratislava to take the boat. Bratislava is the Czech name for the city

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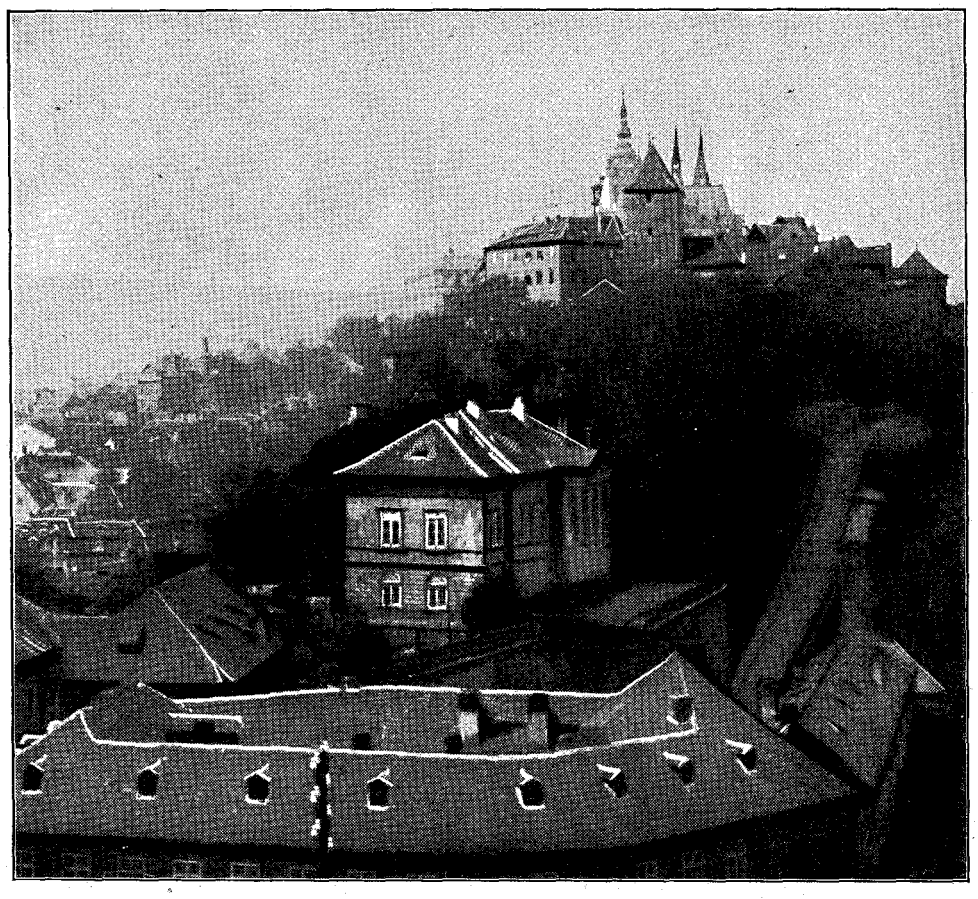

The most strikingly original feature of Prague is the "Hradchany," an acropolis of towers, churches, and palaces dominating the city.—Page 84.

which in German is called Presbourg and in Hungarian Poszony. I must inform my readers, once for all, that in the countries of central Europe any self-respecting town has at least three names, sometimes more but never less than three—German, Hungarian, and Czech—perhaps Serbian or Roumanian.

Bratislava has been occupied by the Czechs since the armistice. The surrounding country is peopled by Slovakians, but the city is entirely Magyar or German. This division of the population is seen pretty much all over Slovakia, where the rural districts have remained Slav while the cities have been almost entirely "Magyarisées." As it was impossible to separate them, the government of Prague, in order to keep the country, has been obliged to annex the cities too.

The Czechs clung tenaciously to the possession of the port of Bratislava, since it was for them a most desirable outlet. Their occupation of the city has brought great prosperity to it. Public works of considerable importance are being put through. In order to establish themselves firmly in this port and to hold the banks of the Danube for a sufficient distance, they have been obliged to annex certain districts entirely settled by Magyars, another reason, according to many, for a Hungary Irredenta.

The trip from Bratislava to Budapest, which formerly took but three or four hours, now consumes a whole day. But the journey is far from being a tedious one. On the boat, which is comfortable enough, there is an extraordinary mixture of peoples—Germans, Austrians, Czechs,

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Hungarians, Serbians, Roumanians, Levantines, etc.

Budapest, where I spent several days, has the appearance of being crushed by the defeat—an overwhelming one, it must be acknowledged. Hungary has lost about two-thirds of her population and her territory.

I had often visited Budapest before the war, and on going back I found again many of my friends. Socially there are no people more sympathetic, more captivating than the Hungarians. Politically they have, for half a century, completely identified their cause with that of Germany and they are chiefly responsible for the catastrophes which have caused the overthrow of Austria-Hungary. But order has been re-established, and the country is recovering little by little from the terrible shocks it has experienced. Budapest, besides the horrors of war, has known not only the calamity of Bolshevism but that of foreign occupation, the Roumanians having been quartered there for several months. The mailed fist of Admiral Horty has, however, completely crushed all Bolshevist tendencies.

After the accounts I heard of the "white peril" I expected to find Budapest a very greatly agitated city. Not so at all. The stories of reprisals, of demonstrations against the Jews must have been grossly exaggerated, I imagine. The Hungarians have a well-known saying: "Tread on a Jew's toe at Munkacs and you can hear him holler in New York!"

The truth of the matter is that the officers who, after the departure of the Roumanian army, were deputed to maintain order in the capital, were now and then guilty of mistreating the Jews. They were absolutely in the wrong, of course, but the prime minister, Count Téléki, with whom I discussed the matter, assured me that the strictest orders have been given to prevent a renewal of the outrages. Those orders have been obeyed.

Hungary is as surely, as infallibly, on the way to a restoration of the monarchy as the Danube is to the Black Sea. It is only necessary to spend a few days, or even a few hours, at Budapest to be convinced of it. Every one talks openly of the return of the King, just as though it were going to take place to-morrow. The only thing that keeps it from happening, besides the fear of international complications, is the uncertainty as to just who will be the future sovereign. The two most likely candidates are the ex-Emperor Charles, who is living in Switzerland at present, and the Archduke Joseph.

The ex-Emperor Charles is the legitimist representative. He was crowned King of Hungary at Presbourg (Bratislava) and he has never abdicated the throne of Hungary. He is therefore considered the rightful King, by the Magyars, who are essentially a law-abiding people, very greatly attached to the spirit and even the letter of their constitution. Charles is backed by the highest aristocracy, which still wields a powerful, if not preponderant, influence in Hungary. On the other hand, the middle class and the lower middle class, the peasants and especially the laboring classes in the cities, are anything but enthusiastic about him. From what observers of the situation have told me, I should judge that his restoration would infallibly bring about grave disorders, violent protests from the socialists, and, possibly, civil war.

It is probable, moreover, that the triumphal entry of the former ex-Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary into Budapest would cause friction with the neighboring states of Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Serbia.

The Archduke Joseph belongs to a Hapsburg family which has been established in Hungary for four generations, and which has become, in consequence, almost entirely Hungarian. He is a descendant of the palatine archdukes who represented the imperial family in Hungary. He speaks Hungarian, of course, as his native tongue. Having had a command in the army during the war, he became fairly popular with the men, especially with the Magyars, in whom he interested himself particularly, and whom he visited in the trenches.

Through a friend who is in the full confidence of the archduke I easily obtained an audience, and passed more than an hour in conversation with him in the magnificent palace he owns at Buda, next to the royal palace, and facing the residence of the President of the Council. At

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the entrance there was a military guard and an ordnance officer in uniform came to receive me, which shows that the present government of Hungary confers the same honors upon the archduke that were formerly rendered him.

The archduke is a man of fifty, robust, vigorous, and well set up. He speaks French extremely well. Before the war it was his custom every year or so to make a trip to northern Africa, to Algeria and Tunis, which, he told me, were his favorite countries.

What struck me most about the Archduke was his moderation, his poise, his good sense. Ardent Hungarian patriot that he is, like the rest of the Magyars, he refuses to resign himself to the consequences of defeat. But, on the other hand, he realizes that in the present state of things Hungary is not in a position to modify the treaty and will not be for a long time to come. There remains, then, but one course only for her to follow—build herself up, get back to work, and wait. In order to pursue this sensible policy and to improve her economic situation so seriously threatened, "Hungary," said the Archduke, "counts on the support of the Entente, and, above all, on France, more interested than any other power that order be re-established in central Europe."

Concerning the domestic policy, which he follows with an attentive eye, the Archduke made many wise observations to me. For example, he is in favor of dividing up the big estates, of parcelling out the land among the peasants. "I am ready," he told me, "to set the example and to divide my property among my farmers."

I did not hesitate to broach that topic of burning interest—the restoration of the monarchy. Although I am not at liberty to repeat all that the Archduke said to me on that head, he nevertheless gave me clearly to understand that if the throne were offered to him by a majority of the Hungarians he would not refuse it, but on one condition always—that his accession to power should have the approval of the great powers, especially of England and France. "Without the formal consent of England and of France," declared the Archduke to me, "I will not accept."

The Archduke Joseph married a Bavarian princess by whom he has several children, one of them a son. He has close relations with the former reigning family of Bavaria. There also, as in Hungary, the restoration of the monarchy will probably come, even if not in the immediate future. The Bavarians have remained very devoted to their prince. While at Munich there was pointed out to me in one of the principal streets a man, poorly dressed, before whom every one bowed with the utmost respect. It was the old King, who, in humble guise, walks the streets of his capital every day, marking time until he reascends the throne. In this regard Bavaria greatly resembles Hungary; only the fear of socialist disorders, of uprisings among the people of the cities, delays the restoration of the Wittelsbachs.

I left Budapest for the extreme eastern part of Czecho-Slovakia. A day's journey by train brought me to the frontier railway station of Sateralja-Ujhély. Since I could not make connection, I was forced to pass the night in that small locality, sleep in an impossible inn, and make acquaintance with most of the insects of central Europe. At break of day the next morning I crossed the frontier, where a military automobile was waiting for me, sent by the French general, Paris, in command of a division in Ruthenia, and I was motored to Ujorod (in Magyar, Ungvar), capital of Ruthenia.

By the treaty of Saint Germain, Ruthenia, formerly a part of Hungary, has been assigned to Czecho-Slovakia, who has pledged herself to grant a liberal autonomy to this province. The Ruthenians, who appeared, shortly after the Magyar invader, in the foothills of the Carpathians, just where the immense Hungarian plain begins to stretch out, are of the same race and speak the same language as the "little Russians," or Ukrainians. They profess the "Uniate" religion, which constitutes, in a way, a link between the Catholic and Orthodox or Greek religions. Their priests, who have the right to marry, and their bishop, are subject to Rome; but in many details the religion resembles exactly the Greek church. For example, the altar where the priest officiates is hidden from the

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view of the faithful, as in the Orthodox faith.

The Ruthenians are a mountain people, primitive, near to nature, to whom their Magyar masters were not over-anxious to bring civilization and progress.

The French general, Paris, in command of the army division, is instructed to maintain order in the province—the essential thing for the present.

The government of Prague has vested the administrative powers of Ruthenia in a governor who is a Ruthenian by birth, an American citizen by naturalization, and a lawyer of Pittsburgh by choice—M. Jatkovitch. It is certainly not one of the least astonishing of the paradoxes that confront us in these days to find in the remotest part of the Carpathians an American lawyer, citizen of Pittsburgh, appointed to administer public affairs and prepare constitutional reforms for a people as uncivilized, as almost savage, as the Ruthenians. I paid a visit to Jatkovitch, who left his native country when very young, but who has kept in close touch with it and speaks the language. He explained to me at length the programme which, in complete accord with the government of Prague, he proposes to carry through. As soon as circumstances permit the Ruthenians will be called upon to elect a provincial diet, a little parliament, which will occupy itself with all sorts of local questions; for the settlement of larger issues deputies will be sent to the Parliament of Prague.

The principal difficulty of the Ruthenians is to find men to fill the political and administrative offices. This difficulty is encountered everywhere in Slovakia, however, the Hungarians having, up to the present, exercised all political powers, and prevented the people, whether Ruthenians or Slavs, from participating in any way in public life. It is obvious that an administrative personnel cannot be created overnight. I asked M. Jatkovitch how he expected to solve this difficulty. "We will solve it," he replied, "we will find the men. We have already gotten hold of a certain number."

On this hopeful note I left him, he adding, as I did so, that as soon as the provincial diet met he would consider his work finished and would retire.

I left Ujorod for Munkacs, a most curious city, a sort of Jewish metropolis. As a matter of fact, the Jews constitute more than three-fourths of the population. These Jews are the Simon-pure variety, just as they came from Galicia, wearing the ritualistic corkscrew curls on each side of the face, the long redingote, and the dirty caftan or fur-lined top-coat. One sees them everywhere in the streets, gesticulating forcibly, the hand outstretched as though counting on the fingers, faces animated, apparently given over to interminable business transactions. It is as though an open-air stock exchange were being held from morning until night. The war, which ruined so many people, brought wealth to the Jews of Ruthenia. They are gradually making a profitable monopoly of the money-exchange business. Heaven is witness that there are any number of different moneys circulating in central Europe: the Slovakian crown piece, the Hungarian crown, the Roumanian lei, etc. At the least change of locality one has to fill one's pockets with dirty bills, which, except small Slovakian bank-notes, have no value. The rate of exchange on these different notes varies continually and always to the advantage of the Jews of the country!

Besides money exchange, there is the traffic in passports, and especially in contraband, for nature, pitiful toward human errors, fortunately takes upon herself to supply the remedy for the evil. When leaders and legislators make absurd rules and regulations, those who are to enforce them almost inevitably find themselves obliged to violate them. Thanks to the Jews of Ruthenia and Slovakia, the frontiers are less hermetically closed than the powers at Prague and Budapest would like to see them. Since the frontier extends over hundreds and thousands of kilometres, there is not a large enough number of customs officers and police to effectively guard it at every point. However, the Jew understands perfectly how to fool the customs officer and the police, and sometimes, if not always, with the consent of the latter, who finds it to his advantage to let himself be fooled. The manufacture of false passports and permits for imports flourishes at Munkacs and Ujorod. There is a fixed tariff for

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all these counterfeit documents. Two hundred crowns, for example, will buy you a passport, forged in every particular, that will permit you to go to Hungary; for twice that sum you can get an authentic passport wherein only the name

The Moldava and its bridges, Prague.

of the person to whom it was issued has been changed, etc., etc.

Thanks to the Jews, who play the part of Providence after a fashion, there is some sort of communication between the countries which yesterday were one but to-day are separate, and which cannot subsist one without the other. For example, Ruthenia, which is a mountainous, unfertile country, produces only wood, and is absolutely economically dependent on the Hungarian plain, toward which all the rivers and streams flow. Only think! between Munkacs and Prague, the far-off capital, there is a distance greater than between Prague and Paris!

To return to Ujorod, I made a long detour across the mountains, as far as the range of the Carpathians, which separate Ruthenia from the Galician side. The country is very beautiful, and covered with immense forests. One estate alone, that of Count Schönborn, at whose hunting-lodge I was entertained, covers about sixty thousand acres. These forests, on the whole, are fairly well exploited for mercantile purposes. In the valleys there are little railways, but the gauge is too narrow to permit of the transportation of the timber. Hungary is the only market for the wood, which is sent down by the waterways — a much cheaper method of transportation than the railroad. There is absolutely no way of get-

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ting it into Bohemia, herself rich in forest lands, moreover. This is another reason for the opening of the frontiers.

On our way we ran across many groups of peasants, who, arrayed in all their best finery, their most picturesque and brilliant costumes, were going to the nearest town. At the head of the procession marched two young girls, holding a banner of the Virgin, and after them the women and then the men. Both men and women walked barefoot, singing hymns as they marched. The "Uniate" church, like the Orthodox church, has a great many religious festivals and pilgrimages. In one of these pilgrimages the peasants ruled over by M. Jatkovitch, lawyer of Pittsburgh, governor of Ruthenia, walked barefoot, for whole days at a time, behind the banner of the Virgin.

I went by automobile from Ujorod to Kosicé (in Hungarian Kassa, German Kaschau). All the villages through which I passed are Slovakian, but the city of Kosicé is almost entirely peopled by Jews and Hungarians. In the very beautiful cathedral is the tomb of Rakokcy, the celebrated Magyar patriot, who, after an adventurous career, during which he fought against Austria, lived at the court of Louis XIV and died at Rodosto on the shores of the Sea of Marmora.

Hungarian national feeling runs high in Kosicé. The Magyars are continually making public demonstrations, displaying their national banners, wearing the native costumes, and singing the national air, "le Kossuth Lajos." To hold this country the Czechs need a strong government. Unfortunately they lack the right sort of officials. This question of public officials is one that gives the Czech authorities the most trouble. In Slovakia there is only a very insufficient staff of public employees, so that they are obliged to send from Bohemia anybody they can lay their hands on, and it stands to reason that they are often far from being efficient. These mediocre functionaries, exiled to a country with which they are unfamiliar, make blunders, which jeopardize the amicable relations between the Czechs and the Slovakians. Much time and tact and, especially, much attention on the part of the authorities at Prague, are needed to remedy this state of affairs.

In Central Slovakia there is a prelate who is enormously popular. It is Monseigneur Blaha, Bishop of Spiské-Podhradié. He was kind enough to invite me to go to see him and took the pains to send an automobile for me at Kosicé. No visit ever made a more profound impression upon me. The bishops of Hungary before the war lived like feudal princes. They belonged, for the most part, to the great families of the aristocracy, possessed enormous revenues, lived in sumptuous châteaux, surrounded by a large "chapter" of abbots and canons, rode horseback, and hunted the hare, the fox, and the deer. Monseigneur Blaha, Slovakian by birth and devoted to his country's cause, is the first bishop, not a Magyar, to be named in Slovakia. He is a man of barely fifty, strong and vigorous, with a finely shaped head and classic profile.

Not far from an old fortress which rises above a precipitous peak and dominates the valley from afar like a city of the Middle Ages, stand the cathedral, the residence of the canons, and the bishop's palace. Monseigneur Blaha received me with great cordiality. A magnum of admirable Tokay wine—product of the bishop's own vineyards—was opened in my honor. When we had finished it and smoked several cigarettes, Monseigneur Blaha took me for a motor ride through the surrounding country, which is extremely quaint and picturesque.

For several centuries a number of German communities have existed on these rocky spurs of the Carpathians; they are the little Saxon cities of the canton of Zips. In the architecture and arrangement of the houses and churches, and in the appearance of the inhabitants, these places differ noticeably from the Hungarian and Slovakian towns. But these German cities in an alien land have almost entirely lost their national characteristics. Curiously enough, German communities, once they are cut off from contact with the mother country, quickly become denationalized. This fact can be frequently observed in old Hungary.

Just at the close of the day a range of very high mountains, like an impassable barrier, suddenly appeared before us. They were the lofty Tatra Mountains, which seem even higher than they are, be-

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Prague—Statue of John Huss on the "Place de l'Hôtel de Ville."

cause they rise so suddenly and so unexpectedly from the plateau. Magnificent pine forests, prairies, the roar of waterfalls—and suddenly our motor stopped before the entrance of a very large hotel, a place brilliantly lighted, humming with an animated crowd of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. The bishop and I passed through the fashionable throng on our way to a table in the restaurant, and Monseigneur Blaha was as much at ease, as dignified, as though he were walking down his cathedral aisle at the head of his clerics.

Monseigneur Blaha has rendered incalculable services to the government of Prague. The religious question between the Czechs and the Slovakians might easily have become an apple of discord. Slovakia is fundamentally religious, and docilely attached to her clergy, her priests and her bishop, who, for the most part, having been educated in Magyar seminaries and appointed by the Hungarian Government, are openly Magyar in sympathies. The Czech, on the contrary, is a freethinker; the clergy of Bohemia have little influence. The slightest false move on the part of the government at Prague, therefore, will precipitate a split between the Czechs and the Slovakians. But Monseigneur Blaha is there to bridge over such difficulties, and he will succeed in doing so.

I passed several days in the Tatra Mountains and returned, after a long trip by motor, to Bratislava, the point from which I had started on my travels. From there I left for Vienna.

I have called attention, in the course of my journey, to the principal difficulties

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which the new state of Czecho-Slovakia is encountering. These difficulties are assuredly very great, but the government of Prague, administered by intelligent, energetic, and experienced men, is sufficiently strong to overcome them. But, even when these domestic problems shall have been solved, the task of the government will be far from finished. The same thing is going on in the other states of central Europe—in Austria, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania. It is indispensable that, in default of amicable political agreements, these states should at least throw open their frontiers and form advantageous economic relations with each other. Central Europe will soon find herself in a position where it will be impossible for her to exist economically. But we must not cherish any illusions in regard to this matter. All these countries of central Europe, the newly formed ones as well as the old, if left to themselves will be loath to take any decisive step to end this unfortunate state of affairs. To decide them definitely to do so, they will have need of advice, support, and, upon occasion, strong pressure from the great occidental powers, especially England and France.

A SONG AT LEAVETAKING

By Clare Giffin

VOYAGERS and merchantmen, you who sailed seas over
In desire of new lands and marvels yet to find,
Had you ever fear at heart of what you might discover?
Cast you ever wistful looks at all you left behind?

When you saw the last of shore, the dim blue line, slow-sinking,
When you looked before you, where the first low fog-wreaths curled,
Were they all of joyous deeds, the thoughts that you were thinking,
Were they all of wondrous things in some new wondrous world?

Surely there were times for you when seas seemed drear to wander,
When the thought of some wide hearth, some long lane summer-green,
Took your heart with love of it, and made you pause and ponder
Why you left the dear known things for perilous dreams unseen!

Surely, too, you looked before and watched the gray gulls flying
Straight into the sunset's heart, flushed red and bright with gold—
Saw, and wondered, and grew chill to watch the color dying,
Fading into gray and dusk where'er the fog-bank rolled.

—Scarlet, gold, and heaven's blue, and white and green of ocean,
All the colors fading into darkness of the night—
Still you felt the westward heave and knew your vessel's motion
Took you forward through the dark to reach an unknown light.

Where you went you knew not, and each day brought its wonder—
Strange new creatures in the deep and strange stars in the sky—
With your world grown strange to you, around, above and under,
Did you shrink from what might come ere all your voyage was by?

Voyagers and merchantmen, you who sailed seas over,
If your hearts grew cold sometimes at change of sea and sky,
Say a little prayer for me, each happy-resting rover,
For I, too, have a voyage to make—and of your blood am I!

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SHADOW

By Lyman Bryson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

WESTERN newspaper offices are not impressive places, and in those days we ran what was not much more than a print-shop. We were down in the old four-story wooden shack on Twelfth Street. Armadillo had not come in for its big boom and we had not put up this palatial example of American-Texas-Renaissance which we now inhabit. We are glad of the change into this building, of course, although some of us do question the need for a palace, and wonder how fitting the marble pile is for its Western town corner, where it fronts a dry and even horizon and suffers the fate of having its message of Old World beauty somewhat clogged up with dust. In the old days we were still there on the hottest corner in town and my office was in the hottest corner of the building. Sunlight used to come into that little room so thickly that there was scarcely space for anything else—that is, anything except alkali dust; we had that always, everywhere.

My first acquaintance with Thompson was accomplished informally in that little room. I was probably hunched down over my desk, scribbling an editorial on the national tariff policy, or something else equally remote from Armadillo and matters which I understood. He made his presence felt by getting between me and part of that solid flood of sunlight. There were no office boys to keep visitors away, and he walked in silently, as no man should enter the office of a stranger.

There was nothing sinister or repellent about him, in that first glance at least. He seemed rather a good-looking Easterner, slim, too well-dressed, with a coolness of manner which was almost a total disregard of the torrid sunlight and the drifting alkali. He looked at me calmly and I asked what I could do for him.

"We might shake hands first," he said, without too much of a smile. "My name is Atlee Thompson." He handed me a card.

He was, his card informed me, a circulation-promoter. Twenty years of small-town newspaper-owning had not made me eager for itinerant experts who break into your office and suggest that you put out a special edition of some kind or other. They usually have some "anniversary" scheme or a voting contest which they assure you will build up interest in your paper to an unhealthy degree. You know the reaction is sure to come after the excitement is over.

But Mr. Atlee Thompson was the suavest one I ever met. I could believe him when he said he had been a circulation-manager for a syndicate of small dailies in Pennsylvania. And I was hard up, too; so when he began talking of a modest little scheme to sell space at high rates to all the big men in town and give them puffy little write-ups in a "commemoration" edition, I hadn't the strength not to listen. When I asked him to put his proposition into exact figures, I knew that he had hooked me.

I turned my attention back to my tariff editorial when he said he would be around again next day and I thought he was going. But he stood there before one of my dusty windows, looking out into the thick sunlight curiously. He turned around and disturbed me in a gentle, silk-smooth voice. "I beg your pardon," he said; "it's an impertinent question, but as a newspaper man you ought to know everybody, and I— Could you tell me the name of that lady in white, walking north on the other side of the street?"

I remember noticing that a sharp tooth in the corner of his mouth had caught his thin lower lip as he turned. It gave him a peculiarly concerned and thoughtful expression.

"That is Mrs. Sumner. Ellery Sumner, her husband, is an attorney here."

"Thank you." He watched her for a

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moment intently, demonstrating his extraordinary coolness, as he gave no heed to the beating light upon his sleek, black hair and smooth forehead. Then he walked out.

Mrs. Ellery Sumner was a figure to catch a stranger's eye in Armadillo. She had been living in our town for five years and had never gone back to the Eastern city from which she had come, but she had kept, in every line of her hats and dresses, the air of an Eastern street. No other woman in town could look as she did, and no one had a mistaken notion that she could. Even her husband, who was much older but had something of the same grace, adapted himself more to our ways than she. It was not a pose of pride on her part—in fact, we enjoyed a rare pride of our own in having her with us, and the women in town were glad to follow her leadership. She embodied for them an air which they hoped to attain some time and for which they accepted a model gratefully.

When the Sumners first came to town I wondered why they had come to Armadillo and why she never went back. Sumner was a good lawyer, although that made little difference, since they had plenty of money. She never spoke of her former home. I have known others like that, natives of the East, bred and groomed in every instinct and ideal for life in the East, who may be found exiled in little Western towns where no one from Philadelphia—or Boston—is likely to wander. Sometimes these exiles who never talk about their homes are discontent and fret out their lives against our crudities and simplicities and our alkali sunshine. But the Sumners never fretted; Armadillo had been for them, it seemed, more of a refuge than a punishment.

Sumner had made me his friend and I knew something of the even, unhurried happiness of their home. Mrs. Sumner had the kind of bravery which always appealed to me. She was brave enough to be gallant and fine in the face of our desert roughness and the chance of our misunderstanding, and I could see that she had, under her little airs of freedom and contentment, the most tremulous sort of sensitiveness. She cared desperately for our good opinion: watched us all, I'm sure, for the least break in our confidence or our admiration.

The stranger, Atlee Thompson, began at once to visit all the men in town who were important or thought they were important, and persuaded a number of them to pay exorbitant prices for pictures and fulsome sketches of themselves in our great "commemoration" edition. The worst of having a man whom you don't know, a too clever outsider, carrying on such business for you is that you never know what promises he may make to your customers. Thompson made me uncomfortable whether he was in the office planning his campaign or out on the street using my name and the name of my paper. I was not made happier by the realization that many of my old acquaintances, even some who had signed up for the special, looked at me inquiringly when we met. They were trying to figure out, I suppose, just what sort of a person I had tied myself up with.

He worked through the first part of the week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Friday morning he did not appear at the office. About noon when I was just back from lunch he strolled in idly and I asked him what progress he had made for the day. "Oh, I don't work Fridays," he replied, as if that should have been expected. "I never work Fridays."

It made little difference to me whether he worked or not, but after that remark I watched him and I found that he regulated most of his activity by the most primitive sorts of superstition. He had the superstitious caution of the gambler or the born criminal. It was a queer alloy in the true and otherwise unmitigated metal of his chilly shrewdness.

But he did know how to do his work, and he made a great financial success of his scheme for both of us. We settled up without delay; my own bookkeeper had checked him at every turn so carefully that there was no chance for a difference. He was ready then to leave town.

Two days after that I met him walking on the street with Mrs. Sumner. At first glance it could be seen that he was the only man who had ever walked beside her on our hot streets who was not awkward

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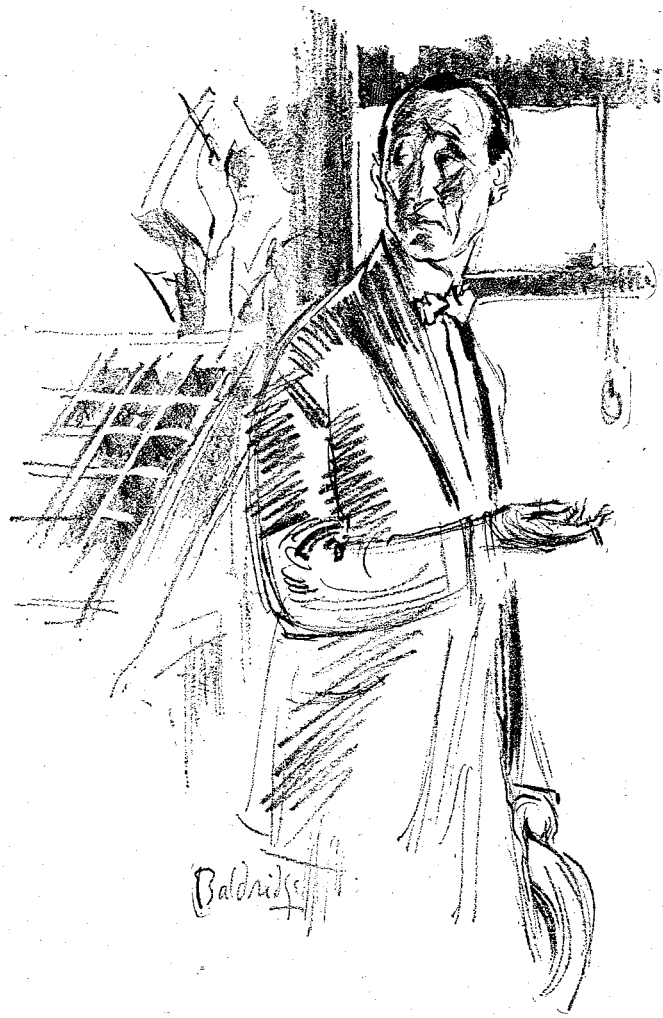
and crude in the necessary comparison. Sumner himself could not have matched her manner with the ease and assurance of this commercial mountebank. I was surprised, and probably my surprise did not look like pleasure. I got no more from either of them than a simple greeting, but I remember noticing that Mrs. Sumner's gray eyes sought mine quickly, and their eagerness seemed to be just that same desire to see a friendly confidence in my expression, as if my approval meant much to her. Probably that little trick of appeal to a man's judgment was half unconscious, a charm exercised carelessly. I am sure it was never insincerely used.

That was not the last time I saw them together. Thompson, as was soon evident, had no intention of hurrying from Armadillo. We were all rather amazed, I more than any one else, when he was established definitely in the community. He became a sort of secretary and office assistant to Ellery Sumner himself. Sumner was no longer in his prime and for several years had been failing slowly. He



"Could you tell me the name of that lady in white . . . ?"—Page 99.

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must have been fifteen or twenty years older than his wife. She showed no signs of failing; with all her fine sensitiveness she was as vital and alive as she was graceful. But she could not share her strength with her husband, and he hired the clever Mr. Thompson to help him in his office. The mountebank may have been trained in the law; so far as that was concerned, I think probably he was—trained professionally and in sharp practice, too. Except for that queer strain of superstitious caution, which must have come to him in place of the moral decency of other men, he would have made a first-rate attorney. But Ellery Sumner needed no brilliant young casuist to steer his affairs for him. There were those in such a free-speaking town as ours who dared say it was worse than a business mistake, that it was a personal mistake; for Mrs. Sumner and Thompson walked together enough to be seen sooner or later by everybody.

I did not guess how complex and difficult the situation was until one day Thompson came to see me. He knew, doubtless, that I despised him, but he was not, like Mrs. Sumner, tremulous to hostility. He entered my office in the same unannounced, silent way that he had used the first time, slipping between me and the window and making his presence felt by the long shaft of blackness which the sun projected from his slim figure. He was as cool as always. "Just came in for a little talk," he remarked, and seated himself without an invitation from me, who owned the chair he sat in and wanted the space he occupied for thinking room.

"About what?"

"Nothing special. Since I have become a citizen of your town I think it is my duty to keep friendship with all the influential men."

I tried to make him uncomfortable by staring at him, but it didn't work. I was hot and found it necessary to wipe my face frequently. Since he was as debonair as a fresh breeze he didn't mind my staring. The realization of another's dislike, probably even the sight of another's tremendous suffering, could never have effect upon such a man. He is safe except from the enemy who has power to awake his imagination or stir his primitive fears.

"Besides"—he looked at me speculatively—"I have business. Mrs. Sumner wants to know if you can run this to-morrow." He handed me an entirely unimportant notice of a meeting of some kind, a notice which could have been sent over by an office boy.

"Is that all?"

"All my business, you mean? I suppose it is. Am I boring you?"

Before I could express my painful desire to see him depart he added: "Sorry if I am. Fact is, I was bored myself and wanted to talk to somebody. Nothing going on in our office; Sumner too ill. Mrs. Sumner has gone off to some party for women—only. It is one of my dull days." His speech was amazingly caddish and yet was delivered with a touch of bravado, almost boyish, almost engaging, and I could not answer.

"Queer, isn't it?" he continued, "that the Sumners should spend their time here when they might live anywhere they like."

I didn't answer that either.

"That is—queer—if true."

"If what is true?"

"That they can live wherever they want to."

"Well, they have plenty of money." He had got me to talking against my will.

"Oh—money." He shrugged and smiled.

At such a moment I should have met his shrewd innuendo with a shrewd pretense at stupidity, but I was not in a temper for diplomacy. "Ellery Sumner is a friend of mine," I said. "If you haven't enough decency to be his friend also, even when you are employed in his office, don't confide in me. As a matter of fact, there is probably nobody in Armadillo who cares what you think about the Sumners nor why they live in Armadillo, or thinks it is any of your business."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Oh, I'm a friend of the Sumners. I remember when they lived in Philadelphia." When he said that he caught his under-lip beneath a sharp tooth as I had seen him do before, and it gave him an expression of concern which veiled the venomous nature of his speech. I did not believe that he had been a friend of the Sumners in the East, but it was credible that he had

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known something about them. He had been an observer in some capacity of that other life which they had sought to escape by coming into our obscure and hidden town. His knowledge made him swollen with power.

A man from the outer office entered then to tell me that a lady wished to see me and that she would come in. It was Mrs. Sumner. But she had not come to see me. She stood in the doorway, brave and fine, with a red spot on the whiteness of each cheek and a visible effort to control her heaving breath.

Thompson rose and bowed. "I spoke of you only a moment ago, Mrs. Sumner."

She hadn't glanced at me, but kept looking steadily at his cool, handsome eyes, and I could see that his greeting made her whiter for an instant. "I came to tell you—Mr. Sumner has decided to—your advice was best, we think, and we will carry out your original plan."

He dared to pretend that he was puzzled. Then he smiled. "Oh—you mean in the matter we were discussing this morning. To be sure, I thought you would see it my way."

She turned toward me then and I could see a look of relief that made my heart sick. "Do come and see us, Mr. Crosby," she said; "you haven't been near us for months."

I did the only thing possible. I discussed my social delinquencies at length until she essayed an unhappy little smile and they walked out of the office together. She had defeated him that time, had kept him from his attempt at telling whatever secret his vile soul held, but it was by a desperate concession at which I could only guess. His game was evident enough to me then, but my knowing didn't help any. If I had been certain that he was holding his threats over Sumner too, as well as over her, I could have offered my counsel and would have found a way to hush him. But there was no way of knowing that Sumner himself was not the very man who would have been most shocked by my suspicions. To have offered help directly to Mrs. Sumner would have given her the worst sort of unhappiness. I couldn't let her think I supposed it possible that anything could be said against her. The surface and appearance of spotlessness must be preserved for us in Armadillo at all costs, and I was only one of the crowd. That was what she was fighting for; that was why she was acceding to the insidious tightening advance of Mr. Atlee Thompson.

The worst of it was, when they walked out together, after she had made her transparent explanation for arriving in my office at that hour, that she seemed much more than relieved over his willingness to go away with her in peace. Her manner was what it might have been if she had been walking beside a brother or a dear friend from whom she had been estranged, whom she no longer trusted, perhaps, but from whom she expected affection at least. It was a very dim notion of that in her attitude which upset me completely and made the whole thing seem so much more unreasonably tragic. For her to be a victim of the man's duplicity in more ways than one was intolerable.

Sumner's ill health grew upon him rapidly. He turned more and more of his business over to Thompson, trusting him, it seemed to me, because he was too sick and tired to care how things went. There was plenty of money anyway. We had a summer of such long-drawn heat and drought that the very milk of human kindness seemed dried out of Armadillo people. Thompson kept a plausible standing in the community, but there were some drought-hardened neighbors who said that Sumner would promote happiness all around and save himself a fearful awakening if he didn't get well. It did no good to protest against remarks like that.

In August Sumner gave up his struggle against the wind that was like a fire. He was buried in our treeless graveyard east of town, under a pitiless sunlight which made the black of his coffin old and rusty as we watched it put into the earth.

Mrs. Sumner, silent, hidden under her veil, looking a sort of courageous misery as she stood in the dust and daylight, spoke to no one on that day or for several days after. At the end of two weeks I presumed to go to her house one night, thinking I might help somehow. We talked, the widow and I, about ordinary things in a calm way for an hour. Sitting

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five or six feet away from me, unseen in the blackness of the porch shadow, she spoke in a listless, unanimated monotone. There seemed to be no body back of that voice.

The street down which I could see from my chair was bare of life and ghostly white in the moonlight. A block away coming suddenly into sight around a corner the figure of Thompson appeared. His shadow, preceding him along the sidewalk, seemed as much alive as he, it was so blackly distinct.

"Mrs. Sumner"—I had a moment or two before he could be with us—"do you trust my friendship?"

"I do," she answered. "I trust you absolutely."

"Then will you—" But she was already staring at me with such a tense resentment that I hesitated and stammered, afraid to go farther. Thompson and his shadow came on, his footsteps separately audible as they struck. The tense expression went out of her face. She clasped her hands tightly with interlaced fingers and pressed her knuckles against her lips.

"If you are my friend"—she shuddered and let her hands fall—"pray for me," she whispered. That was the astounding conclusion to the only attempt I ever made to go directly into her secret.

Serenely confident and secure in his own untroubled villainy, Thompson went about Armadillo like a gentleman. He was so smoothly quiet, so sure of himself, and so cunning in his efforts to avoid offense, that he put out the evil whispers which had been abroad a few months before. Ellery Sumner's memory slipped away from public attention like the memory of any other good man. Thompson and the slender widow were so much of a kind by themselves that it seemed to people no more than natural for them to be together. So they were most of the time.

A few more months and then there came to my office a formal notice that they were engaged to be married. There have been only two or three occasions in my life when I have been so surprised and so helpless. When I recovered speech and coherence, I called the Sumner residence over the telephone. Thompson's cool, polite voice answered. Mrs. Sumner was indisposed, he said, and asked for the message. When I insisted upon the personal nature of the call, he asked my name. Then—"Oh, it's you, Mr. Crosby. She'll be glad to speak to you, I'm sure. By the way, did you receive a note from my office to-day?"

"I did. That was why I called."

"You'll print that in to-morrow's paper, of course."

"I will not print it—to-morrow or any other day." That was the only answer I could make, and while I drew in my breath the instrument clicked off.

He came to see me next day, daring my anger, and stood sunning his sleek black hair in my window while I looked at him and refused to greet him.

"If you have any doubt as to the authenticity of that engagement notice," he said, "I advise you to refer the matter to Mrs. Sumner herself."

"Of course," I replied. "That was what I was trying to do yesterday."

"Then when you find it authentic you will be glad to congratulate me?"

I shook my head.

"Everybody else has been so cordial," was his remark in a gentle mildness of tone. "Every one has wished me the greatest happiness."

"I'll not wish you joy," I said, thick-voiced. "If you're engaged to Mrs. Sumner, respect for her will keep me from telling you what a hound I think you are, but I'll not wish you joy—nor will any other friend of Ellery Sumner—no, nor the memory of Ellery Sumner."

For the first time since I had known him he seemed for a moment disconcerted. "Thanks," he replied, with a dry twist to his lips. "I'm grateful to you and to Mr. Sumner." He hesitated and looked at me quizzically as if he suspected me of kindlier feelings than I had shown. "Do you know—I sometimes think—" He stopped and laughed uneasily and I could see that he had lost for more than the moment something of his cool assurance.

"Well," I urged, "go on!"

"I was about to confess a silly notion of mine, the merest folly." His face was entirely grave and quiet. "I sometimes think," he said, "that your friend Ellery Sumner is taking more interest in my affairs than he did before he was buried."

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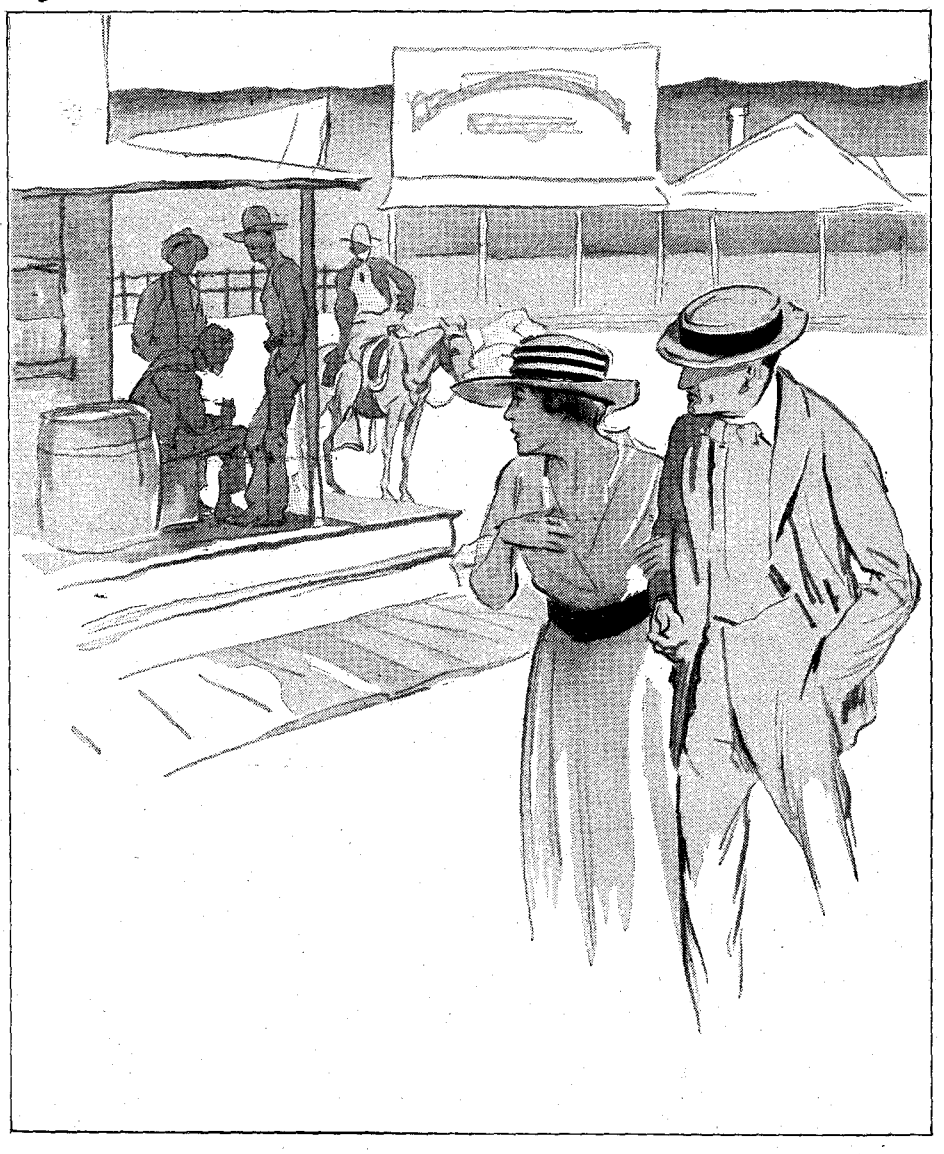

There were some drought-hardened neighbors who said that Sumner would promote happiness all round . . . if he didn't get well.—Page 103.

He recovered himself, laughed again, and departed.

It has been a theory of mine for many years, handed down to successive generations of cub reporters, that the best stories are those which are the hardest to believe. I have always thought I could never quite make another believe what I saw befall Atlee Thompson.

I printed the engagement notice when it came in a second time. Mrs. Sumner had added a note, asking that it be made public. People generally accepted the fact that Thompson was to inherit all the earthly estate and the earthly blessedness of Ellery Sumner. My loyalty was shaken then. I believed that she was making a hideous fight; that she was saving at the worst cost the good name without which life would have been intolerable to her. But I wondered if this final desperate step was necessary, or likely to win

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her anything but greater misery and final tragedy.

As other months went by I saw nothing, heard nothing, learned nothing. The broad-verandaed house of the Sumner estate was a sepulchre, almost, silent and unvisited, dead to all who passed or gazed at its shut doors. They told me that once or twice the two were seen driving together; once I caught a glimpse of them on a distant street corner. They had withdrawn into a heated, unnatural world of their own, contending over issues which most of their good neighbors never glimpsed.

It was a night of uncommon heat and breathlessness even for our climate, not much more than a year after we had stood beside Sumner's dusty grave and watched the sunlight turn his sable coffin into trash. I was sitting in my own study, tired and drowsy, almost inert. The telephone rang.

The words were very faint and hurried. "Can you—witness—could—you come—" Nothing more. The voice was not unmistakable, but I thought of Mrs. Sumner in that big house at the other end of the street, half a mile away. She was there, perhaps alone with Thompson and frightened for the first time. I went blindly on the merest chance, and I am not sure even to this day that it was she who sent me the unintelligible call.

There was a faint light in the sitting-room of the Sumner house. It was probably a brace of candles, I thought. She was the only woman in Armadillo who would have had candles. I stood outside for a moment, hesitant, anxious, waiting as if for a greeting.

Then I heard a scream. It was not a woman's scream. It was the frightened, shrilling cry of a man.

The door must have been ajar, for I found myself inside the broad hall, standing still again, unable to decide whence had come the sound. The house was for a moment absolutely silent. There was one light at the other end of the hallway, a lamp which burned as steady and quiet as a ray of daylight. I heard a step, a soft footfall, which made me turn as quickly as I could. The person behind me was Mrs. Sumner. She stared at me distraught, without seeing me. She did not hear me when I spoke. At the second scared repetition of her name she opened her eyes wider, gasped, and fled.

In the room from which she had come I heard a scuffling as if men were in a struggle and I pushed through the portières. That was the room where the candles were burning. Its luxurious chairs were empty. There was no one, so far as I could see, in the apartment, but I heard the shuffling movement again and it drew my eyes into the dusk of one corner. Crouching there, his thin hands held before his face in a gesture of helpless effort at defense, was a slender man. It was scarcely possible to recognize in that dishevelled fugitive the man against whom I had come to fight.

He began talking to himself in a gibbering confusion, urging some one to leave him, to be assured that he would never betray a friend. I took a step toward him and he screamed twice, piercing shrieks which went through the house and the hot night. "For the love of God, Sumner." These coherent words I got in the stream he chattered at me.

"I'm not Sumner." I tried to get closer to him, too much alarmed to think of finding a light stronger than the candle which might have revealed me more clearly. "I'm not Sumner; I'm Crosby, man. Sumner is not here."

"No. He's not here. He's dead." He said this with a sudden gusty release of his breath and straightened up abruptly, leaning his shoulders against the wall. "Of course he isn't here." He was looking at me, when he said that, with filmed eyes and a faint twitching smile which trembled for a moment on his bloodless mouth. Then he caught his under-lip beneath his sharp triangular tooth as he looked slightly anxious. "You're not here," he said.

"But I'm not—" I started toward him again and he covered his eyes with his hands, shuddering.

"Not gone yet—not gone." I moved and he screamed again. I dared not go nearer.

There was a clamoring at the door and two neighbors accompanied by a patrolman came into the hall. The patrolman and one of the neighbors knew me, and when I told them that Thompson was suf-

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Drawn by C. Le Roy Baldridge.

"Not gone yet—not gone."—Page 106.

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fering from some sort of hallucination, they took my word for it. Thompson followed the patrolman docilely away.

I went looking then for Mrs. Sumner. There was no one else in the house; servants had long since fled. Through the halls I tramped, calling, knocking at the closed doors, listening. On a second round of the bedroom corridor I heard a faint response. "It's Crosby out here, Mrs. Sumner—Mark Crosby."

There was a stir and she stood in the door, whitefaced but not frightened nor with the look of illusion I had feared to meet again. "Where is he?" she asked.

"They took him away."

"To the hospital?"

"I don't know."

"It should have been the hospital. He is very ill."

"But he said he saw——"

"Yes, I know. He has been—seeing for weeks. Worse and worse."

"But why?"

She looked at me with a simple, courageous trust in my understanding. "You did not pray for me, my friend, and I had to find some way."

She had found her own way. I never asked her how she had invoked the patient ghost of her dead husband, nor how she had driven anguished imaginings through Thompson's mind without losing her own. She had kept her secret and her honor, and I, who was probably the only person who ever suspected the story I've been trying to tell you, was glad.

It would have been better, I suppose, if I had told the patrolman to take Thompson to a hospital. As it was, they locked him up in the city prison. Finding himself behind bars, he raved and cursed. In two days his mind and memory were softened into imbecility.

But saving herself as she had from the tongues and slander of the neighbors in Armadillo took from Mrs. Sumner the last of her high courage. After a few months she closed her house and went back—back to Philadelphia, or wherever it was she had come from. Probably she went to face sneers and the long memories of good people who impotently hate the unfortunate. I know she met no cruelty more malignant than the evil she faced and punished in her own fashion when she was with us.

MADAME TICHEPIN

By Edward C. Venable

ILLUSTRATION BY O. F. HOWARD

THE bishop was uncommonly ill at ease in that little drawing-room, perched on the slippery satin surface of the chaise longue.

In the first place, he was not used to such unstable seats. People generally provided solid, four-square chairs and a usable back. He was that kind of a bishop. Sitting on the satin, he felt his physical insecurity invade his spirit like, he reflected, a sceptic slightly suspended over an abyss. He had come to thunder, not loudly, to be sure, but still just a trifle unmistakably to thunder; and perched so, even if all else had been befitting, which all else very markedly wasn't, he felt he could not. Forty-three years of ecclesiastical solidity in such matters had played the deuce with his sensibility. And there had been a time when he preached from soap-boxes.

And intermingled all the while was —well, not quite the consciousness, but the consciousness of the possibility that Madeleine understood his perplexities. She had been that sort of a girl. And so he was brought head-on against the main perplexity of the hour: What sort of woman was she? She assuredly could be called a woman now. One who was in

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years twenty-three, in name, at least, "Madame Tichepin," who had loved, as even the most sceptical admitted she had, Tichepin, and had lost him, as all the world had been so thrillingly told, up there in the sunset in a blaze of glory, of fame, of victory, yes, such a one was a woman. But what sort?

There was no light to be had by looking at her. She was as she had always been; only, of course, swathed in that very heavy, that almost fantastic black, which he had nearly got accustomed to in three weeks of France. Her mouth, which was too large—her big, soft mouth—drooped just as of old in repose and curved just as charmingly into laughter; and she retained, even in her mourning, which was exquisite, that elusive art of always seeming just a little bit finer than her clothes. What a pity, he thought, as he looked at her and estimated her charm with that most unepiscopal sense of such values which gave him his power in the world—what a pity she had ever wished to paint! Because if she had not wished that she would never, never in the world have met Tichepin and would never have married him or run away with him or whatever it was, and she would have lived in New York instead of Paris, and she would have been—he remembered an old mocking refrain—"a little nearer than a daughter, a little dearer than a saint."

But none of these things were so; instead, she was standing before him "Madame Tichepin," in the little drawing-room in the Place des Etats-Unis, and, most unexpected of all, she was questioning him, whereas he had come, of course, to question her. He had been expressly bidden to do so by his wife, by almost every woman he knew in America, by not a few men, too. In fact, way down in his heart he knew it had been no small part of his own "mission" to France "to find out about Madeleine Foster."

And the question she had asked!

"Bishop Gryerson," she said, "do you believe in the resurrection of the dead?"

There was no tea-table, no cigarettes, no previous talk, except chit-chat, to break the awful directness of such a question. She asked it, sitting very straight up in a narrow gilt and brocade chair, of him slipping about on that abominable satin sofa.

Then suddenly the awfulness of it struck her, and she made a sort of an apology. "But really," she explained, "the clergy spend so much time protesting what they do not believe that one can hardly be quite sure of anything. Don't you think so?"

He did think so, and admitted it. And then, getting as nearly comfortable as he could be, seated as he was, he added: "But it isn't our fault. We are on the defensive. I say that quite frankly. I always do. The twentieth century has been to the rationalists. But what does that matter? A century in a struggle that is in all senses for eternity."

So saying, he stated, quite simply, in a pretty woman's sitting-room, the secret of his power in the church and in the world. There were a great many people who would have said that it was quite exactly the proper place for Bishop Gryerson's confession of any faith, and that any other place would have been inappropriate. A faint smile—provoking remembrance of such opinion—came to him as he glanced about the walls. He was getting old, he reflected. He felt truly how old when this child whom he had baptized, and whose entrance into his church his own hands had blessed, and who had gone such strange, far paths, turned toward him on her journey and called out that question about the end of it. The day was near, very near now, he felt, when the dear dream of his later years was to come true, and laying aside the responsibilities of his churchmanship he could slip back into the faith of his boyhood and have done forever with all argument and compromise.

By an impulse which he could never explain to himself, except by the discomfort of that satin-covered sofa, he suddenly began almost timidly to talk about it—this Sabine farm of orthodoxy. And he talked to Madeleine Foster, or Madeleine Tichepin—if she was that—the girl of whom New York was slyly repeating "Did you say Madeleine or Magdalen?"

And she listened. The long-schooled instinct of the public speaker taught him that even though he talked with less consciousness of his audience than ever before in his life—that struck him afterward as the most profoundly strange of all—she

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had learned to listen. If that were true of all, reflected Bishop Gryerson, then the days of his labors were indeed nearer at an end than he had dreamed.

And it was so exactly what he had not come to talk about, so exactly what he had not come to do. He had come to shrive, and instead he had confessed. And such a confessional; a tiny little drawing-room with two great windows looking out on the Place, very gilt and faintly scented. He looked around at it all and smiled faintly.

"Yes, my dear, at seventy I shall say 'Now I lay me' as simply and as trustfully as at seven. Does that answer your question?"

"No," said Madame Tichepin; "to tell the truth, it doesn't."

The bishop sat down as gracefully as forty-three years of public speaking had taught him to do all such things.

"Then, Madeleine," he answered, "I am afraid I can't."

"But you can!" she cried. She leaned forward, and the tenseness of her voice, her clasped hands, robbed her words of any hint of brusqueness. "If you would only think of me instead of religion."

She paused and looked about her impatiently, as a man in a smoking-room might look for a match. On the table at her elbow was a large gilt lamp and next it a framed photograph. She took it up and handed it to him.

"Did you ever see a picture of him?" she asked.

He had very often. Indeed, he had seen this very photograph, for it was not a photograph of him—of Tichepin—but of Fabre's portrait of him; that one in his flying helmet with the chin-straps hanging loose and the heavy leather band close down over his eyes.

"I never married him," she went on. "Of course everybody wants to know that. I knew I never could when I went away with him. He has a wife somewhere floating around the ends of the world, so I went away with him. And you know what I was like, and I went away with him knowing I could never be anything but—with him. I saw him twice after that: once for three hours, once for four days. And now you tell me that in eternity, if I am very good, I shall some day meet 'face to face' a pale gray ghost which, purged of all his sins, was Tichepin. Three hours once, four days once, and then two sinless ghosts."

She took the picture from him, looked at it once, and placed it again on the table.

"Bishop," she said, "I differ from you. I don't believe in that meeting; not because it's impossible, not because it's improbable, but because it is so utterly useless."

The bishop sat silent. He looked somehow quite different now from the man who had spoken so timidly from the hearth-rug. He looked as he did when he preached his very best, his "broadest" sermon. "I am sorry," he said simply, "that it doesn't suit you, my dear, but I am afraid it's the best that can be offered you."

"Oh, no, it's not," she answered; "you overlook—the other place."

"It's a habit of the clergy," he apologized.

"There was a time when I thought of it a great deal," said Madame Tichepin—"flames, and flesh, and people as we knew them in their sins. It is better than two sinless ghosts, I thought, anyhow."

"Perhaps," said the bishop, "if it's the only alternative."

"Ah," said Madame Tichepin. For the first time she seemed to relax a little and she put out her finger-tips toward the little fire before them, a strange luxury that first peace winter in Paris. "It is the only alternative, isn't it?"

The bishop considered. "There are the table-rappers and all that sort of thing," he suggested.

"There are stranger things than that," said Madame Tichepin.

"Not for sane people," said the bishop sternly. "For sane people that is the limit."

"Who is sane?" she asked quickly. "Wasn't the whole world mad for four years? Do you think we have all got well again in four months?

"I sometimes think," she went on, "that there were things done in those four years that will never get well again; horrors, do you understand? that will lurk in the human consciousness for generations and generations."

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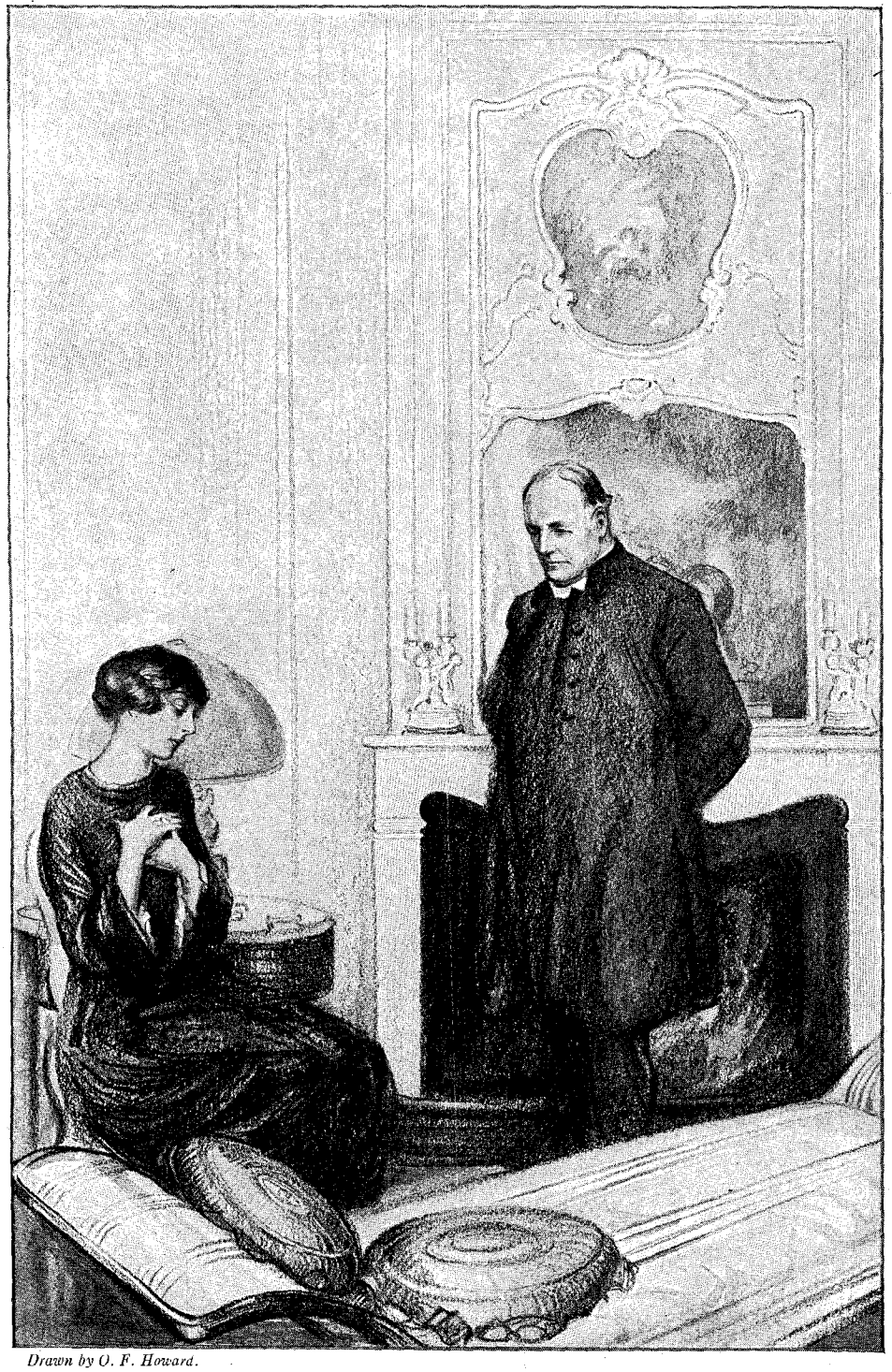

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

He had come to shrive, and instead he had confessed.—Page 110.

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She leaned toward the fire as if chilled, opening her hands wide. "Sometimes on the street I get a glimpse of a face that's remembering, thinking! You will often see them here in Paris. Look, and you will see. There will be children born who will look that way. It will be generations before we are all of us well again."

She spoke with the quiet lack of emphasis of one uttering old considered thoughts. What had she not considered, reflected the bishop as he looked at her, what possibilities, wild alternatives, mad contrivances? What a life to look back upon, to hold under the key of one's memory! What a life it would still be if only it could be ended with happiness! As he thought, watching her face intent upon the flames—the face still of a girl to him—a strange resolve seemed to take hold of him to do that.

It was a very strange feeling. He had all his life honestly labored to make people better—to save them from the consequences of their own wrong-doing—but he had never before simply wanted to make a person happy. He cared nothing for her "sin," nor for her "repentance," nor her faith. He wanted that human life that had been made clear to him so simply made a thing that was beautiful. And nothing but happiness could do that. For it to end this way in however bravely borne despair was to ruin it, make it hideous, tragic, awful. But to make it happy! To turn its grief, despair in the soul, its shame in the world, into the cherished possession of a mind at peace.

"I think," said the bishop to himself, "Christ must have felt like that."

"What are you saying?" asked Madame Tichepin.

"I think," he answered, "I was saying a sort of prayer."

"For me?"

"In the beginning for you. But at the end I rather think it was broader than that. And," he added, "I am considered a pretty broad prayer too, you know."

Madame Tichepin sat very straight up, looking at him with the half-startled look of a woman who is undecided whether to accept a compliment or rebuke an impertinence.

"Yes," the bishop continued, looking into the fire and not at her, "it was a good deal broader than that. You have never read Isaiah, of course; so few young girls have.

"'He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace is upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.'

"I was praying for 'him,' and he is you and all like you; all those who, as you say, will not be well again for generations and generations. The chastisement of our peace is yours, Madeleine, isn't it?"

"It's a very pretty phrase," said Madame Tichepin.

"It's a very great poem," said the bishop.

"Is it really in the Bible?" asked Madame Tichepin.

"I think so," said the bishop.

"If I didn't know," she said with a smile, "that you never advertise the Bible, I'd think you were trying to."

"I detest," said the bishop, "people who try to trade a human sorrow for a divine faith."

"I am sorry," she said, "that I suspected you of bargaining when you came."

"My dear," he answered, "when I came I had only one—that is, only one ulterior purpose—to find out if you had married Tichepin."

"And now you have found that out and still you linger," she suggested.

"That," said the bishop, "is partly because I love you very much and partly——"

He paused. The pause was so long that Madame Tichepin broke it.

"What was the other part?"

The bishop stirred uncomfortably on the cushions. "You see," he explained, "I have already taken one liberty in your drawing-room—I have prayed in it. I could hardly preach in it too."

"Suppose," suggested madame, "you try French and call it a salon. You can do anything in a salon—read epic poems and funeral orations."

The bishop got slowly to his feet. He was a big man, and he looked, standing in that little room, very much bigger than he actually was.

"That other part?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, I stayed partly because I

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love you very much and partly because I want to see your life rounded out into happiness, and I think I can help you do it."

She got up and put her hands so that they lay upon his shoulders. "My dear, dear friend," she said quickly in French, "the warmest blood that has touched my heart for a year ran through it when you said that."

"Ah, Madeleine," he exclaimed, "it is not your heart that suffers; it is not your heart that is lonely. In your heart you know that some day you will see him and love him again. In your heart he is no more than out of the room—gone upon a journey. Has your heart forsaken him? No, my child, it is your human reason that is numbed and stunned by grief. It is your reason that tells you he has gone forever, that he is lost. In your mind you have forsaken him. I say that it is the human in you that is false to him and the divine that is true, but, then, that is my business to say so. But what no one can deny is that your unhappiness is because you are heart and reason both—that you are not all one or all the other. Your heart cannot forsake him and your reason cannot accept him."

"I have heard all that before," said Madame Tichepin.

"My dear," he reminded her, "bishops are not supposed to say new things."

"There is no hand or heart or brain or faith or reason in grief. It is all one, all everything. And you can no more touch the grief of women like me by metaphysical distinctions than you can put out that fire with my scent spray."

"I don't wish to touch your grief. My religion is ridiculed as the 'Cult of Sorrow.' If I could affect your sorrow I would make it more intense, make you suffer until the conviction was burned in upon you that you were not suffering for the loss of a mortal man. My only fear for you is that you will not suffer so."

She moved away from him toward the table where the lamp stood and the photograph of Fabre's picture.

"No one certainly," she said, "ever said that to me before." She lifted her head and looked at him with a sort of a smile. "You are exceeding your rôle, monseigneur, you are saying new things."

"No," said the bishop, "they are as old as the things I talked about."

"I mean I never heard them before, then," said Madame Tichepin.

"A great many people," said the bishop, "are hearing them now for the first time."

"I suppose so," she answered absently. "That wave of orthodoxy that was to sweep over Europe after the war, and which hasn't arrived yet."

"Hasn't it?" asked the bishop. He glanced at his watch. "My dear lady, it is after six."

"What has that to do with what we were saying?" asked Madame Tichepin.

"That," he explained—"we have finished with all that."

"I see, 'Let us chat about eternity for a quarter of an hour,'" she suggested.

"Exactly." He put out his hand. "I shan't see you again. I go back in a week, and three days of that I am spending in the north."

"I was at the front once," said Madame Tichepin. "It was a month after peace began. Captain Malleterre, who was in his escadrille, took me. We went to the place where he was seen from last. It was a little hill in a very flat country. You could see for miles. It was sunset, too. His last fight was at sunset. They saw him whirling down, just a little black speck against the glow. The captain described it vividly. He was very kind. I think it was because I had never worried them any."

She rose. Her voice, which had been quiet and low, suddenly changed. "Don't go," she begged. "Not quite yet. Let me talk. There has never been any one but Malleterre that half-hour on the hill. And he could only talk of him as he knew him—what a great man he was. And it was his greatness that took him away from me."

She got hold of herself, and her voice steadied.

"I won't be silly, you know—too much. I am quite calm. It was more than a year ago, and I have got over all that now. It is only loneliness. But, oh, a loneliness that sometimes I feel I can't stand! That is why I am bitter when you talk of—your side of it. Faith, religion. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with

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me. What can it give me that I want? The love that I had and haven't any more, the man I left everything for and now have lost too? Tell me, and tell it so I can repeat it to myself and believe it when I am alone. Can you do it?"

The simplest instincts of veracity urged him to answer simply and straightforwardly. And yet, though he was a truthful man, he hesitated. She was watching him as a child might watch some marvel-working magician across footlights. She wanted a miracle, a talisman that would ease her pain. And he hadn't any such thing; he had spent his life destroying them, preaching the virtues of light and faith and reason instead.

As if she saw his helplessness in his eyes she turned away and went over to the table and stood looking down with her shoulder to him. The gesture was almost petulant. The way to the door was quite open to him now.

"Madeleine," he said sharply, in exactly the tone he might have used to rebuke her bad manners.

She turned. It was probably the last sound she had expected his voice to give there.

"When I get back," he went on, "they —the people over there who know you— are going to ask me a great many questions, and many of them will be about you."

"I have told you what to tell them," she interrupted. "Tell them that I am Madame Tichepin only by courtesy of the French army."

He made an impatient gesture. "They know that already. They will want to know a great deal more."

"It is none of their affair," she said.

"But it is their affair," he explained. "When people do the things that you have done it is all the world's affair. Because, don't you see, you are the explorers of the world. You have gone into strange places and by strange ways, and all the rest of us can only learn of those places by what you bring back. You have loved a man who was a hero to the world in the way that as long as men live they will most want to be heroic. And you did it as fearlessly as he could have done it. You can't keep news like that from the world. It is too valuable. What they will want to know, and what I shall be compelled to tell them, is what you who have done it are like."

"You mean," she hesitated, "does it pay to marry Tichepin?"

He nodded. "Exactly."

"They will want to know," she went on, "whether——"

"Whether," he took the words away from her, "it was a bold adventure, or——"

"Or?" she demanded as he hesitated.

"Or is a great love. They won't say so. They will scarcely know themselves what they do mean—but that is it, isn't it?"

"What is it?"

"Is there nothing," he answered, "in your life but despair such as you have showed me? Is it all darkness, is there no hope, no light, no—well, the phrase is yours, I only repeat it— 'Does it pay to marry Tichepin?' "

She drew in her breath as if the words hurt her a little.

Later, in thinking it over as he liked to do, it seemed to him that first of all her face changed. It was the old Madeleine Foster who looked at him, the girl, all the womanhood vanished. Then came the color, flaming red against her black, rushing over her throat, and he could have fancied the heat of her blood flushed her eyes too—they glowed so. For one radiant, exquisite moment she had stood so. Then she had covered both eyes and face from him with her hands, and turned and run out of the room.

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BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ON SAYING GOOD-BY

[THE TWELFTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

THE words consecrated by custom for use at meeting and at parting take on a certain formal quality by reason of their very sameness and oft repetition. For the most part they are but verbal gestures of politeness. We exchange them as mere tokens or counters of speech, without too curiously considering the metal whereof they are made, or their weight and value in the exact scales of reason.

On this ground some severe and haughty spirits affect to scorn them. Yet, after all, if they serve their purpose as signs of courtesy and friendliness in the quotidian come-and-go of life, why should we ask more of them? The greater, (though not the better,) part of our existence is composed of things whose general worth doth not depend upon their particular importance. They are of that "daily bread" which it behooves us to beseech with humility and accept with thankfulness. And believe me, reader, we digest it better without a careful computation of the calories which it contains, or a close count of the number of times we munch each morsel.

"Life is real, life is earnest," says the poet; and for that very reason, (being put together as we are of fatigable flesh and indefatigable spirit, in the proportion of a stack of fuel to a spark of flame,) our conduct of life should rightly have its large and fitting portion of things done easily and lightly, by routine, habit, and common consent.

Is the customary, the conventional, always to be despised? Shall a man always take the wrong side of the road only to prove himself original? After all the road hath but two sides, and he that taketh ever the wrong one, to show his liberal genius, is in the end as conventional a rogue as if he followed the harmless custom of the country. Nothing is more monotonous than a habitual irregularity.

I feel and admit the extraordinary attractions of change and novelty. No man can have more joy than I in a fresh adventure. Somewhat too much, indeed, of the experimental and venturesome there hath always been in my temperament, leading me often into situations from which it was difficult to emerge with credit and skin unbroken. Even now, many failures have not cured me of this fault.

But familiarity also hath its charm, and I count it good that life is impregnated with it. The regular ways, the rules of the game, the customs of courtesy, and the common phrases of colloquial speech, —these are pleasant things in their season, (which is daily,) and without them our existence would be wayward, rude, exhausting, and far less tolerable than it is.

So with the salutations we exchange as we meet and part on the highway or the foot-path of life: I find that a certain regularity and matter-of-course in them is not so much a defect, as a necessity, a wise and friendly concession to the limits of our inventive power. Meetings and partings are so common that their proper ritual must needs be of the commonplace. To make it otherwise would be to weave the plain family umbrella of cloth-of-gold.

What should we do if it were required of us to invent a new gesture of greeting every time we passed a lady of our acquaintance upon the street? Shall not the time-honored lifting of the hat suffice? You may give it a special flourish or grace-note, I admit, according to the beauty or dignity of the lady, or the degree of warmth in your regard for her.

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But these are matters of subtle shading and gradation. The gesture remains the same: "Madam, I take off my hat to you." It is the homage of the civilized man to the eternal womanly.

Granted, then, that our perpetual business of coming and going must evolve its formulas of *ave atque vale*, hail and farewell. Granted that we use them by convention and habit. Granted that we say "How do you do?" without waiting for an answer, and "Good day" without looking at the sky. What does it matter? 'Tis not the bare meaning of the word that counts, but the spirit in which it is spoken: good will at meeting, good wishes at parting,—can you ask, or give, more?

Yet now and then something happens, inward or outward, to touch these familiar phrases with a finger-ray of light, so that we regard them more attentively, and reflect a while upon their origin and propriety. Maybe we would fain choose among the well-worn stock at our disposal that one greeting which hath most fitness to the moment and to our desire. Maybe we would fain lend to the mere syllables of farewell some special tone of kindness, comfort, or regret, to make it linger in the memory as a note of music in the air.

Three things of this kind have moved me in the choice of a theme for this essay. It is "the twelfth of twelve papers," and therefore of necessity a word of parting from a year-long occupation, and from the friendly readers, near and far, who have sat with me in spirit beside these camp-fires. Moreover, it belongs to the season of the year's decline and fall, that last of old December which must precede the first of new January; and though Charles Lamb calleth New Year's Day every man's second birthday, "the nativity of our common Adam," I note that his little essay on the subject, (true as his writing always is to the depth of human nature,) dwelleth more on the losses than on the gains of this anniversary. It is epicedial,—more of a farewell to the parting than a welcome to the coming guest,—and so is most poetry, ten times *vale*, to once *ave!* Finally, I find myself now upon that stage of life's journey wherein the milestones, as some one hath said, seem altered into gravestones,—at least by the evening light. Or, if that figure is too sombre for you, (and I confess in my own judgment it hath too cemeterial a shade for a whole truth,) then let me use a simpler metaphor and say: I have come so far along the way that I have surely more partings to remember than meetings to expect, on the terrestrial road. So, then, it is thrice natural at this time that I should write a little essay "on saying good-by."

I have often wondered why we have no parting word in English to express what we so clearly hear in other tongues,—the lively hope of meeting again. The Germans say *auf Wiedersehen*,—do you remember Lowell's lovely lyric with that title?—and the Italians, *a rivederci*, and the French, *au revoir*. All these are fitting and graceful words; they solace the daily separations of life with the pleasant promise that we shall see each other again, —*à bientôt*, the French say sometimes, as if to underline the wish that the next meeting may be soon.

Why should we be forced to use a foreign phrase for such a native feeling? Yet what English word is there that briefly and precisely utters this sentiment? The nearest to it is the modern slang *So long!* This comes, I fancy, from London; it is a bit of Cockney dialect. The dictionary of "Passing English of the Victorian Era," (suspicious title!) tells me that it is a corruption of the Jewish word "selah," used in the Whitechapel district as a form of good-by. Of this I have my doubts, both whether "selah" is used in that way, and whether it could be twisted into "so long." Salaam, or shalōm, the eastern salutation of peace, seems to me a more likely derivation. But why go so far afield? Have not the syllables *so long* in themselves a meaning, or at least a hint of meaning, that comes close to what we want? *So long* as we are parted may no harm befall you! Till we meet again, it will seem *so long!* I profess a liking for this child of the street who brings us what we need. I would take him in, adopt him, make him of the household. Has not his name been used already by Walt Whitman as the title of a good poem?

"While the pleasure is yet at the full, I whisper,
So long!
. . . . . .
The unknown sphere, more real than I dreamed, more direct, awakening rays about me—*So long!*"

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The next time I have to bid good-by to a person not too dignified to be loved,—the next time I have to leave a scene or an edifice not too grandiose to be dear,—the next time, I am going to say, boldly and cheerfully, *So long!* and I care not who hears me,—even Brander Matthews himself!

It is a comfort that so many of our frequent partings in this sublunary sphere are temporary and carry with them the possibility of reunion. You shake hands regretfully with a good companion as you leave the ship,—you going east, he going west,—yet the world is small and round,—suddenly you and he turn a corner in Tokyo or Cairo, and there you are, gladly shaking hands again. You finish a task this year, and feel half lost as you let it go. But next year you shall find yourself busy with another task so like the first that you are sure it must be a reincarnation. You listen to some favorite actor or singer on a "farewell" tour, and sigh that you shall hear that voice no more. Yet it falls again upon your ear with the old, familiar cadence. I will not tell how many years ago I mourned at Mary Anderson's good-by to the stage. But it is less than four years since I crept out of hospital in London and saw her again in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, her face and form as magical, her liquid voice as entrancing as ever. Instead of "farewell" tours, let our well-beloved players give us "so long" tours,—with bright promise of return.

Of places, too, while we live there is ever this hope of another sight. I remember it was in the summer of 1888 that my lady Graygown and I bade farewell to Norway, not expecting to look upon those huge rounded mountains, green vales, and flashing waters again. Yet we saw them once more in the summer of 1916,—a most unlikely time,—the very heart and centre of the wild tempest of war. But the high hills of Voss gave back no echo of the world-tumult, and the swift-flowing Evanger had no tinge of crimson in its crystal current. Peace rested round our little wooden cottage in its old-fashioned garden, on the point between the rushing river and the placid lake. Peace lay upon the far mountain-ridges, touched here and there with gleams of vanishing snow. Peace walked in the smooth, sloping meadows where the farmer-folk, prolonging pleasant labor late into the luminous night, hung the long racks of harvest with honey-scented hay. Peace floated in the air over the white rapids and translucent green pools of the stream where I cast the fly, and welcomed me walking home at midnight, carrying a brace of silver salmon, through the little square where the old villagers sat reading their newspapers by the lingering light of the northern sky and chatting

> "Of *new*, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles *yesterday*."

They gossiped also, I was sure, of homelier subjects,—

> "Familiar matter of to-day,—
> Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
> That has been, and may be again!"

Were they wrong, those ancient cronies, in taking their ease for an hour between ebbing daylight and rising dawn? And was I wrong to relish that peaceful fortnight of Norway revisited,—that steadying interval of quiet amid long months of strenuous duty on the very edge of war's black and bloody gulf? Nay then, if you blame me, reader, I must even bear your censure and contempt with the same philosophy which hath often helped me through life's hard places and bitter seasons. Rough is the road, and often dark; frequented by outlaws and sturdy beggars; encumbered with wrecks of goodly equipages, and bodies of wounded travellers; full of cripples, and weary folk who are ready to faint and fall, and overladen beasts and men, and little lost children. At every turn we meet some disappointment or grief; in the long level stretches there is blinding heat and dust; and in the steep high places, cold and solitude. It is no primrose path, but a way of trial and trouble,—yes, at times a very *via dolorosa*, a way of grief. And yet,—truth to tell,—are there not consolations and encouragements along the way? Resting-places like that house in Bethany where the Master found repose and love; wide and cheering outlooks from the brow of the hill; snug shelters in the bosom of the vale, camp-fires beneath the trees, wayside springs and fountains flowing among the rocks or trickling through the moss? Here will I stop, and stoop, and drink deep refreshment. Share with me!

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Music and friendship and nature,—sleep and dreams and rested waking in the light of morn,—to these we say not good-by, but *so long!* They will always keep something for us, something to come back to; and if we are content with little, enough will be better than a feast.

Let us be honest with ourselves, and own that the return is never quite the same as the first experience. It may be more, it may be less, but it always has a shade of difference. One thing is surely lost, the touch of surprise,—

"The first fine careless rapture."

But by way of recompense there may come a deeper understanding, a more penetrating sympathy. It is so, I think, with great music. The third or fourth hearing of a noble symphony is perhaps the best. After that our delight varies, rising or falling with our mood, or with the outward circumstances. It is so with our best-beloved books,—companionable books,—books made for many readings. Their inward charm outwears their binding. As often as we revisit them after a brief separation they tell us something new, or something old with a new meaning. Yet one thing they offer us but once,—that which Keats describes in his sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer,"—the joy of discovery. I confess that I would give a thousand dollars if I had never read *Henry Esmond* or *Lorna Doone*,—so that I might have the delight of reading them for the first time. But to make it quite complete perhaps I should need also to give an extra tip to the old Timekeeper and persuade him to set my clock back fifty years.

Many of our farewells are unconscious. You lend a book, and it is never brought back. You leave a place, and find no opportunity or pathway of return. You part from a friend, in anger or in sorrow, or it may be simply in the casual way with no special feeling,—and lo, the impenetrable curtain falls and the familiar face is hidden for ever.

So much are we at the mercy of the unknown in this regard, that if we thought of it too closely and constantly it would unhinge reason and darken life with an intolerable gloom. Every departing carriage would bear black plumes, and on every ship that sailed away from us we should see a ghostly Charon on the bridge. We should be trying always to speak memorable "last words," instead of the cheerful, heartening *bon voyage* which befits our ordinary occasions.

Here memory helps us to be sane, if we trust her. For we know that whatever hath entered deeply into our being is never altogether rapt away. The scene that we have loved,

"This town's fair face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,"

cannot be blotted from the inward vision. Nor can the soul that hath companioned ours through days and nights of bright and dark, turn a corner into oblivion. Though much is taken, more remains,—the very cadence of the voice, the clasp of the hand, the light in the eyes, "the sweet assurance of a look,"—these are treasures laid up in the heaven of remembrance where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Strange, how the last sight or the last word of a friend is not always the one that we recall most vividly. It is often some chance phrase, some unmeditated look or gesture. As if nature would say to us, (even as the Master said,) "Take no thought, be not anxious, for the morrow: be yourself to-day: so you will be remembered."

It hath been my lot, (having lived too long,) to conduct the funeral, or pronounce a memorial address, for many friends more renowned than I shall ever be,—Governor E. D. Morgan, ex-President Cleveland, Mark Twain, Clarence King, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Bigelow, Hamilton Mabie, Sir William Osler, William Dean Howells,—and each of these lives in my memory by something very simple and not at all famous: a little nameless trivial act of every-day kindness or courage, a self-revealing look of wonder or joy or regret, a good word let fall by hazard at the cross-roads,—in brief a natural, unintended, real good-by.

No doubt the world grows poorer by the loss of such friends,—yes, and of others most dear to my heart: the father whose firm loving hand set my fingers on life's bow and taught me to draw the arrow to the head; the bright-faced, daring lad on whom the half of my hope was

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staked; the girl of golden hair and warm brown eyes who was to me "a song in the house of my pilgrimage." Poorer,—*ay de mi!* What honest man dare deny that the deprivation of such comrades leaves life poorer? But against all inconsolable grievers and complainers, (and most of all against my own rebel thoughts,) I maintain and will ever maintain that life is also richer, immeasurably richer than it would be if these treasures had not been loaned to us for a while.

"Death," said Stevenson, "outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them." There is something taken for granted in that word "accident" which I would not altogether admit. But when our grim and genial essayist goes on to speak of the slight influence which the prospect of death and its certain uncertainty exercise upon our daily conduct, and of the folly of allowing it to play the master in our thought and drive us like slaves to a hundred trembling compliances and evasions, I follow him fully and find him right. "Better," said a great President to one who reproved him for risking his life, "better that the country should lose a President than have one who is a coward."

It is a strange fact, and worth noting, that those who have most to do with death and are, so to speak, on intimate terms with it,—like doctors and nurses, ministers and sextons,—are not much perturbed by it and rarely suffer it to unman them. They are of the same mind as Cato, in Cicero's dialogue *On Old Age*: "satisfy the call of duty and disregard death."

There is a curious illustration of this in the *History of the Gothic War*, written by Procopius in the sixth century and cited by Anatole Le Braz in his wonderful book *La Légende de la Mort*. Here it is:

"At the beginning of the sixth century after Christ, the island of Britain was popularly believed to be the country of the dead. On the opposite coast of Brittany, says Procopius, there are scattered many villages whose peoples follow fishing and farming for their living. Subjects of the Franks in all other respects, they are excused from paying tribute, because of a certain service ('tis their word,) which they say has been laid upon them since a remote epoch: they claim to be under vows as the ferrymen of souls. At night they are suddenly roused from sleep by a loud knocking at the door: a voice outside calls them to their task. They rise in haste; it would be vain to refuse obedience; a mysterious force drags them from their home to the beach. There they find boats, not their own, but stranger-boats. They look empty, but in reality they are full of people, loaded down almost to the sinking-point,—the water laps along the gunwale. The ferrymen embark and take the oars. An hour afterward, despite the heavy load of invisible passengers, they reach the island, —a voyage which ordinarily takes not less than a day and a night. Hardly have the boats touched shore when they are quickly lightened, though the rowers cannot see one of their fellow-travellers debark. A voice is heard on the land,—the same which waked the rowers in their beds. It is the Conductor of Souls presenting the dead whom he brings, one by one, to those appointed to receive them. The men he calls by their fathers' names; the women, if there are any, by the names of their husbands; and of each shade he tells what work it did while living."

There the legend breaks off. But what becomes of the boats? And what of the ferrymen of souls, with their oars dripping, and their tanned faces gleaming in the misty starlight? Undoubtedly they row home to their Breton coast, and go to bed and sleep late, and rise again to their fishing and their farming, and day after day are busy and lazy and quarrelsome and tranquil and merry and unsatisfied, (even as you and I,) until the next knocking at the door by night, and the next call from the dark, and the time, at last, when their own names will be on the list of passengers.

For what port? Methinks I know; for One who is worthy of all trust, my Pilot, hath whispered a name to me and told me not to be afraid. But where it lies, that haven of salvaged ships, and of forgiven failures, and when, or by what course it will be approached, I know not, friend, any more than you.

The guide-posts of the sea are the stars. And all its mighty waters lie in the hollow of an almighty hand.

So good-by, reader,—a good voyage, —so long!

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TO one on the outside, the life of a "shut-in" may seem unendurable—yet it has its compensations, not the least of which are the little happenings within the room.

There are hobbies to ride—for instance, music; those small instruments which I learned to play because of my predilection for anything musical. When my little friend of ten comes in and wistfully tells me how he would love to play the mandolin, I order my mandolin forthwith and he takes a brief lesson, and daily he lingers by my side while we improve on that first lesson, until my old reliable guitar is summoned and we happily count and twang together; we are real chums—one can so easily play the guitar while on one's back, as demonstrated years ago during childhood's ailments.

Inside of the Room

There is writing: so much time now to write those stories and compose the songs one has long had in mind, without feeling neglectful of home and children and outside interests. And in the merry-go-round of departing and returning manuscripts, which the postman keeps a-going, with an occasional check instead of a return slip coming my way, time is not wholly wasted.

Reading! Now, if ever, the eyes must be strong for frequent service, when the light on the extension cord at the head of the bed may be switched on, and morbid thoughts, pain, worries can be forgotten in the world's work and entertaining fiction. Daughter proclaims: "Mother knows more about the war than any of us; she reads everything."

The rendezvous of the family around my bed—how dear of them to gravitate so naturally to my room; I felicitate myself that it must seem to them a cheerful place or they would not so unconsciously drift in singly and together.

Those little feet clumping up the stairway? My small friends come to show me a new soldier suit on the smaller boy of seven. He proudly stands with shoulders back, and touches his cap with outspread hand, a jerk outward and downward, and awaits with glowing eyes and flushed cheeks my admiring commendation. Where is that looking-glass and that little puzzle I have been saving for juvenile visitors? By my side in my box of pen, pencils, and safety ink-well. The young soldier squints at his soldier cap in the tiny glass, while his brother jiggles the puzzle into quick solution and yells, "I got it!" and soon both stamp out with their toys to other boyhood fascinations.

The tapping of daintier feet announces three young ladies of eight, playing 'tend-like, with hats and trailing robes, reticules and parasols from their home attic, coming to call with much ceremony; having just stopped off the train on their trip around the world, to see Indianapolis; departing soon with additional trinkets strung around their necks from my handy box. When little folk leave their play and come in to see me—that is compensation.

Another visitor came when the snow was on the trees—where I often saw the city's squirrels shaking the laden boughs as they travelled the tree lanes. Father Squirrel suddenly hopped to my window-sill from the porch roof and pushed his nose against the window-pane, while with tail proudly arched and with eyes shining he told me that at last he had a little family snug and safe in the attic where I had heard his pattering feet. I remembered what he had said when in later spring Mother Squirrel, looking lean and worn with family cares, led her three children along the roof on a tour of inspection and education; not forgetting to show them my room from the window-sill, where they lingered a moment ere she began, with Father Squirrel's assistance, to train them to spring on and off the branches that overhung the porch, and to entice them to nibble the budding leaves.

In midwinter, glancing across the room, I saw a mirage. Some one had unknowingly turned my dressing-table slightly toward a window, the mirror tipped, and the street below came into view reflected in the glass. As I gazed there appeared the familiar rotund figure of an acquaintance waddling toward me, and with swaying skirts and market-basket she passed as in a movie, while swinging along with cane tapping now and then came my blind musician neighbor,

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then a group of college girls, boys at play, an ice-wagon, and several skimming autos.

Another unintentional twist of the mirror on another day revealed to me my chummiest friend, almost a block away, giving her front steps a sweep, admonishing her young son, and doing other perfectly ordinary things, but so amusing to me that I lifted the phone by my bed and called her and told her that I was on watch; and after convincing her that I could see her home in the glass while talking to her she said she would warn the family to be circumspect, her husband to come home early of nights, for I would be sure to note everything.

Near-tragedy was mirrored one day when my little mandolin boy ran into the street, a big auto rushed into view and on to him, when with a quick jump he cleared it and went off skipping happily, while the machine whirled from my sight. What a witness I would have made!

When my own young folks know that the mirror is turned streetward they remember to stop on the corner a half block away and wave to me, and I wave in response as if they could really see me. When I say I am resting my eyes looking down the long vista of houses and trees, my son teasingly explains that I can only see as far as the glass—but I know better.

While the trees were bare, during an early spring storm, a wonderful thing was shown to me. Through an open window I beheld a great ball of fire strike a tall tree near the top and fly into ten thousand pieces with a sharp pistol crack, while instantly a white ribbon ran down the tree trunk. Immediately, through my looking-glass, neighbors came to their front yards and looked up and down the street, and there was a general uneasiness along the block—but I was the only person who had seen the ball of fire. As the storm passed away I called by phone the owner of the tree and asked if she were all right. She answered yes, but something strange had happened—she had turned sick for a while after a big thunderclap. I told her of the tree. It had saved her house.

The leaves have covered the scar. My mirror shows a wealth of green beauty, which screens from me the movie street. No matter, my inquisitive eyes have discovered some of the enterprises of the robins, bluejays, flickers, and flocks of tiny birds who swing and call among the branches. Winter will bring my moving pictures back to me.

AFTER being inside the room for a long, long time and getting out by degrees—a brief walk, a little visit to near-by friends, a short ride—it is only by looking backward a few months that one can realize the progress toward health one has made.

Outside of the Room

And so, at last, I am about to be graduated from the Inside of the Room. The occasion is an automobile journey of seventy-five miles on the National Road in Indiana.

We are off—pretty prompt, too, as we had intended to start at five A. M. and it is now seven on the dot. Daughter is chauffeur and the car is her own pet. The back-seat space is filled with a typewriter and household articles which we are taking with us to my son who has moved to another town with his wife and baby—yes, I am a grandmother. It does not feel so old as it sounds. And I realize it to be a great privilege.

At seven the streets of our city are comfortably alive with flivvers and others wherein the poor working man, clad in overalls and work clothes, is rolling to his daily grind. And at eight there will be a perfect stream of tired business men motoring down Meridian Street to their daily struggle with H. C. L.

We are out of the thick of the houses and approaching the suburbs and the country. The road for miles is asphalt, smooth and ideal for travelling. Every little cottage has an auto of its own—also every big house. It is parked in front or under the trees at the side of the house, and it is a poor home, indeed, that has not a garage of some sort, however makeshift.

My driver is very careful. She hunches over and holds her breath when a little bump comes in the road, as though she wants to help the car over it, as we used to lean forward to help the horse pull the buggy up the hill. We find a notice to détour, and driver indignantly says: "Never go over the same road twice the same way," whatever that may mean. "The National Road is just awfully torn up this summer"—ungratefully forgetting the smooth miles we have come.

There is a house with front porch hung

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with bunches of yellow corn, drying, quite decorative. Spring fryers make their favorite excursion crossing the road in front of the auto—heads up, legs stretched back, barely escaping the wheels. A mammoth furniture truck behind us keeps company with us as we détour out to New Jerusalem.

In a field some folks are gathering tomatoes for factory use, a wagon is waiting with boxes and crates. Why do I have to set stakes to my tomatoes taller than I am, when these people let 'em lie on the ground. From the bridges the streams look beautiful with overhanging trees reflected in the water. A man is ploughing with a small tractor. A small house stands in a grove back of barns and outbuildings bordering the road where a log house, now used for a stable, was probably the old home. We pass many log houses, but they have descended in the scale and now shelter the brute and corn and hay. Windmills are plentiful for watering stock in barn and field and wood. Some handsome and well-kept homes have water piped into the house. Horses are more numerous on the road.

We are détouring again, north several miles, then east and south, where we strike the middle of Greenfield on Main Street, and away to the east on the National Road. The air is fresh, the August fields are beautiful, the day lovely. While détouring we were reassured that we were on the right track by seeing through our window our big truck following us as we turned corners, until we stopped to let truck catch up with us to ask him a question. A fresh-faced youth peered from the driver's seat and told us he did not know the road but had been depending on us to lead him the right way.

As we were conferring, a large touring-car squawked to pass us, and, swooping perilously into the ditch by the side of the road, flew by us and disappeared in front in a cloud of whirling dust. Several other cars, not so daring, danced up and down back of us, hooting and barking to us to move on, and why should we hold them back a few seconds, anyway. So our truck driver moved ahead, followed by the impatient bunch.

An interurban traction car passes us, but I feel superior to the passengers cooped in it, as we are free to stop and go and gossip at our own sweet will. When I am on a traction car I feel haughty toward autoists and look down on them as little bugs creeping along while I go whizzing by.

Several miles east of Greenfield, a familiar squawk behind us, and lo! our friend touring-car passes us again. Somewhere in G. we had passed it, as the tortoise passes the hare.

Piggies crossing the road are not so wise as chickens. One black-and-white piggy turned back when almost across and ran in front of us—a quick swerve and twist of the machine only just saved him from an autowy death.

It looks as though some one has dropped a gray fur collar on the road, so we slow down, as fur collars are well-known articles of apparel in August. "Poor kitty!" murmurs our driver. A big maltese cat, probably on the trail of a bird, crossed the road only to be run down by some speedster with not a second to spare. Going to get there five minutes before he got there. I wonder if it was our big impatient car, the hare, getting ahead in the race. Other signs of progress appear as we go on—two fluffy baby chicks and a sturdy fryer have gone down, victims of superior speed.

A large two-story farmhouse with temporary porch, the upper front door leading out into space, but intending to open on the larger porch that never was nor will be built, as the house is now paintless and old.

Barns all have large painted white arrows and crosses and numbers for aeroplane guidance. The Dandy Trail, the Hoosier Motor Club, enterprising business firms, have instructions posted to lead us aright. The briefest and most convincing advice is a barricade of boxes and stones with the caption, "Bridge Down." We back away at once and seek a roundabout trail.

Indiana has a town named for every other town in the universe. We pass through Dublin, Philadelphia, Mt. Auburn, Cambridge City. We might have passed through Berlin but it is now called Pershing. Moncreith smacks of the English nobility—and a sign says "Go to A. Lord, Moncreith, for something." There is a house with a cement porch floor but no roof. That is to come later, when the owner can afford it—perhaps.

"What are you writing? Why write now?" daughter just now demanded.

"A little something I want to note," I answer.

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Country folk living on the National Road must feel as though they are living on Main Street, it is so filled with traffic, and where it passes through each town it is invariably christened Main.

We meet many tourists packed to the guards or fenders and bulging outward with tents, hampers, and trunks. Everybody looks brown and tan, even residents, old and young. There is an occasional stationary automobile by the road with a poor fellow on his knees fixing a tire, hot and dusty, while other occupants stand by looking sheepish and ostentatiously patient. I have noticed that the looker-on usually has a martyr air—as, for instance, when one is cooking a meal and the rest of the family, at ease with newspaper and magazine, keep an irritating "When do we eat?" and "Are we going to have any dinner?" sounding through the home.

A crabapple-tree is drooping to the ground laden with yellow and red fruit. An ambitious peach-tree, loaded with green peaches, grows in the narrow space between the highway and the interurban tracks, with a heavy coating of dust over leaves and fruit. I wonder if the fruit will absorb the dust or will it, when ripe, be juicy and fresh? A clear case of heredity versus environment. The cemented road continues for miles and miles through country and town.

A Ford passed us with "the bunch" when we stopped to talk to our truck driver before Greenfield. We overtook it in Knightstown (on Main Street), where we had stopped for auto refreshments. Father, mother, and three small boys, brown as from a long trip, eating a lunch while their machine took a drink of gasolene. We waved good-by as we pulled out first, but later they passed us again. No racing, the natural course of events as we pursued our own course. Miles along we found them taking a bite of something to eat again by the roadside, where we left them. Later, once more they triumphed past us, smiling broadly with fraternal signals. One gets to know travellers on the road.

The road is clean, as though swept. Our indicator shows never more than thirty miles an hour, and we wonder what must be the pace of the many who pass us and disappear quickly in the distance to be seen no more.

Along toward noon we pass a wildly waving group of cheerful, pleasant-faced folk, at ease in a shady nook, around a luncheon spread on a white cloth on the ground. We wonder why all the friendliness—when we see our big, rushing, squawking touring-car parked near them beneath the trees, and know them for its passengers, whom we had not seen before, so fast had they raced by us. So the hare rests by the wayside—and the tortoise passes it at last and wins the race.

A beautiful, symmetrical tree in the woods is covered with bunches of red haws.

Just as we enter the outskirts of Richmond, our destination, three hilarious boys run from a Ford standing by the road and wigwag at us as though they had been waiting in ambush—our Ford comrades again and, it being noon, they are all lunching, as usual, with hands full of sandwiches and all once more give cordial greeting, and then farewell as we leave them behind.

And so we pass into the big town, confronted almost at once by a détour sign—where the never-ending street repairs are interrupting our progress but furthering civic enterprise. And as we climb and coast down the undulating streets an argument grows as to "Where is Main Street?" I think I know and chauffeur thinks she knows, and at last, triumphantly, I point to well-known landmarks, the largest hotel, the tourist automobiles lining the street from Maine, Florida, California, Ohio, and other States not distinguishable on their number-plates hanging behind.

Then, wheeling north off of Main, we slip quietly beside the curb of a house where, from a large front window, my grandson paddles his baby hands to us as we stop. At once his father and mother are beside us with welcoming and helping arms and exclamations of pleased surprise. The marvel being, not that the driver has driven her new pet seventy-five miles without a mishap, but that mother, *mother* had dared the rigors of a journey through the rich farming country, along the smoothest of roads, in the most comfortable of cars, with the most careful of drivers, on the most perfect day of the whole year.

Thereupon, I perceive that I am graduated from Inside of the Room, having passed the test for the Outside.

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BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN OLD JAPAN

By Louise Norton Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RARE OLD PRINTS

[FIRST PAPER]

THE remarkable illustrated books of Japan are perhaps less familiar to foreign collectors than any other expression of the country's art. Although from time to time most print-collectors add folios and albums by the famous Ukiyo-ye artists to their treasures, these *ehon* form a very small part indeed of the books on every conceivable subject—religion, divination and magic, military matters, astronomy and medicine, history, mythology, various *monogatari*, *meisho-ki*, or guide-books, stories of hobgoblins, ghosts, and demons, different games, foreigners and their queer ways, and last, but by no means least, nature—bird, flower, and insect life; and the every-day life of the people—all profusely illustrated in black and white or colors.

While Yedo was the stronghold of the Ukiyo-ye artists, Kyōto became the centre for an impressionistic movement formed of schools that had had their origins long before. This movement, to which we are indebted for some of the most charming illustrated books that have ever been printed,

From the *Suiseki Gwafu* by Satō Suiseki Masuyuki. Published Bunkwa 11 (1814).

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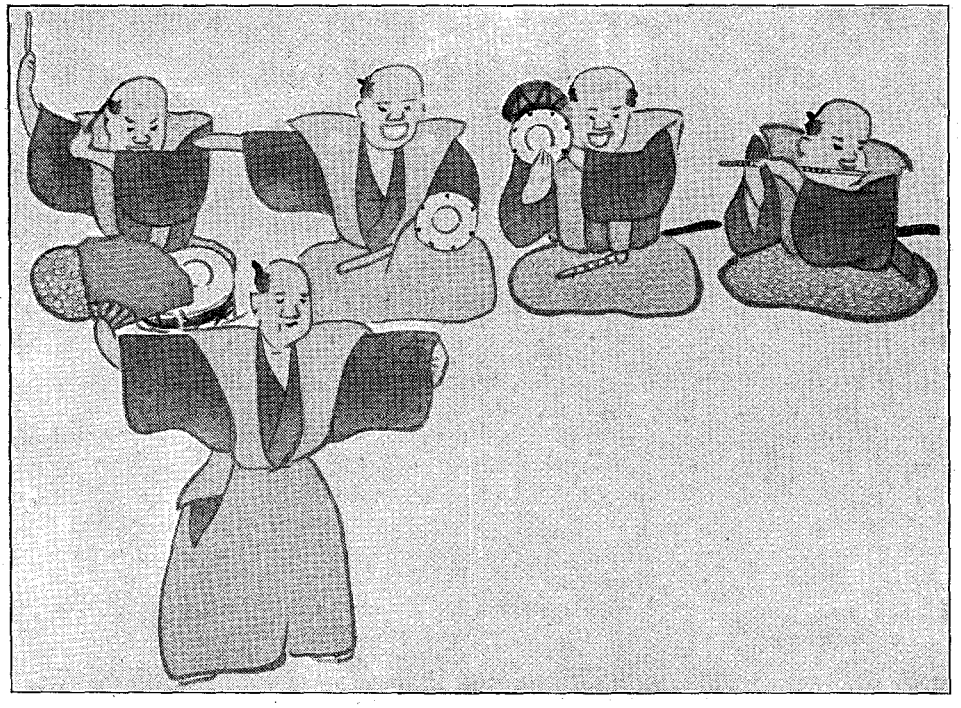
was one of the most important in eighteenth-century art, for it was a gathering up of teachings that had trickled down through many generations.

The famous Tendai priest, Toba Sōjō (1053–1140 A. D.), in his comical drawings and caricatures had struck an entirely new note, not only in subject but in the impulsive and rollicking technique he affected; to this style was added later the striking methods of the Kano painters; and still later, during the time of upheaval in China, just before and after the fall of the Ming dynasty, many artists and Confucian scholars emigrated to Japan, where they received an enthusiastic welcome and won many converts.



From the *Kōrin Gwafu* (1802).

Back of all this novelty and acceptance of new styles, however, stood the stately old art of the Tosa school, which perhaps was the restraining influence that kept the volatile and effervescing Japanese spirit within bounds when Bunjingwa art crossed the Yellow Sea.

In addition to these influences, Kōyetsu had, by the beginning of the seventeenth century, become settled in his unique methods; to be followed by Kojima Sōshin and Tawaraya Sōtatsu; and in the following generation by Kōrin, the latter's brother Kenzan, and still later by Sakai Hōitsu. This was pure native art, although both the Tosa paintings and the impressionism of the southern Chinese school had been influences that slipped into the crucible from which this truly wonderful Japanese school emerged. Although the artists of this school did not work to any extent for wood-engraving, the illustrations in the famous "Ise Monogatari" of 1608 are believed by many Japanese connoisseurs to have been the work of Kōyetsu, who also made the powerful drawings in the rare "Waka Sanjū-rokkasen" and the "Ogi-no-Sōshi." Followers of Kōrin published some ten or a dozen books containing his drawings after his death, and most collectors are at least familiar with the charming "Kōrin Gwafu" and the "Kōrin Gwashiki." The influence of the Kōyetsu-Kōrin school may be traced in the work of many artists who were never really accounted as its followers—as in that of Keisai

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From the *Nantei Gwafu* by Nishimura Nantei. Published Kyōwa 4 (1804).

Masayoshi, for instance; Tani Bunchō of Yedo; Chinnen, also of the Shōgun's city; and in the beautiful but little-known drawings of the woman artist of Ōsaka, Hokumei.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century these different influences had crystallized into several schools. Chin Namping had established an academy in Nagasaki in 1730, where his methods were later taught by his pupil, Kumashiro Yūhi. Followers of this school established themselves in Kyōto, where Yosa Buson, a follower of the Bunjingwa method, also opened a studio and school of poetry some years later. Many of the students of these two schools became famous painters.

Takabe Kanyōsai, also known as Mōkyō, who had formerly been a priest of the Zen temple of Tōfuku-ji, came back from his studies in Nagasaki and opened a studio in Kyōto; Sō-Shiseki did the same; and Utanosuke Ganku, who had gone to the Chin Namping school from far-off Kanazawa, also established himself in the old capital and became the leader of a very aristocratic circle there. All of these men produced charming books.

Buson, Ike no Taigadō, Ogura Tōkei, and in the next generation Kino Baitei or Kyūrō, were the leaders in the Bunjingwa movement, and, although Fenollosa condemns them as "Bunjingwa fanatics," their work appeals strongly to the foreigner who does not care for the cold severity of academic methods, and it is immensely admired by Japanese connoisseurs. A number of books were illustrated by these men. The exceedingly rare "Haikai Sanjū-yok-kasen" by Buson, with a poem on each page in his chirography, was a compilation made by his pupils and published in 1799, sixteen years after Buson's death. A poetical diary of Buson's was illustrated by Matsumura Goshun (Gekkei) and appeared in 1784. The illustrations are of pronounced Bunjingwa style and are printed in soft colors. Taigadō illustrated the rare "Taigadō Gwafu" (1808), a set of three richly gotten-up folios printed in black and white with here and there a note of soft color. Kino Baitei illustrated a number of books, all of which are excessively rare. Ogura Tōkei, whom Fenollosa called the "arch-impressionist," illustrated the delightful "Tōkei

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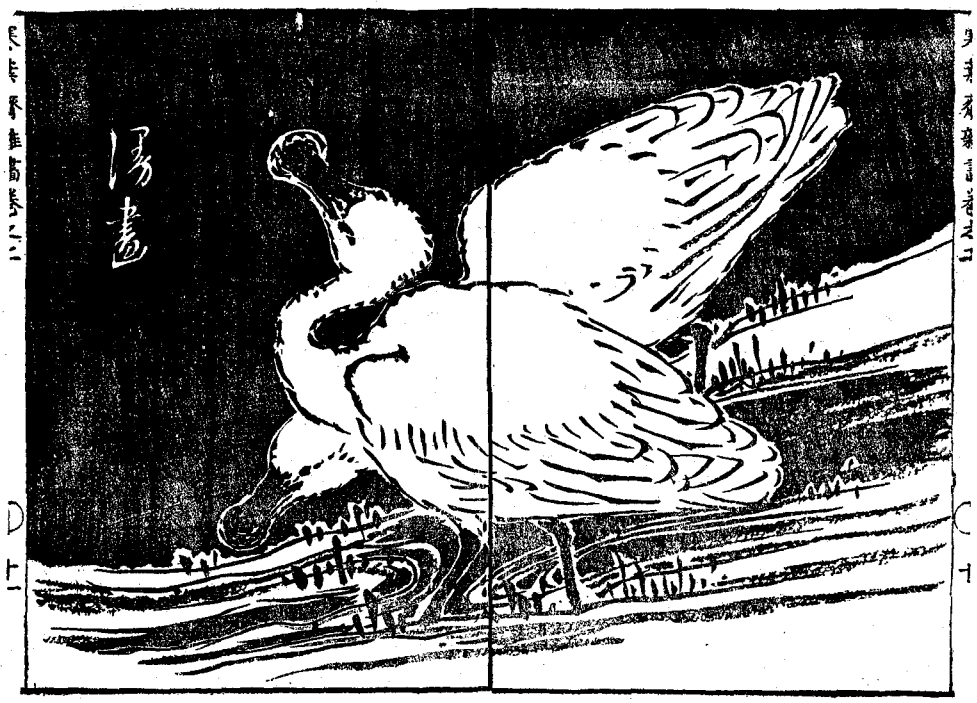
Gwafu" in two series (1787 and 1809), both of which are almost impossible to find now. The drawings in the first series are in the Chin Namping method, while those in the supplementary volume are in strong Bunjingwa style, with a gray tint added to the line which gives great richness of effect.

The famous Shijō academy had its origin in Buson's school, for it was Buson's famous pupil, Matsumura Goshun (Gekkei), who, with his brother Keibun, established it. This school has usually been confused by foreign students with the Maruyama studio, but the two were entirely distinct, although Ōkyo and his pupils used something of the same loose technique that characterized the work of Goshun and his followers. All of these men and practically all of their followers—although painters first and only incidentally working for wood-engraving—produced delightful books. One of the rarest and most curious of these volumes was the work of the Osaka artist, Satō Suiseki Masuyuki. It is called the "Suiseki Gwafu" and appeared in 1814. The drawings show something of the brutality that marked Baitei's work. Both men flung rules utterly aside and expressed what they wanted to convey in the baldest and most abrupt fashion. Nothing could be further removed from the work of the print-designers in Yedo at this time than the impressionism of these Kyōto men. One must be in entirely different moods for the two kinds of drawings. If one admires the beauty and flowing lines of a print by Utamaro, he may also have moods when the tremendous daring and strength of the rebellious souls of the Bunjingwa school who created such work as Buson's, Baitei's, and Suiseki's appeal powerfully to him, and seems, for the time being at least, the very essence of art, in which the artist, despising any sensuous appeal of beauty, endeavors to express his ideas by the simplest and ruggedest truth.

Book-collecting has been a fad among educated Japanese for many years, and these books have always been especially popular with them. But, while Americans and Europeans have been devoting their attention to the prints, these utterly charming books have been almost ignored and they are rapidly becoming as rare as the rarest



From Volume II of the *Mōkyō Wakan Zatsuga* (1772) by Mōkyō Kanyōsai.

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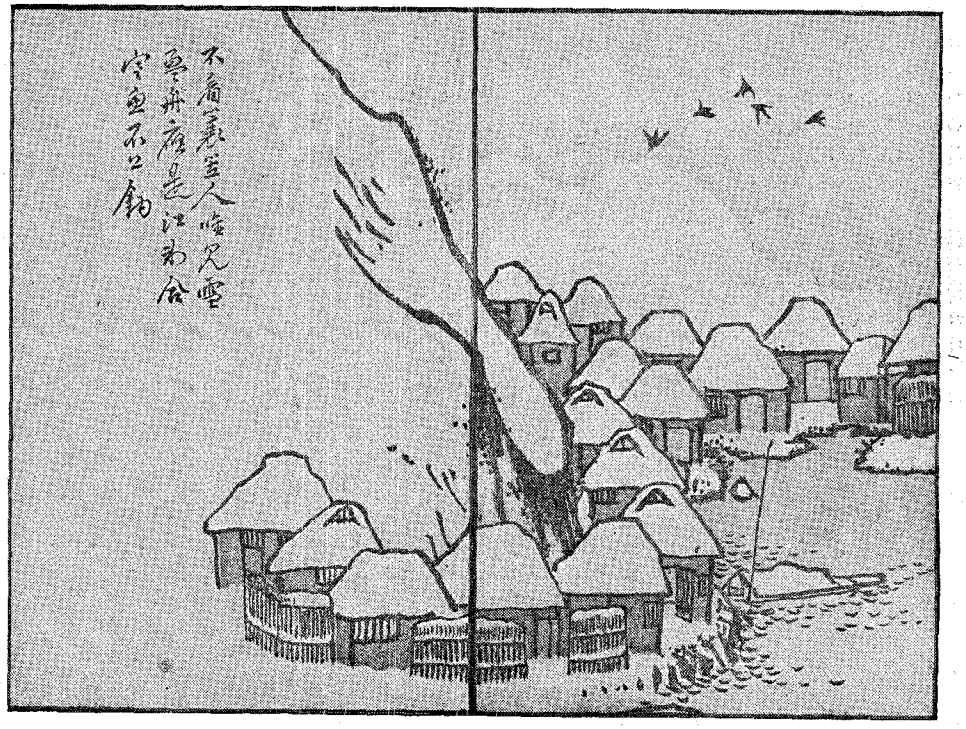
work by the Ukiyo-ye artists. The technique in them, impulsive and expressing much in little, was similar to that which the Japanese had been familiar with for generations—the technique which, in superb kakemono and screens, depicted with a few rapid strokes of the brush a snowy landscape that made one shiver with the chill, or a rain-swept river where a dim brown spot or two became broad-hatted boatmen sculling their sampans toward the sea.

The men who made these charming drawings were famous in their own generation and occupied a far higher place in the estimation of artistic circles of the time than the print-designers of Yedo, whose fame is so largely posthumous. The French are the only foreigners who have been quick to appreciate these books, and when in the early seventies the Duret collection appeared in Paris containing many of these works, the enthusiasm of the artists who saw them knew no bounds. Indeed, it is more than possible that French impressionism had its origin in this far-off Japanese movement of a century and a half ago. Allowing for the difference in subjects, the technique of some of the modern French drawings might almost have been directly copied from that used by Goshun, Bumpō, Nantei, or a dozen other eighteenth-century Japanese painters.

(To be concluded.)



From the *Bumpō Sansui Gwafu*. Landscape drawings by Kawamura Bumpō. Published Bunsei 7 (1824).

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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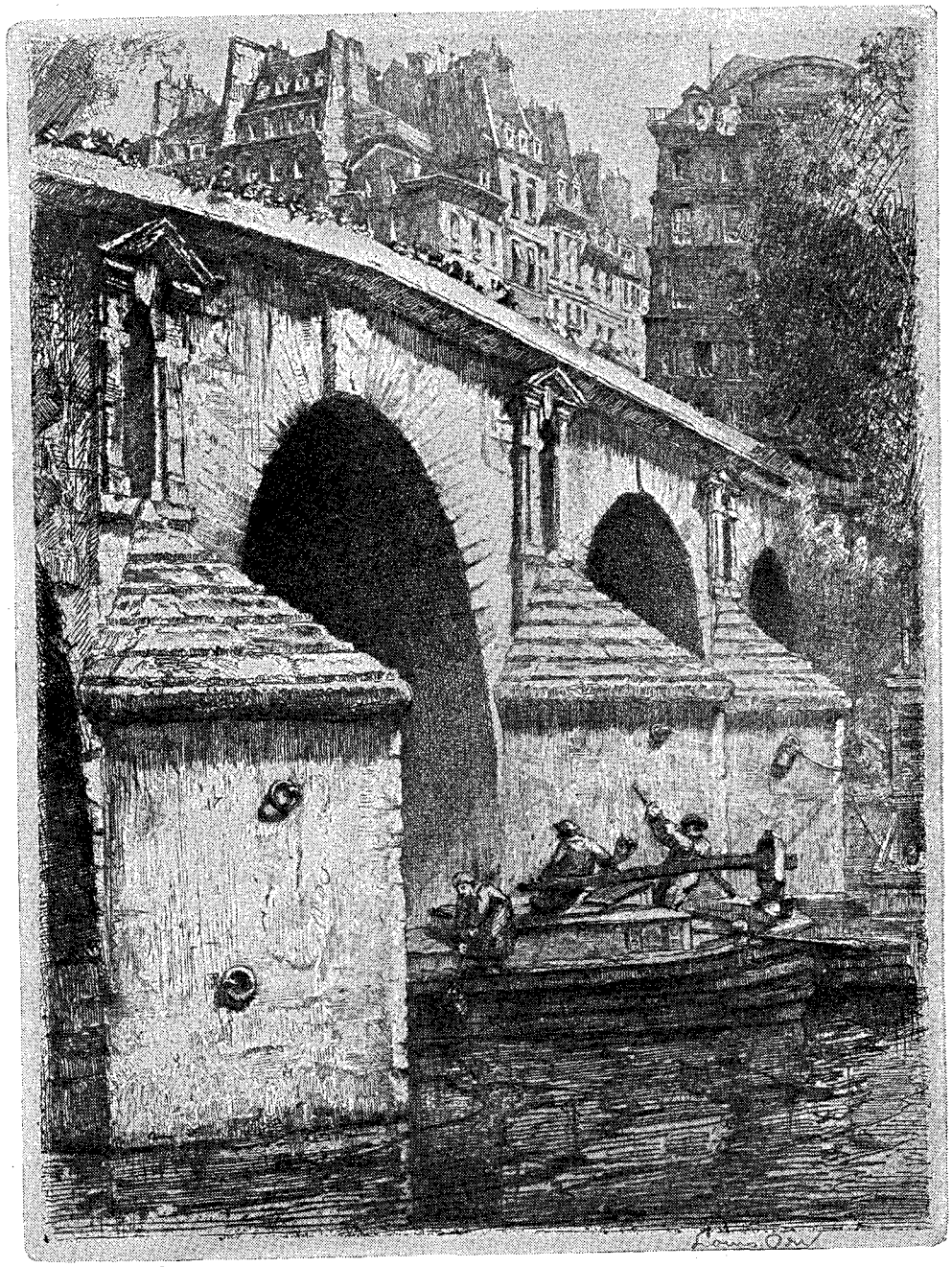

Etched by Louis Orr.

LE PONT MARIE.

Commenced in 1618. Although Marie de Médicis laid the first stone of this bridge, Pont Marie is considered to have derived its name from its builder Marie, who was at that date "Entrepreneur général des Ponts de France."

—"Some Etchings of Old Paris," page 163.

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